THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

APRIL, 1913

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

A May Welcome

A great part of the Chronicle and Comment of our May issue will be devoted to new authors, above all to authors whose first books are appearing on the publishers' lists for the spring and early summer. We are not introducing these authors as the Hardys, Howellses, Barries, Kiplings of to-morrow, but we venture the prophecy that at least one or two of these newcomers will, a few short years hence, be very much in the ranks of the "arrived." At that future time we hope to be able to pick up the issue of this BOOKMAN for May, 1913, with somewhat the same feeling that we take up a yellowed theatre programme of yesteryear, and see in an obscure corner, playing an insignificant part, the name of a dramatic star of the first magnitude.

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While there have been exceptions, as a general rule we try to confine comment to writers who have done something that is fairly worth while. At that we have not entirely escaped the criticism of giving undue attention to literary Mayflies and will o' the wisps. But consider this situation. A literary magazine that recognised only masterpieces and geniuses of the first order would soon grow exceedingly limited. A steady diet of Meredith, and Kipling, and Maeterlinck, and Hauptmann would be a substantial diet, but it would not be long before it began to pall upon the reader's palate. Then, too, despite all the resounding literary allusions to the good old days, the brave old days, there never was a time when the scribe of the second flight, yes, and of the third flight, deserved so much attention—when he has written so well. The present age may not be producing a dozen *Esmonds* a year, but its ephemeralities are immeasurably above, in invention and handling, the ephemeralities of any other period in history.

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S. F. Whitman

Two or three years ago there appeared a novel which, while it achieved only a fair amount of material success, left a very decided impression upon the persons who happened to read it. That book was *Predestined.* The story described with grim realism the gradual disintegration of the character of a young man in New York City, under force of circumstance and heredity. *Predestined* was Mr. Stephen French Whitman's first novel, and after its publication Mr. Whitman went to Italy to live. There he found the scene for the first part of *The Isle of Life,* his new novel, which begins in the atmosphere of modern Roman society, but is shifted to a little lawless Mediterranean island near Sicily. Mr. Whitman is a Princeton man of the class of 1901. He began his literary career on the humorous paper of the undergraduates, *The Tiger,* which he edited in his senior year. After leaving the

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University he went to the *Evening Sun* of New York as a reporter, but was soon lured away from straight journalism into the writing of fiction.

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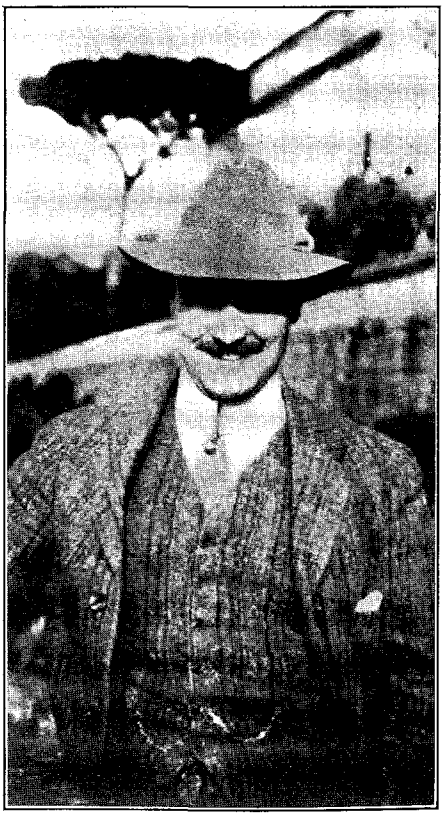
Recently, in speaking of his first connection with literature, as editor of the Princeton *Tiger,* Mr. Whitman remarked upon the fact that the same old jokes had the habit of coming back from year to year with striking regularity. His theory is, that the succeeding college generations, taken as a whole, closely resemble one another, and that each year the same recurring incidents of college life have the same effect upon minds of the same sort. "There was the one about wearing paths on the campus, I remember," says Mr. Whitman. "You know that one which comes with the spring and the Keep Off the Grass signs,



STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

ARTHUR B. REEVE

and derives its mirth from the idea of a path as a costume? Some time back in the early youth of the *Tiger's* existence a student thought of that line, and every year the little stranger was welcomed home again. I used it, of course, just to keep up the good old custom. And I suppose they are re-writing it again this spring."

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Arthur B. Reeve

Another writer from the Alma Mater of our President is Mr. Arthur B. Reeve, whose *Craig Kennedy* stories have proved unusually popular in serial form. A new volume of these stories under the title of *The Poisoned Pen,* has just been issued. Mr. Reeve, who is now thirty-three years of age, was educated in the public schools of Brooklyn, and there, during his high-school course, he really began his literary career by being one of the editors of his school paper, *The Recorder.* Then came four years at Princeton, where he continued his literary work in a desultory way by con-

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tributing to the *Princetonian* and the *Nassau Literary Magazine*. But it was during that time that he gained his knowledge of science, for, as he says himself, he studied at Princeton "pretty nearly everything that had an 'ology' on the end of it." After graduating from Princeton he entered the New York Law School, where he became greatly interested in criminal law!—another step in the preparation for Craig Kennedy!

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J. J. Underwood

Of a type of writing man that grows less astonishing and unfamiliar every day is Mr. John J. Underwood, the author of *Alaska, An Empire in the Making*. He is a practical miner, an explorer, and an adventurer in the remote places of the earth. His first *wanderlust* took him to the Coolgardie gold fields in western Australia, where, after many reverses, he became a government dispatch carrier, and at the same time acted as correspondent for Australian and English newspapers. Then the gold-field fever took him to Alaska at the time of the first wild rush into that country. He became a prospector and miner with varying fortunes, between times serving as a mail carrier during the terrible Alaskan winter, and also as a special United States Deputy Marshal. At one time he owned the world's farthest north newspaper, the *Council City News,* which sold at twenty-five cents a copy, with ivory, furs, and gold dust as acceptable mediums of exchange.

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A close friend of Mr. Underwood is Governor William Sulzer, of New York State. The Governor has made fourteen trips to the Territory, where the town of Sulzer is named after him, and first met Mr. Underwood several years ago, when the latter was prospecting and investigating an alleged gold strike on the Anadir River. They travelled back to Nome together, and became firm friends. Two years later the two met in Washington, and the then Congressman showed his northern acquaintance the sights of the city. "How do you like our town?" asked the Congressman. Underwood stared at the solid masonry of the building. "Well, Bill," he ventured, "it looks like a permanent camp, all right."

J. J. UNDERWOOD

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The Lean Years

In the career of Jeffery Farnol, now in the full flood of success and material prosperity, there were the lean years. After studying in Germany to be an engineer, and taking an art course at the South Kensington Museum in London, he decided he wanted to write, and came to America

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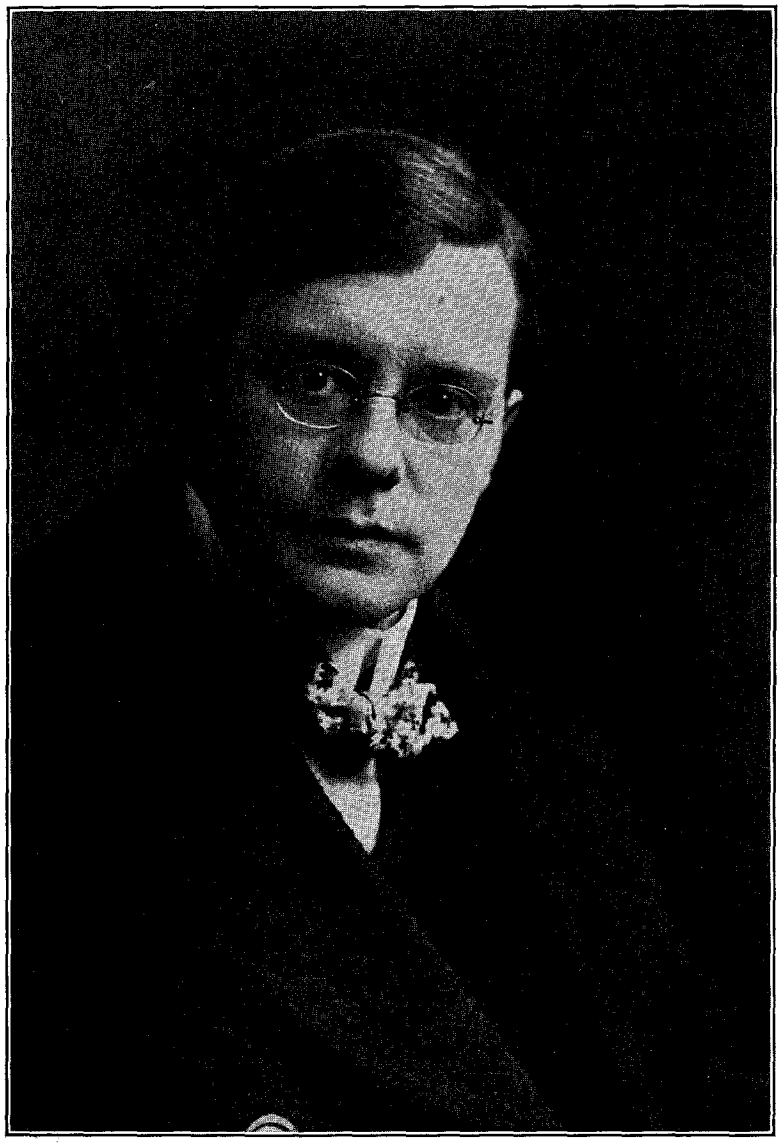

JEFFERY FARNOL

to try his fortunes here. Even in his earliest work there was the note of a certain distinction, but for some reason or other it did not hit the popular taste. There is a story of his, and a good story too, approximately twenty thousand words in length, which he was very glad to sell in New York for seventy-five dollars. While he was trying to dispose of *The Broad Highway*—according to a publisher's statement before us one hundred and forty thousand copies of that book have been issued—and it is in its fifteenth printing—he supported his family by painting scenery at the Astor Theatre, New York. To the writing of his new novel, *The Amateur Gentleman,* Mr. Farnol devoted the best part of two years. He is a night worker. With a pot of tea at his elbow he starts

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KATHLEEN NORRIS AND HER SON FRANK

in writing in his den at the top of the house about midnight, and by dawn he is usually winding up a new chapter. If he is not satisfied with his labours, the following night he rewrites.

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Mrs. Norris's First Story

Seven years have elapsed since the San Francisco Earthquake. The memory of it is brought back vividly in the following account of her first story, written by Kathleen Norris, the author of *Mother, The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne,* and *Poor Dear Margaret Kirby.*

For the very first story that I ever sold to an Eastern magazine I have a curious sort of affection; it was several years in struggling to reach the public eye, and perhaps it blazed a trail for all the others, for there was no trouble at all in placing them, when it was once safely accepted and printed. When people congratulate me upon the suddenness with which I broke into the various magazines, I always have a wholesome memory of

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my first effort, and its lingering life-in-death for more than four years.

It was written immediately after, and as a sort of result of, the big California earthquake. Six of us, brothers and sisters, were living in a big country house in Mill Valley at the time, about an hour's trip away from San Francisco, and although we had the full terror of the awful forty-seven seconds, and had china broken and pictures smashed, and our chimneys brought down in masses of bricks in the garden, we had no fire,—and the fire, in the city, was what added the real horror to the whole event. Friends began to stream over to our valley as soon as they could get coal-barges or lumberships to bring them out of the burning city, and for several weeks a varying number of us lived in the garden, and cooked on an out-of-door stove that had been built in the woods near the house.

Among the very first of the arrivals was an enterprising, long-haired youth, with well-known literary aspirations, to whom the brilliant thought had occurred that in this calamity was the opportunity for which we had all been longing; no Eastern editor could possibly resist articles and stories sent straight from the scene to which the eyes of all the civilised world were turning in pity and sorrowful interest. Every one with even a faint leaning toward literature began to scribble madly; the earthquake was on Wednesday. By Saturday, to my personal knowledge, a dozen articles were on their way to New York. James Hopper's story was one of these, and the account by Cecil Chard, in *Harper's Weekly*. The photograph of the long-haired young man himself, seated and writing at a typewriter amid the cinders falling in Union Square, appeared with his story in one of the monthlies—*The American* or *Everybody's*, I think, but cannot quite remember.

Mine alone was returned. My only refuge was to say, as I did at once, that my particular style did not adapt itself very well to a mere recital of facts, my realm was fiction, pure and simple. I withdrew from the circle of exulting writers, and pounded out my first story, *What Happened to Alanna*, and sent it, in turn, to a representative half-dozen of the magazines. It came back regularly, with printed slips, so I gave up fiction, and went into Red Cross work, and then settlement work, after the fire, and finally into straight reporting.

But after our marriage, nearly four years ago, my husband found the unfortunate story, and liked it, and sent it privately to about twenty editors, even to daily papers. When he added these twenty dismal failures to its already humiliating history, it seemed to me that we had given *What Happened to Alanna* a reasonably fair trial. However, Mr. Norris was not as sensitive about it as I was, he took his alphabeted list of the magazines that had refused it, and began the whole process over again.

It went out in duplicate, and this time the two editors who got it both wanted it, and other editors, when *Alanna* made her bashful little bow through the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, more than two years ago, wrote and asked about her. And since then it has all been plain sailing; extremely delightful and well worth the long wait.

But I never again have used the "material" supplied by the earthquake, and I don't believe I ever will!

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Phillpotts's New Book

Mr. Eden Phillpotts, whose talent finds its happiest opportunities in the diverse characters and rugged circumstances of Dartmoor, has written another novel, which he has had in mind to write for twenty years, entitled *Widecombe Fair*. In this "modest comedy," as he terms it, he brings out that genial aspect of the people of the moor which has perhaps not been very evident in his earlier works, treating of that romantic region. *Widecombe Fair* will be published in this country early in April.

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Men of Devon

Speaking of that corner of England which is so closely associated with Mr. Phillpotts's work, a surprising number of England's greatest sons, statesmen, inventors, explorers, theologians, artists and men of letters own Devon as their birthplace.

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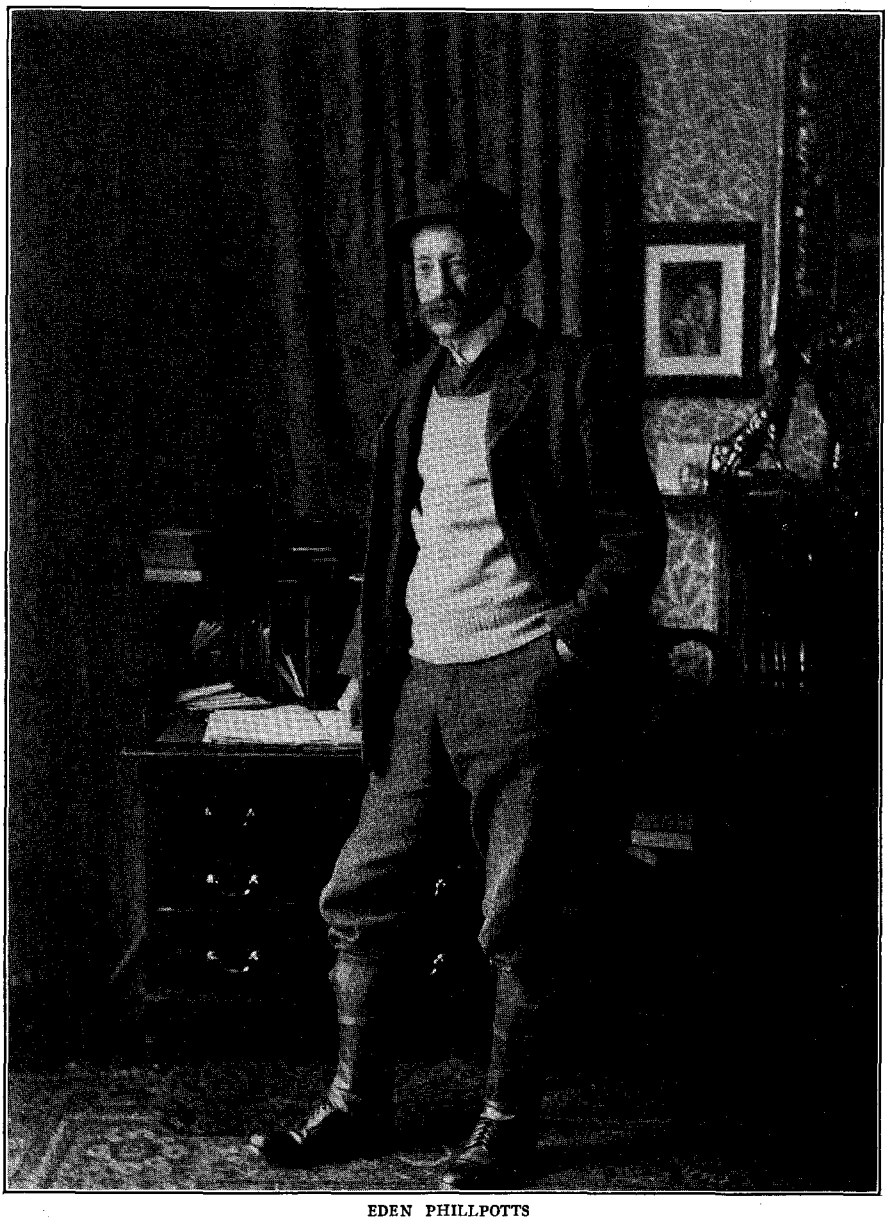

EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Sir Walter Raleigh, Miles Coverdale, the Coleridges, the Froudes, Keats, and Blackmore are but a few of the personages whose early years at least were spent in this county, according to Francis Gribble, who in his forthcoming book, *The Romance of the Men of Devon,* takes up the towns of Devon one at a time, and discusses the distinguished men who belonged to them. The book is described as not professing the completeness of many county histories; the object has been to select for treatment those names that are most typical, most interesting, most provocative of curiosity.

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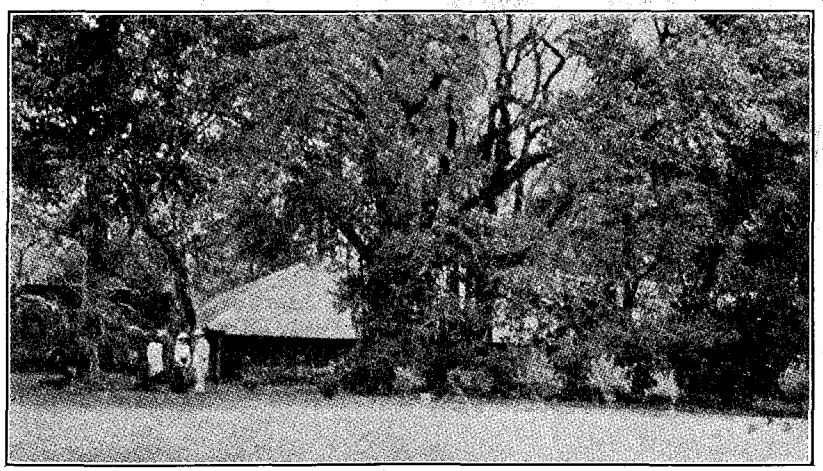
A REPUTED BIRTHPLACE OF RUDYARD KIPLING

Yesterday's Kipling

It is a far cry from the sedate and more than middle-aged gentleman who lives at Rottingdean and writes occasional fastidious stories somewhat in the manner of Henry James, back to the flamboyant youth who fired our imaginations fifteen years ago. But every now and then there is something to recall yesterday's Kipling. For example, the other day we came across the accompanying illustrations in a recent issue of the *London Sketch;* and with the pictures there came to mind the sub-editor at Allahabad, slipping furtively into the paper, between advertisements and reading matter, those verses that, within a few years, were destined to ring round the world. Kipling somewhere wrote an account of the scribbling of those verses, and of his great shock when he learned that a sub-editor is paid, not to write verses, but to subedit. Neither his chief nor the manager



THE ACTUAL BIRTHPLACE OF RUDYARD KIPLING, A SMALL HOUSE ON THE SITE NOW OCCUPIED BY THE BOMBAY GRAMMAR SCHOOL

The house referred to in the first photograph as a reputed birthplace of Rudyard Kipling is the smallest there seen, just behind the "ticca-gharrie" which is driving up the street. The site of the actual birthplace is shown, in the second photograph, by Director Burns (in white), of the Grammar School, who says: "While Mr. Lockwood Kipling held the post of Modelling Professor in Bombay, his son, Rudyard Kipling, the well-known writer, was born in a small house in the compound in which the school now stands."

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was greatly in sympathy, and for approval Kipling had to turn to Rukn-Din, the foreman of the paper. He was a Muslim of culture. He would say: "Your poetry very good, sir; just coming proper length to-day. You giving more soon? One-third column just proper. Always can take on third page."

And in this manner, week by week, my verses came to be printed in the paper. I was in very good company, for there is always an undercurrent of song, a little bitter for the most part, running through the Indian papers. Sometimes a man in Bangalore would be moved to song, and a man on the Bombay side would answer him, and a man in Bengal would echo back, till at last we would all be crowing together like cocks before daybreak, when it is too dark to see your fellow. And, occasionally, some unhappy Chaaszee, away in the China ports, would lift up his voice among the tea-chests, and the queer-smelling yellow papers of the Far East brought us his sorrows. The newspaper files showed that, forty years ago, the men sang of just the same subjects as we did—of heat, loneliness, love, lack of promotion, poverty, sport, and war.

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Ghost Stories

A writer in the London Academy rather astonishes us by referring to Kipling's "A Matter of Fact" as a ghost story. "The Phantom Rickshaw," "My Own Ghost Story," and even "The End of the Passage" may be so classed, but the inclusion of "A Matter of Fact" leads to the impression that some one must have been filling Mr. E. Beresford Chancellor, M.A. with some strange misinformation. Certainly none of the three journalists of the tale can be classed as a spectre, nor the captain, nor any of the crew, nor the sea serpent, "blind, white, and smelling of musk." But if Mr. Chancellor has not read "A Matter of Fact," perhaps he has read Bulwer-Lytton's "The Haunted and the Haunters," which he very justly characterises as the masterpiece in this *genre*. But we think he is wrong when he says that Bulwer's story has become either forgotten by the present generation, if it be not wholly unknown.

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The Authors' League

We extend the heartiest good wishes to the recently organised The Authors' League of America, and hope that the new society may achieve all kinds of admirable reforms. We look forward hopefully to that golden time when author and publisher will be in absolute accord, when there will be no more misunderstandings, when the profits of both will be vastly increased, and when everybody will be perfectly satisfied. The Authors' League of America may contribute to bring about that happy era. Certainly its prospectus is impressive. The names of the members of its Council are in the main very dignified names. In its expression of its aims and aspirations it is fair speaking but—in this matter we hold a brief neither for the author nor for the publisher—it seems to present just one side of the story.

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In the opening sentence of the two pages devoted to explaining the needs of such an organisation the prospectus of the Authors' League of America points out that "the writer, owing to his temperament, his lack of business training, and his frequent isolation from other members of his profession, is especially unfitted to drive a good bargain with those who buy his manuscripts." When we read that and then turn back to the list of thirty names two pages before we cannot feel profoundly touched. This is not flippancy. Seriously we regard those men and women as very good business men and business women indeed whose knowledge of the business of publishing, its risks and its profits, is quite as sound as that of the average publisher. The prospectus goes on to say that the writer "after he has mastered his art has to learn the trade of making his work remunerative." We respectfully submit that, with a few exceptions, after a writer has thoroughly "mastered his art,"

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he usually has very little more to learn. Our decided impression is that the unfortunate tendency of the day is for the writer to study the trade of making his work remunerative first, with the mastering of his craft as a second thought.

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In the matter of most of the evils pointed out in the prospectus—indefiniteness as to second serial rights, book rights, dramatic rights, foreign rights and moving picture rights,—and the re-selling of a manuscript by the magazine which originally bought it—we are in thorough sympathy with the Authors' League of America. Any movement designed to straighten out tangled knots and throw clear light on what is obscure must be commended. But if the society aims at enforcing one kind of contract in every agreement between author and publisher, it is making a mistake, and a mistake that will work injury to the kind of author the society professes to want to help more than to any one else. Mr. A. B. C., to indicate in that way any one of several men whose names appear in the Council of the new organisation, may sell his next novel under a contract which is rigidly just to both author and publisher. A similar contract between the same publisher and Mr. X. Y. Z., the author of a first book, or of two other books that sold approximately seven hundred and fifty copies each, would be outrageously unfair to the publisher, and to disseminate the idea that Mr. A. B. C.'s contract is the right kind of a contract is likely to work serious harm to the author who has not yet arrived. Recently we have heard of several cases of perfectly equitable contracts offered by reputable publishing houses to unknown authors being returned with the brief comment "terms most unsatisfactory." Furthermore, we think we have seen a connection between this discontent and a general impression which has grown out of the activities of the League.

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For the sake of those very persons whose interests it aims to advance we hope that the Authors' League of America will go a step farther and, in defining the author's rights, define also his responsibilities. In the first place, every member of that Council knows perfectly well that in seven out of ten cases the lion's share of the net profits of a best seller of to-day goes to the author and not to the publisher. That is a simple truth that should be disseminated just as widely as any of the abuses to which the prospectus calls attention. Also if publishers have often been guilty of sharp practice there have been cases where the writer himself has been far from scrupulously fair, times when he has shirked his duties and not been overmuch ashamed of it. Then, too, there is that little paragraph in the prospectus asking, "How long can an editor keep a manuscript before deciding upon it without redress from the author?" That, too, deserves a footnote. Is the manuscript solicited or unsolicited, and what constitutes a reasonable amount of time? The organisers of the Authors' League know perfectly well that eighty-five out of every hundred unsolicited contributions to publishing houses and magazines are absolutely unavailable. They know that at considerable expense a publisher receives, considers and returns these. Consequently, in strict fairness they should be quite explicit on this and similar points if they wish to avoid stirring up unrest and a sense of personal wrong in the minds of the eighty-five per cent. of those who cannot write and never will be able to write against the publisher at whose hands they have received, as a rule, a consideration which they would not be likely to receive in any other line of business activity.

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Here is a story which has been told in the BOOKMAN before. Against the wall of one of the rooms of the Authors' Club of New York there hangs an eighteenth century print. This print is entitled "Author and Publisher." The publisher lolls in a great arm-chair, the personification of arrogance and material prosper-

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ity. The author stands, hat in hand, emaciated and ill clad. One evening, some years ago, a certain member of the House of Harper was noticed standing before this print, studying it intently. Finally he was heard to mutter: "Outrageous! Perfectly outrageous!" "What is outrageous?" some one asked. "Why," replied Mr. Harper, pretending to misunderstand the purport of the print, and not at all ill pleased at the opportunity of thrusting at what he regarded as the reversed conditions of the present day, "just see how shamefully the fat author is bullying the lean publisher." As we say, we have told that story before. But somehow it comes to mind as we turn over the pages of the prospectus of the Authors' League of America.

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Twain and O'Rell

An anecdote concerning Mark Twain that Albert Bigelow Paine seems to have overlooked in his *Life* is related by Weedon Grossmith in his new volume of reminiscences entitled *From Studio to Stage*. Grossmith was responsible for bringing about a reconciliation between Mark Twain and the French humourist, Max O'Rell. One day in 1895 the actor was smoking in the lounge of a hotel in Broadstairs, England.

Who should suddenly appear before me with extended hand but Max O'Rell, with

A FIVE MINUTES' SKETCH OF WEEDON GROSSMITH BY CARUSO

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the usual remark when one man meets another at a seaside hotel, "What are you doing here?" as if one was there under false pretences. I explained I was "resting," which is English for "an actor out of work." Max O'Rell told me he was lecturing throughout England and was delighted at the success he was having.

During our conversation to my astonishment who should enter the lounge but Mark Twain. I jumped from my seat and grasped him firmly by the hand, welcoming him to England and exclaiming, "Who do you think is here? Max O'Rell!"

Twain looked a little embarrassed and replied, "I don't think we know each other."

"Very good," I said, thinking he was pulling my leg, "then I'll introduce you. Max O'Rell, permit me to introduce you to Mark Twain from the other side of the pond. He writes books! Twain, this is Max O'Rell. He lectures as well as writes books," and then I laughed at my own joke.

They looked at each other for a few moments without speaking or moving, and I began to realise that something was wrong and that I had somehow put my foot in it, when simultaneously they extended their hands and Twain said, "Grossmith's done it!" and Max O'Rell answered, "And a good thing too!" and they shook hands most heartily.

They told me they had quarrelled some years before about a trifling matter and had been estranged ever since. They both seemed delighted to put an end to their grievances, and I never saw two better friends, and need hardly say how delighted I was that my apparently tactless behaviour had been the means of their burying the hatchet and renewing their old friendship.

• • •

On one of his visits to New York Weedon Grossmith was lunching with John Drew and Mrs. Drew. The American actor had not been in England for two or three years, and was very anxious to hear of numerous friends of his at the Beefsteak Club of London, of which he was a member.

"How is Col. So and So?" he would ask.

"Alas!" I had to reply, "he died nearly a year ago."

"That's bad; and how's dear old Johnnie?"

"Ah, he's gone also," I answered.

"And how's that lively peer, Lord ——?"

"Oh! he passed away three months ago."

At last Drew paused and with a very serious face said, "Say, Weedon, isn't there any member of the club only seriously ill?"

• • •

When Weedon Grossmith deserted the studio for the stage he played first with Rosina Vokes, and then, after a time, went with Henry Irving to take the part of Jacques Strop in *Robert Macaire*. The rehearsals were unsually trying, but the monotony was broken by an incident.

Irving would say: "Now, my boy, just try and concentrate your attention, if you can for a while, and follow my instructions. Whenever I bluster as Macaire you must always echo me. See! imitate me. Do you understand? No; I see you don't. You're not listening, my boy."

"Yes, I am, Mr. Irving," I feebly replied.

"Then use your brains," he said. "Now, you understand, you've got to imitate me. That's simple enough, isn't it? I'm the swaggering thief; you are the timid, contemptible thief; but when I swagger you must swagger too—you must imitate me."

He meant of course that I was to copy the swagger. I wish I had understood his meaning.

"Now, then, are you ready?" he shouted loudly. "Good! We don't want to stop the rehearsal again."

I plead guilty to giving a mild imitation of the great actor and was preparing my feeble mimicry when Irving, as Macaire, got into position, banged the table with his stick and shouted in the words of the play, "Hi, landlord, landlord; why the devil don't you bring some refreshment for myself and my noble friend the marquis?" "Go on," he said to me aside; "go on!"

I rushed at it, hit the table, and gave them my regular, conventional back drawing-room imitation of the great man himself. Jogging my head and waving my hands in the air, I shouted, "Hi, hi—er—er—landlord —er—er—why the devil—er—er—er—don't

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ARTHUR PINERO'S ORIGINAL DRAWING FOR LORD TWEENWAYS IN "THE AMAZONS"

you bring—er—er—some—er—er—refreshment—er—for—my—er—self and—er—er—er." I never got any further.

Fifty people on the stage collapsed—some with fear, others with laughter. Never had such a thing been known within the sacred walls of the Lyceum. The late Harry Loveday, the stage manager, turned pale with fright; the great chief glared at me for a moment with his eyes dilated and then gave me a push, saying, "Stupid fellow!" He practically pushed me off the stage.

• • •

Sir Arthur Pinero appears once or twice in these pages. After *Aunt Jack* had finished its run at the Court Theatre, London, the next play to be produced was Pinero's *The Cabinet Minister*. Grossmith was naturally anxious to know if the new play would provide a part for him, and at Mrs. John Wood's suggestion went to see the playwright at the latter's home in St. John's Wood Road.

Pinero said he feared there was no part for me, but having been prompted by Mrs. John Wood, I asked if there wasn't the part of a money-lender in the play that might suit me. But Pinero answered there was such a part, but it was intended for Jack Clayton, and should be played by a big man. I was very obstinate, and said that the money-lenders I had met professionally and otherwise were mostly *small* men, and proceeded to give him my idea of how I should play and dress the up-to-date West End money-lender. I noticed, during my description, he never moved his eagle eyes from me, and

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they seemed to bore through me like a gimlet. "Very well," he said at last, "come down to-morrow and have a try! Rehearsal at eleven sharp." I left the house with the firm intention of holding on to him, like the Old Man of the Sea, and never letting go till I had played the part, *which I did.*

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How News is Made

It is a wise press agent who knows the progeny of his own typewriter. Not long ago the publishers of *Stover at Yale* sent out the following news note to an editor of a prominent New York paper:

The Austin Statesman notes editorially that following the recent agitation against college fraternities, secret societies have been abolished in two of the Southern States by act of Legislature, and that in Arkansas, also, a serious attempt has been made to get rid of them. In this connection, it is interesting to note that Woodrow Wilson's activities as president of Princeton were very much along the lines of the campaign carried on by Owen Johnson last spring by the publication of his *Stover at Yale.* Another coincidence connecting the two men is that the secretary who was with Mr. Johnson while he was writing *Stover* has now become Mrs. Woodrow Wilson's social secretary."

This note was re-written and printed by the paper as follows:

"As a result of the recent agitation against school and college fraternities engendered by Owen Johnson's *Stover at Yale* secret societies have been abolished in two Southern States by an act of legislation. An interesting coincidence in connection with the fact that Woodrow Wilson's attitude as president of Princeton corresponded with that Mr. Johnson has shown is that the author's secretary, who was with him while he was writing *Stover at Yale,* has now become the social secretary of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson."

It was copied broadcast, often with modification. The last seen of it was in the *Atlanta Constitution,* perhaps the most prominent Southern paper, where it brazenly stalked under this disguise:

ABOUT LITERARY PEOPLE

As a result of the recent agitation against school and college fraternities, engendered by Owen Johnson's *Stover at Yale,* secret societies have been abolished in ten (sic) Southern States by an act of legislation."

• • •

Paul Jones in Fiction

The London *Outlook,* discussing Mrs. M. M. Crawford's *The Sailor Whom England Feared,* calls attention to the numerous appearances of Paul Jones in works of fiction. "Thackeray in *Denis Duval,* Fenimore Cooper in *The Pilot,* Dibden in a blood and thunder melodrama, the elder Dumas in the sensational novel he called *Captain Paul,* have all in turn contributed to make the world believe that America's first and most famous admiral was, in sober seriousness, the swashbuckling adventurer, swaggering bully, and successful pirate portrayed in the numberless ballads, chap books, and caricatures which the memorable sea fights between the *Ranger* and the *Drake* and the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Serapis* gave rise to." As to matter of fact the legends that made Paul Jones the bogey of the English nurseries of 1780-1790, as Napoleon Bonaparte was the bogey of the next generation, were quite groundless. For example there was one very popular picture in England showing the ferocious Paul, adorned with an enormous pair of jet-black whiskers, in the act of "Shooting Lieutenant Grub for Endeavouring to Lower the American Flag to the *Serapis,* Captain Pearson, off Flamborough Head, Sept. 1779." The blood-curdling details in the text are solemnly vouched for "as coming from the most undoubted authority, that of Lieutenant William Grub's widow." As a matter of fact the only Grub on the roster of the *Bonhomme Richard* was "Beaumont Grub, midshipman," and as it happened Midshipman Grub was "absent and not in action."

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Victorien Sardou

Last month we were re-telling some anecdotes of the elder Dumas from Madame Judith's *Autobiography;* here is another from Jerome A. Hart's recently published *Sardou and the Sardou Plays.* When Sardou was a young playwright the only influential man he knew in Paris was Dumas the elder. One day Victorien said to him: "Won't you give me a letter of introduction to Scribe the playwright?" "Scribe?" said the great romancer, "who is Scribe? I never heard of him." Sardou sighed, and determined to see Scribe without the letter. So he called at his house that very day, and was at once received. "Pardon my intrusion," said the young playwright, "but I had expected to bring a letter of introduction to you from M. Alexandre Dumas, the celebrated romancer." "Dumas?" interrupted Scribe, "I never heard of him; who is Dumas?"

• • •

In his prefatory note Mr. Hart speaks of Sardou's troubles at the hands of translators. Most of the versions made in English from Sardou's plays have been so freely "adapted" as to depart widely from the original. *Dora,* for example, was turned into *Diplomacy;* the scene was transferred from France to England; the diplomatic intrigues of the German Foreign Office were replaced by Anglo-Russian plots concerning the Russo-Turkish War; two strangers in the French play were made blood brothers in the English version; many other changes were made. So with *Divorçons,* and with others of Sardou's plays: the alterations in unauthorised versions were so numerous that he complained bitterly.

• • •

In his habits of living and methods of work Sardou was most methodical. When in Paris he rose early, and between half past seven and eight was at his desk, where he remained at work for two hours. Like many French men of letters, he wore easy garments while working, attiring himself in a loose woollen suit, slippers and a velvet cap. His day's work at Paris did not include writing. He preferred while there to do only preliminary work, as he did not find the environment of Paris favourable to composition. The actual writing he did at his country place at Marly. As a result not only of his talent as a playwright, but also of his tact as a business man, Sardou's earnings were large. He often received for his plays over 250,000 francs a year. For a single play he frequently received in the first year 150,000 francs. His more successful plays, such as *La Tosca* and *Madame Sans Gene,* netted him over half a million francs apiece.

• • •

Reade's Account with Literature

In a recent article on Charles Reade Mr. Lewis Melville recalls Reade's "account with literature," which the novelist drew up in 1851. Reade was then thirty-seven years of age and his had indeed been a stern apprenticeship.

Item.—My family had brought me up, and educated me, till I was sixteen.

Item.—I earned my demyship, eighteen pounds a year, at seventeen.

Item.—At twenty-one I obtained my fellowship, beginning at two hundred and fifty pounds per annum, and ultimately rising to six hundred and fifty.

Item.—Eighteen years devoted to the study of dramatic art.

Now let us see what I had gained for this outlay.

Item.—*Ladies' Battle, nil.*

Item.—*Masks and Faces,* half of one hundred and fifty pounds; seventy-five pounds.

Item.—From Bentley, for book of *Peg Woffington,* thirty pounds.

In all, one hundred and five pounds. That is to say, about half-a-crown a week for eighteen years—not enough to pay for pens, ink and paper, leaving copying and shoe-leather out of the question.

Although Reade is hardly remembered by the present generation except as a novelist, almost all of his first work was done for the stage. His first success was

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Masks and Faces, written in collaboration with Tom Taylor, and produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London, in the winter of 1852. Later Reade turned the play into the novel known as *Peg Woffington.* It was not till 1855, when he was past forty, that he turned seriously to novel writing. In August, 1855, a great sensation was created in England by the trial and conviction of Lieutenant William Austin, Governor of Birmingham jail, for cruelty to the prisoners in his custody. Reade was appalled by the revelations, and made a study of the conditions of prison life. Very dissatisfied was he with what he learned, and he wrote *It is Never Too Late to Mend* to expose the abuses of the system.

• • •

Reade was now fairly launched upon his career as a writer of fiction, and he published in rapid succession *The Course of True Love Never Did Run Smooth* (1857), *Jack of All Trades* (1858), *The Autobiography of a Thief* (1858), *Love me Little, Love me Long* (1859), and *White Lies* (1860). *The Cloister and the Hearth* appeared in 1861, and two years later *Hard Cash,* in which he exposed the danger to the community of sanctioning private lunatic asylums. Of his later books, *Griffith Gaunt* (1865), was violently attacked by those whom Reade denounced as "prurient prudes"; and *Foul Play* (1869), which dealt with the scuttling of ships by owners desirous to draw the insurance.

• • •

Reginald Wright Kauffman

Reginald Wright Kauffman, whose new novel, *Running Sands,* has just been published, told interestingly of one significant period of his career as a social reformer in the introduction to *The Girl That Goes Wrong.* After some years of work in other cities, he rented rooms in a tenement house of the East Side of the City of New York, and there he and his wife went to live. They embarked on this work with a capital of less than $75, and relied for their support on the returns from casual contributions to magazines. Twice, because of arrears in rent, they were served with notices to leave. In one tenement they occupied a place on the top floor. It was called the model tenement, but a generous hole in the roof supplied a constant pool of water, with results that proved nearly fatal.

I protested. No repairs were made. I stopped paying rent. The agent came to the house and sent up word that he wanted to see us. As it happened that I had been hurt in a little affair the night before, I returned a message to the effect that if he wanted to see me he could climb to the seventh story.

The agent climbed and arrived panting and furious. He was a thin, sleek man in a comfortable fur coat. When I explained my trouble, he laughed.

"Why," he said, "any roof is likely to leak. I have a leak even in my own home right now."

"All right," I answered, "I'll trade you residences."

He did not accept my offer.

• • •

In time Mr. and Mrs. Kauffman came to know well the women whom they were studying. They knew them as friends.

In one place, when we had, which was rarely, more money than we thought we ought to carry about with us into dives, we gave it for safe-keeping to a woman that had served two terms as a pickpocket. In all the cities where I studied, when there was more cash than could be immediately used—which was less than often—I could always lend it to the girls, with the absolute certainty of repayment. And, go where we would, when we were in need of more money than we had on hand—which was the most frequent situation of all—we could borrow small amounts from these women. From positions of such intimacy I studied the problem before me in all its phases—in houses, flats, tenements, and in the darkened streets and doorways; from the places patronised by clubmen to those patronised by sailors, peddlers, and thugs—and although we found that conditions were in some degree worse in such cities as New York and

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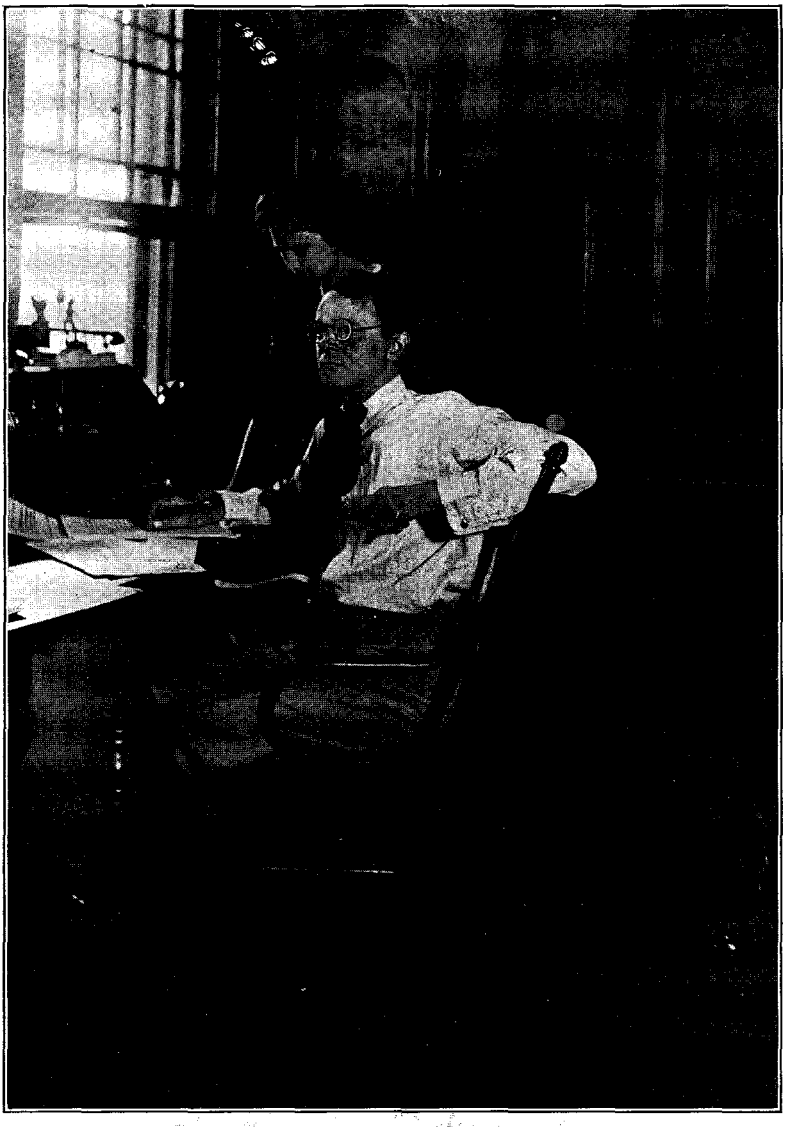

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

Philadelphia than in certain other towns, that difference, when it existed, was always one of degree and never one of kind.

• • •

At St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, Reginald Wright Kauffman was for three years editor of the school magazine, in direct succession to Marion Crawford, Owen Wister, and Arthur Train. But Kauffman's editorship ended abruptly when he printed an appreciation of Hardy's *Jude the Obscure*. After a brief career at Harvard he attempted to study law, but soon turned to journalism. His first position was that of reporter on the *Philadelphia Press*, under the regime of Charles Emery Smith, when the work on that paper of Stephen Crane and

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THE LATE JOAQUIN MILLER

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Richard Harding Davis was still remembered. Later, in 1904, Mr. Kauffman became associated with the staff of the *Saturday Evening Post*. There he was in turn a manuscript reader, a "copyist," editor, and the writer of most of the epigrams published under the title of "Poor Richard, Jr.'s Philosophy." He left the *Post* to become critic of the *Philadelphia North American,* and then started out as a free lance.

• • •

T. M. Cleland

Thomas Maitland Cleland, the designer of our new BOOKMAN cover, has made recently what is undoubtedly the first piece of illumination in the brown, gold chiaroscuro style in the correct manner of execution, since the artists of the Italian Renaissance. It was done for the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts of New York City in the resolutions acknowledging the gift of Francis L. Leland to that institution. It took five months to execute, as much of the remarkably delicate linework was done under a magnifying glass. Mr. Cleland, who is still a young man, has long been known as the foremost master of typographic design in this country, and his work in this field recently received notable recognition in the recent Anniversary Printing Number of the *London Times.*

• • •

Joaquin Miller in England

The late Joaquin Miller—the cumbersome Cincinatus Heine which his well-meaning parents bestowed upon him has long been lost in kindly oblivion — was one American who did not disappoint Englishmen. He soon found that in the appearance of a poet from one of the Western States of the United States they expected something out of the usual, and he gave it to them. He clothed himself in a sort of Wild West costume that the English recognised at once as being the real thing, and soon all literary London was talking of the new poet. His social success, like that of Buffalo Bill later, was astonishing. He was the hero of the clubs, and was handing down jewelled duchesses to dinner. In time some Oriental potentate or other, even more picturesquely garbed, came to town and took his place as the reigning exotic favourite. But Joaquin made what publishers call a "following" in England, and this stood him in good stead during the rest of his poetical career. But even before he found out the value of a strange attire for advertising purposes Joaquin Miller's English experiences had been unusual. The year 1870 found him kneeling at the grave of Robert Burns. Then he lived at Camberwell, because Browning was born there; then at Hemmingford Road, because Tom Hood died there.

• • •

Olive Tilford Dargan

Olive Tilford Dargan, whose new book of poetic dramas, *The Mortal Gods and Other Dramas,* has just been published by Charles Scribner's Sons, was born in Grayson County, Kentucky, and went to the public schools, in which her father and mother were continuously teachers, until she was ten years old. Then, with her parents, she moved to the town of Donophan, Missouri, where she stayed for four years. But at the age of fourteen she herself became a teacher in the backwoods of northwestern Arkansas, a region of hills and streams. Through these years she had always hoped for a college education, but when she became eighteen her mother died; her father, now an invalid, returned to Kentucky, and her chance seemed lost. She was determined, however, and finally obtained a Peabody Scholarship, which took her to the University of Nashville, Tennessee. Two years later she was graduated, and went back to teaching, this time in Missouri and then in Texas. But her appetite for education was strong, and she found means to take a year at Radcliffe in 1894 for the study of English and philosophy. A year later she turned

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again to teaching, and got a place at the Acadia Seminary, Wolfville, Nova Scotia. Later she worked as a stenographer in Boston, and then married a young South Carolinian, a Harvard student, whom she had met while at Radcliffe. Not long after she went to New York, and bent upon her literary work, remained there for some years. She is at present travelling in Europe. In all these years of varied occupation she has also engaged herself in the production of poetry.

OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

• • •

Teixeira de Mattos

A good translator is so rare, that when one is found, it would be both unfair and unwise to withhold full meed of praise. Consequently we take this opportunity to allude to Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, who is best known probably as the official translator of the works of Maurice Maeterlinck. The demands on Mr. de Mattos's time at the present are so great that, as he does all his work by hand, he finds it necessary to begin at four o'clock in the morning, instead of at five, as was his habit until the end of last year. He is now engaged in a sweeping translation of the works of J. H. Fabre, the naturalist; in revising a novel of life in the Court circles in The Hague by the Dutch novelist Louis Couperus; in translating Maeterlinck's new volume, *Our Eternity;* in translating Madame Maeterlinck's novel, *The Choice of Life,* and her monumental essay on Helen Keller, and in translating Maurice Leblanc's latest novel in the Arsène Lupin series. Sandwiched in between these are translations of a volume of sketches written in the West Flemish dialect, and Peter Rosegger's Styrian Sketches, with an occasional official translation undertaken for the Dutch Government.

ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS

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ANNE WARNER FRENCH

Anne Warner French

Anne Warner French, for a decade one of America's most prolific authors, who died recently at her home in England, aged forty-four, was born and educated in St. Paul, Minnesota. *A Woman's Will* ranks as the first of her books, although it was really the third, being preceded by a family genealogy, published in 1892, and a tiny travel volume, printed two years later. It was her *Susan Clegg* stories that caught the public attention. With these stories—*Susan Clegg and her Friend Mrs. Lathrop, Susan Clegg and a Man in the House* and *Susan Clegg, Her Friend, and Her Neighbours*—she attained a place in the little circle of American woman humorous writers who have achieved distinction.

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EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

CONFESSIONS OF AN ALBUM

ILLUSTRATED WITH ORIGINAL DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

BY LAURA STEDMAN

IN TWO PARTS—PART I

THE public has always been more or less interested,—usually more,—in the habits, private opinions, and peculiarities of its authors, especially when they are "off duty." The press agent assures us of that. And even more convincing is an artist's daily mail, when during the year there is scarcely an intimate question which is not asked, directly or indirectly.

Bayard Taylor cites an eager listener stealing behind Washington Irving and Fitz-Greene Halleck at an evening party to overhear them discussing — Shoe-leather! To which may be added the picture of that impressionable young woman who, at a dinner seated next to Lord Tennyson, waited for him to break forth in some divine utterance,—"The Poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling." The first courses passed in silence; then to the wrapt young ears came the words: "I like my beef in chunks, how do you like yours?"

Looking at the other side of the picture, Sidney Smith, Dean of St. Paul's, must have been somewhat horrified, if not amused, at a certain young girl's interpretation of the quality of his wit, and of his discretion, when upon the completion of his solemn "grace" at a dinner, she cried out—"O, Mr. Smith, how awfully funny you are!"

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LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

If it is disappointing to discover that artists are as human as less deified beings, it may well prove disconcerting to the artist to find that his personality is of far more importance, surely of greater moment, to his dear public, than his sublime art itself. There was one quaintly enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Stedman, who, upon making a pilgrimage to his home, was less interested in his books or pictures or other treasures than in the desire to know whether "the poet wore pajamas or a night-shirt."

Back in the sixties, when sentimentalism still had its day, and civilisation was young enough to find time for the art of correspondence, artists were franker in their letters—perhaps with one another—certainly delighted the more in confiding to each other their opinions and aspirations. In his *Echo Club* papers, with their famous parodies, Bayard Taylor has chronicled the "Diversions" of a little band of brilliant young authors, who passed many a Saturday evening by "talking shop" in their own ingenious way. Another far simpler form of "diversion," of a somewhat later period, was the *Mental Photograph Album,* now antique, although modern echoings are still heard in an occasional interviewer's column. Opposite pages of the *Album* held a place for the real photograph, and a list of questions, which the victim might answer jocosely or seriously, or in both veins, according to his humour. But, as somewhere it is said, in attempting to conceal one reveals his thought, so behind the cynical, or flippant, or apparently foolish answer, there often lurks an earnestness betraying unsuspected glimpses of character. When to the question, "If not yourself, who would you rather be?" Ambassador Choate, bowing to his wife, quickly replied—"Mrs. Choate's second husband," the charm and gallant wit of our beloved statesman was never more delightful, nor his domestic felicity complimented in a happier way.

When King Edward, then the Prince of Wales, retorted that his "favourite occupation" was improving his mind, it was accepted as a delicious bit of impu-

KATE FIELD

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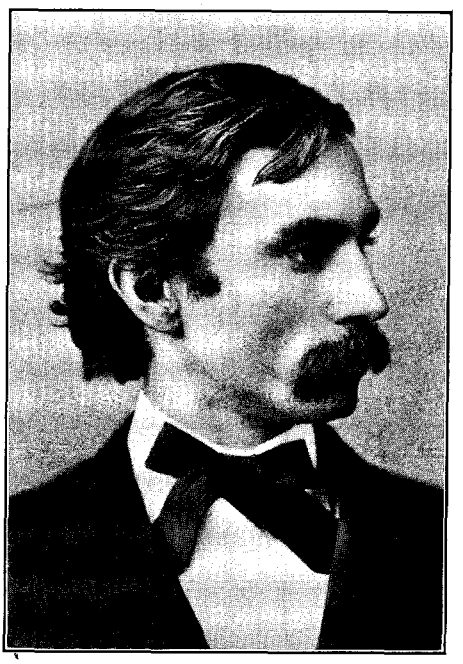
dence, whereas, at present, we would more likely consider it a sober statement of fact.

But when reflecting upon the reason why the name of Martin Farquhar Tupper—he of amazing rise and decline—should so frequently occur in the answers given in this article, it may be timely to recall that speech, reported to have been made at a public function in New York, when he exclaimed: "America, be not afraid, *I* will protect you!"

Among the first to enter the Confessional is Richard Henry Stoddard. How rare a poet! On the night of April 16, 1870, he describes himself as *Writist,* which covers poet, author, critic, editor, journalist, Custom House and Dock Department servant, and so on. Not to forget that the lad who had welded the iron at a blacksmith's forge, in mature years moulded poems of the most delicate texture.

It is fitting that his *Photograph* should lead off, for after their close friend Bayard Taylor, Mr. Stoddard was the first poet whom Mr. Stedman knew. He was the older and accepted singer, who, in 1860, patiently examined the manuscript of Mr. Stedman's first little book, *Poems: Lyrical and Idyllic,* and advised his friend, Mr. Scribner, to publish it. "My boy," said Mr. Stoddard later, "I understood your genius from the start." The mutual friendship deepened with the years, until both knew that it would endure, despite silence, or misunderstandings, or the grave itself. And, at



RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Nowadays, by a hundred public ways we know much more about one another than in the naïve '60's and '70's, when private confidences were liberally indulged, but when self-exploitation was without toleration. Yet with this easy public information comes a difficulty in observing our unconscious prey; therefore, the following confessions of forty years ago, made for amusement's sake alone, may be not unwelcome. They are chosen from a *Mental Photograph Album* owned by my grandfather—Edmund Clarence Stedman.

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the last, when blind and deaf and dazed, bereft of wife and son, Mr. Stoddard lay dying, it was the man whom as a youth he had encouraged who sat beside his bedside far into the night.

To turn back the years to 1870, when gayety dwelt in the hearts of both, Mr. Stoddard writes that his favourite colour is *Mouse colour.*

Flower? *"A violet, by a mossy stone."*
Tree? *The Gallows Tree.*
Object in Nature? *The Sea.*
Hour in the Day? *"'Leven O'clock."*
Season of the Year? *Autumn.*
Perfume? *50 cents.*
Gem? *Gem of the Antilles.*
Style of Beauty? *Circassian.*
Names, Male and Female? *Pericles and Aspasia.*
Painters? *Fra Lippo Lippi and Wm. Blake.*
Musicians? *Those who play the D——l.*
Piece of Sculpture? *Almost any* BUST.
Poets? *Nat Lee, Martin Farquhar Tupper, Walter Whitman, Esq.*
Poetesses? *Mrs. Hemans, Miss Landon, Mrs. Sigourney.*
Prose Authors? *Dr. Cummings, Dr. Holland, and George Bancroft.*
Character in Romance? *Sir Charles Grandison.*
In History? *Ravillac.*
Book to take up for an hour? *Mrs. Leslie's Cook-Book.*
What book (not religious) would you part with last? *The Book of Days.*
What epoch would you choose to have lived in? *The era of good feeling.*
What is your favourite amusement? *Eating, Drinking, Smoking, etc.*
What is your favourite occupation? *Giving my days and nights to solemn thought.*
What trait of character do you most admire in man? *The Art of Borrowing.*
What trait of character do you most detest in each? *Ill-nature.*
If not yourself, who would you rather be? *"Brick Pomeroy."*
What is your idea of happiness? *An extra green-back "X."*
What is your idea of misery? *To be in debt for board.*
What is your bête noire? *Corns.*
What is your dream? *Love's young dream.*
What do you most dread? *Bores.*
What do you believe to be your distinguishing characteristics? *Largeness of heart and greatness of mind.*
If married, what do you believe to be the distinguishing characteristics of your better-half? *Love of approbation.*
What is the sublimest passion of which human nature is capable? *Avarice.*
What are the sweetest words in the world? *Kiss me, quick.*
What are the saddest words? *The whiskey's out!*
What is your aim in life? *Aimez-vous!*
What is your motto? *Nil desperandum.*

Mary Mapes Dodge! What magic is in the name for every grown-up so fortunate as to have been raised on that delightful magazine for young folks—*St. Nicholas,* which Mrs. Dodge edited for over thirty years with a rare knowledge of the wants of a child of any age. Then there are her own books, especially her little classic, *Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates,* published in 1865, and ever since adored, not only by English-tongued children, but by boys and girls in Holland itself, and in France, Germany, Russia, and so many other countries, into whose language it has been translated. And yet she had not seen—Holland!

It was in her young widowhood, sometime in the sixties, that whimsical, sunny, loved and loving Mary Mapes Dodge walked straight into the heart of Mr. Stedman's home, where she remained to be cherished by three generations.

In July, 1871, she writes that she prefers *crimson.*
Flower? *Lily of the Valley.*
Tree? *Elm.*
Object in Nature? *The World.*
Hour in the Day? *Sunset.*
Season of the Year? *Autumn.*
Perfume? *Violet.*
Gem? *Sapphire.*
Style of beauty? *Albino and Aztec.*
Names? *They know.*
Painters? *Ary Scheffer. Nearer by: Gifford, Hart, Vedder, Boughton.*

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Musicians? *The birds before breakfast. Mendelssohn after supper.*
Piece of sculpture? *Venus of Milo.*
Poets? *W. S., Tennyson, Morris, Emerson, Hood.*
Poetesses? *Mrs. Browning, Jean Ingelow, and Mrs. Browning.*
Prose Authors? *Thackeray, Emerson, and a dozen others "too tedious to mention."*
Character in Romance? *Froude's Henry the Eighth.*
In History? *Alfred the Great.*
Book to take up for an hour? *Emerson's Essays.*
What book (not religious) would you part with last? *This, if I were E. C. S.*
What epoch would you choose to have lived in? *The present.*
Where would you like to live? *Just where I do live.*
Favourite amusement? *That depends.*
Occupation? *Earning a living.*
What trait of character do you most admire in man? *Goodness of wisdom.*
In woman? *Wisdom of goodness.*
What do you most detest in each? *Detestableness.*
If not yourself, who would you rather be? *Don't know. Would have to step outside to inquire.*
Idea of happiness? *Procrastination.*
Of misery? *Its consequences.*
Bête noire? *A precocious child.*
Dream? *A sunny old age.*
What do you most dread? *Tupperism.*
Your distinguishing characteristics? *Not knowing them quite, not caring to name them if I do know them.*
The sublimest passion? *Indignation-in-August, thermometer at 93°.*
The sweetest words? *"Love one another."*
Saddest words? *Loved one another.*
Aim in life? *To live really.*
Motto? *"Heaven helps them as helps themselves."*

It may have been during one of her frequent visits to New York that Boston's sweet-voiced poet and author, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, gave her impressions. The friendship dates back many years, when, as she says, Mr. Stedman was good to her first book, *This, That, and the Other,* written when she was only eighteen years old. "It is the simple truth that no one was ever so good to me before. . . . You have been my dear friend, dearer and ever dearer as the years speed on." Her fine appreciation was shown in many tender acts of friendship, to which a long correspondence testifies. Those to whom Mrs. Moulton gave of her singularly affectionate nature will recognise the sincerity of her answers. *True blue* is her favourite colour, and her flower—*Heliotrope.*

Tree? *Pine.*
Object in Nature? *The sea.*
Hour of the Day? *Twilight.*
Season of the Year? *October.*
Perfume? *Violet.*
Gem? *Opal.*
Style of Beauty? *Blonde.*
Names? *Pet names.*
Painters? *Fancy and Hope.*
Musicians? *Sweet singers of minor strains.*
Piece of sculpture? *Venus de Milo.*
Poets? *Browning and Tennyson.*
Poetesses? *Christina Rossetti and Mrs. Browning.*
Prose Authors? *Thackeray and Emerson.*
Character in Romance? *Becky Sharp.*
In History? *Abraham Lincoln.*
Book to take up for an hour? *Emerson's Essays.*
What book (not religious) would you part with last? *Mother Goose.*
What epoch would you choose to have lived in? *1900.*
Where would you like to live? *In New York.*
Your favourite amusement? *Fishing.*
Occupation? *Dreaming.*
What trait of character do you most admire in man? *Courage.*
In woman? *Tenderness.*
What do you most detest in each? *Falsehood.*
If not yourself, who would you rather be? *The Queen of Hearts.*
Idea of happiness? *To be loved.*
Of misery? *Not to be loved.*
Bête noire? *Work.*
Your dream? *"Oh had we some bright little isle of our own."*
Dread? *Dying.*

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Your distinguishing characteristics? *Folly and frankness.*
Of your better-half? *Simplicity, because I am his wife.*
The sublimest passion? *Forgiveness.*
The sweetest words? *Come to breakfast.*
The saddest words? *"Too late, too late, you cannot enter in."*
Your aim in life? *To enjoy myself.*
Motto? *Never say die.*

Another victim is Richard Watson Gilder, whom Mr. Stedman met in the office of the Newark *Daily Advertiser,* which was owned by Mr. Thomas T. Kinney, the stepson of Mr. Stedman's mother. At that time, Mr. Gilder was one of its reporters and correspondents. Later he became its managing editor. In 1868, when only twenty-four years old, he resigned his editorship, and with Newton Crane, as joint editor, founded the Newark *Morning Register.* The following year he was made the assistant editor of *Hours at Home,* a monthly journal in New York. A year later, when *Scribner's Monthly,* afterwards the *Century Magazine,* was launched, its proprietors purchased *Hours at Home,* and Dr. J. G. Holland selected Mr. Gilder as his associate editor of the *Century.* And we know how at Dr. Holland's death Mr. Gilder succeeded to the editorial chair, which he nobly filled until his own death. We further know Mr. Gilder as a lyrical poet, and with other and civic interests, but in 1871 he had yet to publish his first volume of poems.

Mr. Stedman also was living then in Newark, and many an evening brought Mr. Gilder to Mr. Stedman's library to confide his poetical and literary aspirations, for he had early recognised that his somewhat older friend abounded in heart interest for any poet, be he great or small. Often the young man was accompanied by a tall, eager girl—his talented sister, Miss Jeannette L. Gilder. And whatever wise counsel and sympathy Mr. Stedman gave to them, he was repaid by their fine enthusiasm and the friendship which was his thenceforth. It was probably on one of these evenings—for the date is June, 1871—that Mr. Gilder made his *Mental Photograph.*

He declares that his favourite colour is *Crimson;* flower—*Geranium;* tree—*Poplar.*

Object in Nature? *Pretty girl.*
Season of the Year? *The beginning of each.*
Perfume? *The Pines.*
Gem? *Pearl.*
Style of Beauty? *Brunette.*
Names? *R. W. G.—Unknown.*
Painters? *Moran, Turner, Vedder, Gerome, and the old boys.*
Musicians? *Too many to mention.*
Piece of sculpture? *Venus of Milo.*
Poets? *STEDMAN, Tennyson, Morris, Shakespeare, Rossetti.*
Poetesses? *Browning, Howe, Ingelow.*
Prose Authors? *Hawthorne, Macdonald, Dickens, Carlyle.*
Character in Romance? *Jane Eyre.*
In History? *Mrs. Jarley.*
Book to take up for an hour? *Scribner's Monthly.*
To part with last? *Scribner's Monthly.*
What epoch would you choose to have lived in? *The Christian Era.*
Where would you like to live? *At home.*
Favourite amusement? *Joe Jeff.*
Occupation? *Going to bed.*
What trait of character do you most admire in man? *Manliness.*
In woman? *Womanliness.*
What do you most detest in each? *Deceit.*
If not yourself, who would you rather be? *Joe Jefferson.*
Idea of happiness? *Endless Rip Van Winkles.*
Of Misery? *No Rip nor Jarley.*
Your dream? *"I've dreamed of sunsets when the sun supine."*
Your dread? *MSS.*
Your distinguishing characteristics? *Pure cussedness.*
Of your better-half? *Reserve and Steadfastness.*
The sublimest passion? *Indignation.*
The sweetest words? *Words never said.*
The saddest words? *Words said.*
Aim in life? *To make others appreciate.*
Motto? *The Latin of Labour is Prayer.*

Next flashes brilliant, bonny, versatile Kate Field, who, as Mr. Stedman has

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said, coquetted, and something more, with literature, art, lecturing, criticism, and the drama, touching nothing which she did not adorn, and going nowhere that she did not win to herself hosts of friends. But if she had one love more than another, perhaps it was for the stage, which was not unnatural from early associations, for her father was Joseph M. Field, the actor and dramatist.

It was at the New Year of 1873 that Mr. Stedman resolved to consecrate the following twelve months to his literary life. Accordingly, he took his family from the suburbs to New York, when followed a happy season of work, and a notable one among the *literati*. It was just at this time, at a lecture given by his comrade since their war-days—Mr. John Hay, that Mr. Stedman met Miss Field. Shortly afterward she became a European correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. Some years later she opened her Co-operative Dress Association on Twenty-third Street, New York City. This adventure was uniquely daring, and not without certain perplexing results. In 1889, Miss Field established at Washington, D. C., *Kate Field's Washington*, which one friend, at least, found to be the brightest weekly that he received. Indeed, from their original meeting, Miss Field was an intimate in Mr. Stedman's home, and if her career was somewhat fitful, Mr. Stedman was always her stanch adherent, even when she had not followed his advice.

Kate Field's *Mental Photograph* bears the date, 1874. Her favourite colour is *Couleur de rose*.

Flower? *Of Chivalry.*
Tree? *Of Knowledge.*
Object in Nature? *Object of Interest.*
Hour in the Day? *Dinner.*
Season of the Year? *Season of all nature.*
Perfume? *New Books and Footlights.*
Gem? *Gem of the Ocean.*
Style of Beauty? *Beauty of expression.*
Names? *Of those I love.*
Painters? *Those who paint the truth.*
Musicians? *"Great Nature's happy commoners."*
Piece of sculpture? *Self-made man.*
Poets? *Those whose lives are poetry.*
Poetesses? *"No sich a person."*
Prose Authors? *The Authors of my being.*
Character in Romance? *Sidney Carton.*
In History? *Jeanne D'Arc.*
Book to take up for an hour? *Stedman's Poems.*
What book (not religious) would you part with last? *Book of Nature.*
What epoch would you choose to have lived in? *After the Invention of Immortality.*
Where would you like to live? *In a castle in Spain.*
Favourite amusement? *Doing as I please.*
Occupation? *Amusing myself.*
What trait of character do you most admire in man? *Manliness.*
In woman? *Womanliness.*
What do you most detest in each? *The reverse.*
If not yourself, who would you rather be? *Somebody else.*
Idea of happiness? *Being thoroughly myself.*
Of misery? *The reverse.*
Bête noire? *Mental Photographs.*
Your dream? *That's telling.*
What do you most dread? *Most things.*
Your distinguishing characteristics? *E. C. S(tedman) says loyalty.*
Those of your better-half? *For further particulars inquire of the dim future.*
The sublimest passion? *Giving up what we would die for.*
The sweetest words? *Those never spoken.*
The saddest words? *It never can be.*
Aim in life? *To find out why I was born.*
Motto? *Accept the inevitable.*

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PICNIC OF BERLIN POETS AT SCHLACHTENSEE, JUNE, 1865

Drawing by L. Loeffler. Reproduced by permission of the Märkische Museum

1. G. HESEKIEL. 2. FANNY LEWALD. 3. LOUISE MÜHLBACH. 4. BETA. 5. A. MÜTZELBURG. 6. O. ROQUETTE. 7. TH. FONTANE. 8. A. STAHR. 9. E. KOSSAK. 10. C. HEIGEL. 11. BRACHVOGEL. 12. J. RODENBERG. 13. A. VON WINTERFELD. 14. RUD. LÖWENSTEIN. 15. E. DOHM. 16. MAX RING. 17. B. AUERBACH. 18. H. WACHENHUSEN. 19. H. SMIDT. 20. A. GLASBRENNER. 21. D. KALISCH. 22. SPIELHAGEN

LITERARY BERLIN

BY AMELIA VON ENDE

THE time when the official capital of a country, presided over by an intelligent sovereign and patron of arts and letters, was the centre of the people's intellectual activities, seems to have passed away with the passing of patriarchal royalty and the magnificent Mæcenas type of old-time monarchy. The modern spirit of democracy tends toward decentralisation. Still Berlin has time and again been and in a way is to-day Germany's literary centre. There lingers the tradition of the great Frederick, of the poets of the Fatherland whose stirring songs roused the dormant patriotism of the people at the coming of the Corsican superman and of the salons of Henriette Herz and Rahel Varnhagen, where met the philosophers and literati of a hundred years ago. There in the "Weinstube" of Lutter and Wegner, long passed away, met the romantic Bohème, spellbound by the personality of E. T. A. Hoffmann, poet, musician, artist and eccentric, whose fanciful tales inspired not only Offenbach and a score of French writers, but whose Kapellmeister Kreisler was immortalised by Robert Schumann in his *Kreisleriana*. There also some decades later was the "Tunnel," a circle of which

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Theodor Fontane was perhaps the last and most eminent survivor. A brilliant life it was, throwing its radiance far and wide over that part of Europe which, though divided into almost two score little principalities, was one by race and tongue. In that past of Berlin's literary supremacy was born the spirit of keen-edged, trenchant criticism, which is thoroughly Berlinian and gives to the products of its literary world a pungent flavour of its own.

Alas! the glory that came to Berlin when the victors of Sedan entered the gates of the erstwhile capital of Prussia, found no higher immediate expression than the Siegesallee, that thorn in the flesh of every German whose ideal of art is not officially inspired and sanctioned. The millions handed over by the defeated arch enemy did not build temples of peace and enlightenment. The wealth acquired by needless bloodshed brought with it a delirium of material success, and the ideal aspirations of the ancestors were forgotten in the attempt to impress the world with the power of the newly welded nation. The men most read and most talked of at that time were, perhaps Fontane and Spielhagen excepted, types of that brilliant cleverness which seems to thrive best in a new metropolis. There were irrepressible *raisonneurs* among them, smart and sharp at retort like the born Berliner, with more than a touch of world-wise cynicism. A characteristic figure was Paul Lindau, who belittled the only great achievement of the decade, Wagner's work at Bayreuth. The theatres were rigid in antiquated classicism or living on the crumbs of the French repertory or growing rich by melodrama and farce. Oscar Blumenthal, the stupendously prolific, began alone or in partnership to flood the dramatic market with food for the masses, and even America profited or suffered from the overflow. Whoever then looked about for the great man the great moment had produced was bound to be disappointed.

The generation that grew up when the glamour of conquest had faded had heard in the cradle the echoes of the glorious event and wanted to see the heroes it had produced. Everywhere at that time, in countries then considered inferior in the scale of culture, Scandinavia, Russia and even defeated France, giants were dominating the intellectual horizon. The youths that entered upon the heritage of the triumph of Sedan were disillusioned. Upon their ears the message of Nietzsche fell with a commanding ring. They saw their fatherland in the attitude of Fafner in the Ring of the Nibelung: "I lie and possess—let me sleep," and they set out to rouse it. From their homes in the various provinces of the empire they flocked to the capital, with its more catholic atmosphere and its larger economic possibilities, to seek elbowroom for the development of their personalities and to inaugurate an intellectual revolution.

Among those who cherished this exalted ambition were Heinrich and Julius Hart, two brothers of good Westphalian stock. Their modest rooms in the Gertraudenstrasse became the hotbed of new ideals of life, art and letters. The Harts enjoyed already a little income from their work, and made their less fortunate colleagues welcome to every available corner convertible to sleeping purposes; likewise to the last loaf of bread and chunk of cheese in the larder. Here all the enterprises of the new generation had their inception: the revaluation of critical standards, of the drama, of fiction and poetry, according to a scientific reading of life. The first collective utterance of this youth, the anthology *Moderne Dichtercharaktere,* published in 1885, contained the names of Heinrich and Julius Hart, Arno Holz, Otto Erich Hartleben, Wolfgang Kirchbach, Wilhelm Arendt, Ernst von Wildenbruch, Karl Henckell and Hermann Conradi. It has earned its place among the historical documents of the period not only by its selections, but especially by its two prefaces, in which Henckell and Conradi outlined the aims of the new school. In his *Revolution der Literatur* Karl Bleibtreu, with the ready invective of the born Berliner, flung the critical gauntlet into the

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face of conservatism. The "Freie Bühne (Independent Theatre) became one of the paramount issues of the campaign.

The first battles were indeed to be fought upon the stage. The seriousness and sincerity of Wildenbruch had set him apart from the popular playwrights, but the narrow range of his national loyalty separated him from the youth engaged in iconoclastic raids upon time-hallowed institutions. Ludwig Fulda, too, a poet and scholar of catholic taste, whose translations of Molière, Beaumarchais, Rostand and others rank highest in the German book-world, was an independent link between the old and the new. He did much by his own plays to stem the tide of the Blumenthal-Kadelburg flood: some of them, like *Das verlorene Paradies* (*The Lost Paradise*) have been played in English and many others are known to the audiences of the German theatre in America. Dr. Fulda is also remembered by his lectures under the auspices of the Germanistic society. His contemporary, Hermann Sudermann, who in his *Ehre* (*Honour*) seemed to voice the growing secession from traditional ideals, was at first considered one of the young rebels. But although his *Katzensteg* (*Regina*), *Heimat* (*Magda*), *Es War*, *Morituri* and other works seriously or jestingly arraigned one of the bogeys of the past, "honour," and fairly represented the heretical attitude of the present, he failed to follow the straight line of their logic and to frame their radical conclusions, and was soon dropped by the new school. A subject of violent polemics he has become, even men not identified with the "young," like Maximilian Harden, being among his opponents. But Herr Sudermann is in a position to be little worried by his recent failures: surrounded by his family—there exists a photograph of himself, wife and two daughters, which is the very embodiment of good old-fashioned domesticity—either in his residence in the Grunewald or in his castle Blankensee, he has ceased to rant about the vulgarisation of dramatic criticism and lets well enough alone.

II

The young generation found Berlin an unfavourable field for attempts to live their new life, and repaired to the suburbs. In a garret in Schmargendorf, half starved and half-frozen, Arno Holz and Johannes Schlaf declared that "art is nature minus *x*" and as "Bjarne P. Holmsen" published that first specimen of German naturalism, *Papa Hamlet*. Gerhart Hauptmann paid tribute to the influence this work had upon him by dedicating to "Holmsen, the consistent realist," his first play: *Vor Sonnenaufgang* (*Before Sunrise*), which like *Friedensfest* (*Festival of Peace*) and *Einsame Menschen* (*Lonely Lives*) was written at Erkner and discussed with congenial friends like Wilhelm Bölsche. This son of gay Cologne, who had made his debut in fiction and criticism, had settled in Friedrichshagen near the Müggelsee and become a nature-writer without parallel in his own peculiar way. His friend Bruna Wille, monastic philosopher and poet, also lived there, and under Bölsche's hospitable roof met a cosmopolitan group of moderns conspicuous at that time—Ola Hansson and Laura Marholm, Stanislaus Przybyszewski, an erratic personality writing both Polish and German, John Henry Mackay, a Scotchman by birth, the biographer of Stirner, Richard Dehmel, who is considered Germany's greatest poet of the present, and others. The brothers Hart had bought a former sanitarium at Schlachtensee, and with their immediate friends established "Die neue Gemeinschaft," an experiment in "consistent communism," which ended in bankruptcy in purse and ideals. What abysmal distance separates the innocent bucolic picnic of the Berlin poets of 1865 from that pathetic effort at primitive simplicity of the poets of the century's end!

The performance of Gerhart Hauptmann's *Vor Sonnenaufgang* at the Lessingtheater in Berlin in 1889 was the

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epoch-making début of Young Germany before the public, prepared by reading the play for clamorous demonstrations *pro* and *con*. They culminated in a grotesque incident: at the moment when a child is born behind the scenes, a seatholder in the parquet rose and frantically waved an obstetrical instrument! The war of words which broke out in the press was fierce. But words are powerful weapons when wielded by men like Maximilian Harden, perhaps the most fearless in the phalanx of fighters that perpetuate the tradition of the irrepressible Berlin *raisonneur,* and a brilliant stylist besides, by Arthur Kerr, who applied the critical scalpel in the columns of the *Neue deutsche Rundschau,* or by the late Leo Berg, the caustic satirist. In the pages of *Die Nation* appeared at that time the inimitable literary *feuilletons* of Felix Poppenberg, the one man in Germany whose prose suggests Gallic grace and elegance. Berlin became the arena, where the old and the young, and the many factions into which they themselves were divided, fought out their differences of opinion or their personal animosities.

It would be interesting were a Metschnikoff to look into the relation between the storm and stress of such periods and longevity. For it is surprising how many men of that time were called away before their race was run: Hermann Conradi, Heinrich Hart, Otto Erich Hartleben, Wolfgang Kirchbach, Ernst von Wildenbruch, Leo Berg, Ludwig Jacobowski, Otto Julius Bierbaum, Dr. Theodor Barth, founder of *Die Nation,* and others. Wilhelm Holzamer, too, one of the most sympathetic personalities among the poets, whom the writer had met a few years ago at the home of Karl Henckell, then a resident of Berlin, is no more. A man of few words he seemed, pale, thoughtful, perhaps conscious of the short time allotted to him. His wife, Nina Mardon, a fascinating woman of an exotic type, still lives there and has recently edited some posthumous volumes of fiction and verse, that will keep alive his memory for some time.

Friedrichshagen is still the home of Bölsche and Wille, where the writer met them one May day not likely to be forgotten. There was much good cheer at the dinner at which Frau Bölsche was the hostess and the group, about the table was enlivened by the presence of the children, healthy, bright youngsters, who were evidently not brought up in the rigid discipline of old Germany, but rather in the spirit of Ellen Key. A walk along the Müggelsee followed, through the pines, under which was conceived the hopeful philosophy of Wille's *Einsiedelkunst in der Kiefernheide* (*Hermit Art of the Pine Heath*), a volume of verse unique by its reading of life and its freedom from formalism. The conversation brought out what the writer had suspected from long acquaintance with the works in which Bölsche, in an admirably flexible prose, chats about the universe and interprets its secrets: that the source of his art is his keen intellectual grasp and scientific enjoyment of nature, rather than a personal intimacy. That differentiates him from our American nature-writers, who may *know* nature less scientifically, but *live* it more directly. The evening spent at the home of Wille and his wife was one of reminiscences. The writer had first read his verse in a little German weekly published in Detroit by Robert Reitzel, with whom it died. Before any of the big German dailies took notice of their existence, this catholic appreciator of literary quality had introduced to his modest flock of readers the Harts and the Hauptmanns, Bölsche, Wille, Henckell, Mackay, Liliencran, Dehmel, Ada Negri and many others. The voice of a nightingale in the garden lent a note of sentiment to the mood of the moment, as the guests silently emptied their glasses in memory of the one German-American who had a distinct literary individuality.

One of the most highly rated novelists of Germany, Clara Viebig, as true a child of the Rhine as Bölsche, has since her marriage to her publisher, Fritz Theo. Cohn, who is also a literary worker, made Berlin her home. The

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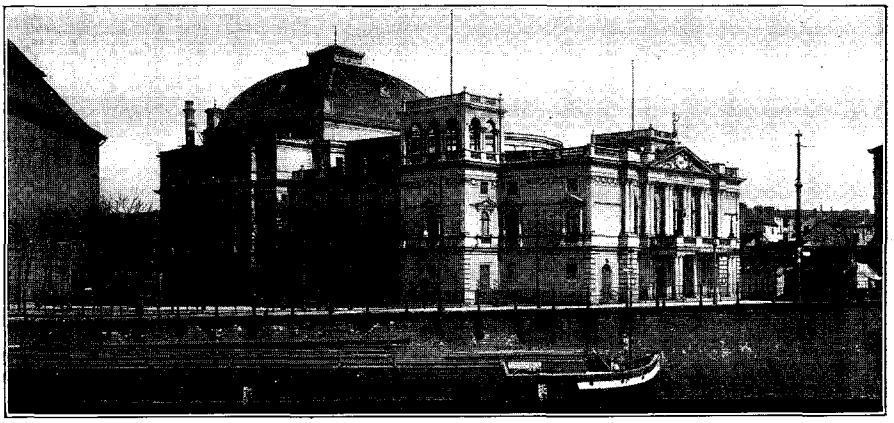

THE LESSINGTHEATER, BERLIN, WHERE, IN 1889, THE PRESENTATION OF HAUPTMANN'S "VON SONNENAUFGANG" MARKED THE DÉBUT OF YOUNG GERMANY

writer had been in correspondence with her since the appearance of her novel *Das tägliche Brot* (*Our daily Bread*), which has since been translated into English, and which treats with a sympathetic understanding and with a well-tempered realism servant-girl life in the capital, and was received by Frau Cohn in her beautiful home in Zehlendorf. She made a very pretty picture on the crocus-dotted lawn of her garden, in which she takes great pleasure. Captivating by a simple womanly charm and an unaffected manner, she makes a visitor feel at home. She presented her son, a young boy just struggling with his Latin, and when Herr Cohn joined the family group it was evident that she thoroughly enjoys her home life. Her social position and her reputation as novelist, dramatist and reader—she has a well-cultivated and finely modulated voice—offer great temptations, but the society of the capital seems to have little attraction for her.

OLD BERLIN

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During the St. Louis exposition the writer had met the Kirschner sisters, Marie, the artist, and Lola, the writer, better known under her pseudonym, Ossip Schubin. The acquaintance was renewed in Berlin at one of their "at homes," frequented by representatives of art, music, letters and aristocracy. Ossip Schubin is a curious compound of conservatism and unconventionality. She was rather bitter in her condemnation of

WILHELM BÖLSCHE

some modern literary tendencies, yet she thoroughly enjoys George Bernard Shaw! She said that she had studied singing with the great teachers of the continent, until her voice was gone, but undoubtedly she owes to those years of apprenticeship her insight into the musical temperament, which she so strikingly portrays in *Boris Lenzky, Asbeïn* and other stories of musicians. Hardly less remarkable are her types of Austrian nobility, and all her stories are distinguished by a certain nervous vitality. She is as brilliant a talker as she is a writer, and seems born to be the hostess at such gatherings as one finds in her salon. That afternoon there was an abundance of famous names and imposing titles; but the centre of attraction was Countess Arnim, the Elizabeth of the German garden. The Kirschner sisters were closely identified with the launching in Berlin of the Lyceum Club for women, founded upon the model of the London club.

III

At a garden party of the Lyceum Club were present many men and women prominent in the literary life of the capital. Germans engaged in intellectual pursuits have long been credited with contempt for the conventions of clothes, and the women especially have the reputation of being bad dressers. It is most interesting to notice the progress of that country in the evolution of taste. No long hair, flowing ties and other "trademarks" were to be seen among the men, no disregard of æsthetical canons of dress among the women. There were many picturesque gowns, primarily the outgrowth of dress reform, but artistically applying the classical and the renaissance lines, that have since been adopted by Paris fashion. Not a few of the women succeeded in giving their costume the *cachet* of individual expression, and some, like Else Oppler-Legband, the decorator, and Dr. Gertrud Bäumer, the philologist, were really a pleasure to behold. Surely a meeting of the Lyceum Club should dispel the fiction still cherished by some German misogynists, that women who write or paint must be ugly!

One striking figure attracted the writer's attention, and before long the slender little old lady with a head framed in silver curls, dainty as a figure of Meissen porcelain, was recognised to be Marie von Olfers, one of the few survivors of the past generation. Years of wholesale reading of the current literary products have not effaced the impression of her novel *Eigentum,* now perhaps out of print, that fascinating record of a sensitive romantic soul shrinking from the materialisation of modern life. There were Wolfgan Kirchbach and his wife,

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Marie Louise Becker, a poet and novelist now living in Paris; there was Gabriele Reuter, who since the success of her novel, *Aus guter Familie,* has developed into one of the strongest portraitists of modern woman, and there was also Franziska Mann, Germany's most sympathetic reader of the child-soul. The writer's neighbour at the tea-table was Dr. Max Meyerfeld, who had been in America and seemed well-informed, but, contrary to the custom of his countrymen, has not given us a book of American impressions. He is Germany's foremost translator and interpreter of modern English writers, having done no little pioneer work in introducing Oscar Wilde, George Moore, J. M. Synge, John Galsworthy and others. He has recently attracted attention by a play of his own, *Robert Anstey,* which has been translated into English by William Archer, and the hero of which is Oscar Wilde.

Franziska Mann is one of those writers who either find no understanding at all or arrive at once at a sort of personal relation with their readers. *Könige ohne Land* (*Kings without a Kingdom*), though of less direct appeal than the precious little book *Wege Hinauf* (*Upward Paths*), which has become a guide and counsellor to many, had established such a bond of sympathy and made the writer regret not to have met Frau Mann during her visit to America. The brief talk at the club revealed a personality, wholesome, well-poised, and of rare inner harmony. Frau Mann's interests are wide, but seem to crystallise about child-welfare. Her fame as a writer is likely to rest upon her stories about children, real, living youngsters, among which may be classed her latest novel, *Frau Sophie und ihre Kinder,* tracing the life of a young grandmother who sacrifices all personal desires for the sake of her daughter's orphaned children. Wherever Frau Mann touches upon the relation between the adult and the child, she seems to attain the poetic consummation of the pedagogic theories of Ellen Key, of whom she is a warm admirer.

Portrait by Becker and Maass, Berlin.

FRANZISKA MANN

GRETE MEISEL-HESS

Frau Gabriele Reuter was long identified with the literary life of Berlin, and

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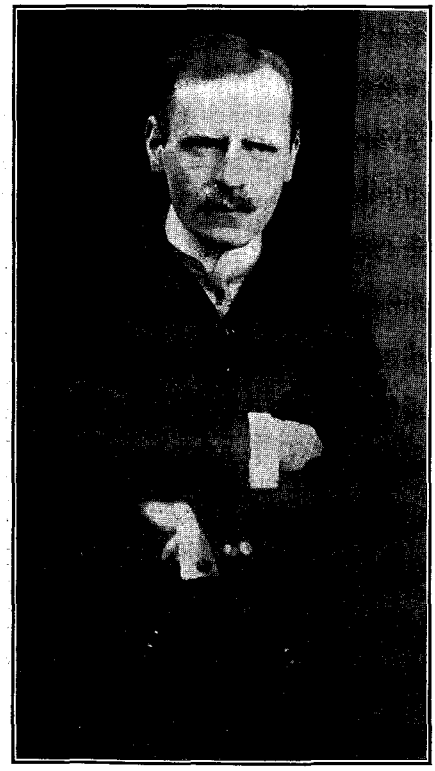
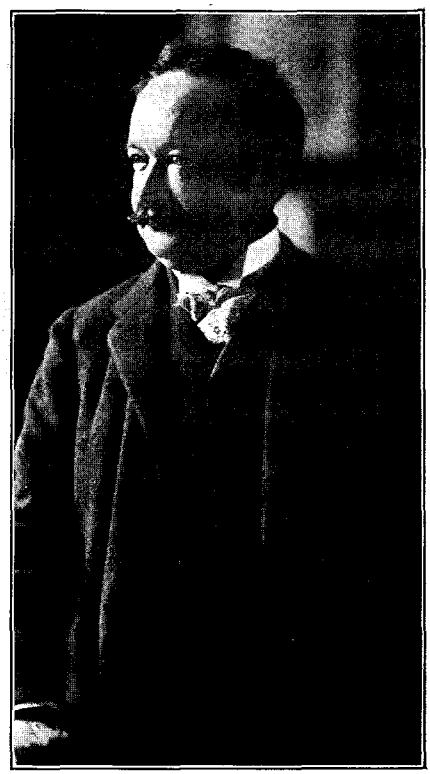
received the writer in the apartment she occupied with her young daughter until their recent removal to Thun in Switzerland. She is a sympathetic talker, and having the gift of drawing out her guest, there was no lack of topics of mutual interest. She is familiar with the writings of Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman, and has also kept track of our recent literary development, being especially interested in the work of Mrs. Wharton. Frau Reuter is a woman of distinguished bearing: her statuesque figure and her handsome head, crowned by a wealth of silver hair, leave an impression not easily forgotten. The writer saw her again at a public discussion of the problems touched upon in Frenssen's *Hilligenlei* (*Holyland*). The meeting, which had to be repeated to accommodate the crowds clamouring for admission, was presided over by Dr. Helene Stöcker, a writer



DR. MAX MEYERFELD



DR. OSCAR BLUMENTHAL

who has almost exclusively identified herself with the movement called "Mutterschutz," which in the interest of humanity, the elevation of morals and the propagation of the race, demands legal protection for girl-mothers. The speakers were Frau Reuter and Frau Minna Cauer, the latter a champion of woman's rights and editor of a magazine devoted to the cause.

Of the young men who had come to Berlin in the storm and stress of "Young Germany," Dr. Caesar Flaischlen, a Suabian by birth, has maintained a singular independence. The writer had first been attracted by his *Martin Lehnhardt,* a play treating the well-worn topic of youth struggling for a faith and a love of its own choice with an admirable freshness and originality. Some stories and poems, and the unique semi-autobiographical document in prose and verse,

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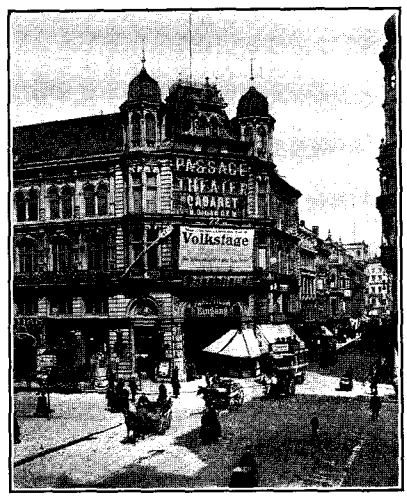
"Jost Seyfried," proved him one of the sanest and strongest individualities of his generation. This long-distance impression was confirmed by a conversation with the author some years ago, in the course of which he, too, like so many of Germany's writers, showed a deep interest in Whitman. The writer had a delightful visit with Dr. Flaischlen and his wife on the day of the eclipse last April, watching the progress of the earth's shadow across the sun's disk from their windows in the Kurfürstenstrasse. An idealist with a lot of practical good sense, Flaischlen is not a man to be caught in the swirl of cult and fads continually springing up in Berlin. He



A BOHEMIAN CORNER

summarised its present condition in the term "Verlotterung" (depravity), and declared the grotesque excrescences in art and letters—the futurists were holding an exhibition called "Der blaue Reiter" (The Blue Horseman) symptoms of general decadence. He admitted that competition was forcing upon German publishers commercial standards which are changing the character of intellectual life. Worshippers of nature in a modest way, Dr. Flaischlen and his wife have a curious window-garden, in which they grow slips and seeds brought home from their summer travels. But a residence in the country is something he will not

Portrait by Emma Liebman, Berlin.

GEORG HERMANN

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indulge in until he feels like retiring from the arena of active life to enjoy well-earned rest.

The author of the most widely discussed and most highly praised novel of last year, *Die Intellektuellen,* is an Austrian by birth, who has made Berlin her home—Grete Meisel-Hess, in private life Frau Gellert. Previous correspondence with her led to a visit, which was prolonged to four hours, for her freedom and ease of manner rapidly established an understanding and brought out mutual interests that made for a familiarity reached only after some acquaintance.

MAXIMILIAN HARDEN

Her conversation has a fascinating sparkle and is rich in suggestion. It is the spontaneous expression of an immensely productive mind and of a large horizon. Ideas come to her easily and in profusion, but she has learned to hold them in leash. She has had university training and studied under the eminent psychologist, Professor Freud, and can quite naturally turn from science to fiction and even to poetry. Since the publication of *Die sexuelle Krise,* which is now being translated into English by Dr. Eden Paul, and which even in Germany, where the adherents of Ellen Key number by thousands, is credited with a far more solid scientific foundation than *Love and Marriage,* she has written *Die Intellektuellen,* a volume of short stories, poems and scores of magazine articles on a variety of subjects. She admits her dual nature, which on the one hand obeys the voice of imagination and makes her write as by intuition, and on the other hand traces that intuition to its ultimate logical end and enables her at any stage of the mental process to apply critical analysis. Combining a scholar's mind with an artist's temperament, a magnetic speaker and a personality of great feminine charm, she is altogether one of the most interesting women in Berlin to-day. She thoroughly enjoys the electrifying friction of wide-awake minds like hers engaged in watching a new culture in the making, and is an especially valuable factor in the propaganda for "Mutterschutz" (Maternity Protection) which seems to enlist in its ranks the best minds of the nation, regardless of sex.

IV

For Berlin is indeed, as she has pictured it in her novel, the centre of power, brutal betimes, but one that stirs to action, the market for the dreams and the imaginings bred in human brains, as also the caldron fermenting and overflowing with strange new fads and cults. One of the latter is the renaissance of paganism, and one of its prophetesses is the much-talked-of Baroness von Preuschen, poet, artist, reader and traveller. In her home at Lichtenrade she holds symposia, at which she receives in Greek costume and tries to reproduce the atmosphere of ancient Greece. The writer had known of her since the sensation which her painting "Mors Imperator" made in Berlin many years ago, had read her verse, which has colour, strength and sweep, and her stories, which have little merit, and had seen much of her during her visit to America. Walking up the main street of the pitifully new and conven-

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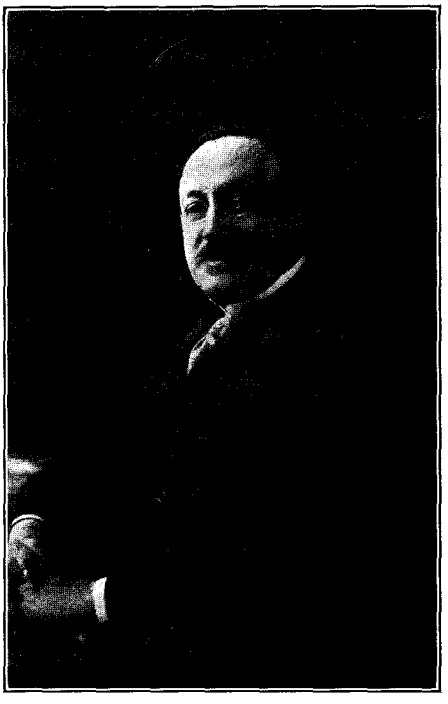
tional suburb, it was difficult to imagine it a proper setting for her experiment. As the pseudo-classic "Tempio Hermione" came into view, standing windswept and forlorn in a neglected garden, with not even a background of pines to relieve the monotony and sterility of the landscape, it recalled one of those pathetic remnants of the Columbian Exposition which for many years graced the sands of Jackson Park. Some "Berliner Rangen" (young hoodlums), who had watched the stranger, brought forth the caretaker with the information that the owner was absent on a new trip to Asia, her favourite stamping-ground.

There are many salons of that kind in Berlin, for the intellectuals of the German capital profess or affect many creeds, religious, social and political, philosophical, metaphysical and æsthetic. Nor is an invitation to those salons needed to get a glimpse of that curious world which, when its interests are literary, swells the ranks of first-nighters at the "Schauspielhaus" or the Lessing-theater, and otherwise meets in the favourite cafés. One of these is Café Josty, on the Potsdamer Platz, in the heart of the business district and within easy reach of the newspapers and publishing houses. Further up-town, in a residential neighbourhood with a fair sprinkling of foreigners of divers intellectual professions, is the Café des Westens. Its character varies with the time of the day, becoming more and more interesting as the evening advances. For there appear the late "Arrivals," in the limelight of success, be it in letters, music or art, shedding their radiance over the many vegetating in obscurity. Initiated and outsiders, masters and disciples, sit about the tables designed by Ottomar Begas. Maidens in picturesque mediæval gowns and hiding their ears under the coils of hair, which in Munich are called "Schwabinger Schneckerl," look languishing or spiritual, and women in some stunning creation, which is the *dernier cri* of Paris fashion, triumphantly sweep through on their way to a late supper. Here are represented all cliques and coteries, are discussed all fads and are tried the latest poses.

Great as is the number of writers living in and about Berlin, few of them are Berlin born. Of the older generation there are only Blumenthal, the playwright, Marie von Olfers and Hedwig Dohm, the novelist and *doyenne* of the woman's rights movement. Even Dr. Julius Rodenberg, for over half a century identified with its leading maga-



DR. LUDWIG FULDA

zines and still editing the *Deutsche Rundschau,* is only an adopted son of Berlin. Of the younger generation there is Dr. Felix Poppenberg, the essayist, whose recent volume, *Maskenzüge,* shows such an admirable blending of German feeling with French form, that it is difficult not to believe him to be descended from some Huguenot refugee of Old Berlin. There are Hans Land, novelist and dramatist, associated with the People's Stage; and Dora Duncker,

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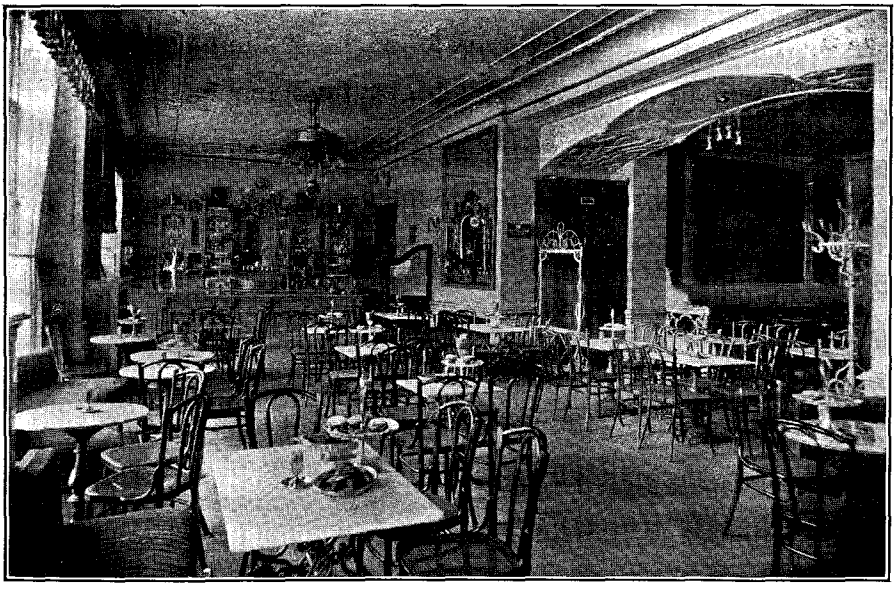
THE CAFÉ JOSTY



CAFÉ DES WESTENS. BUFFET AND GOBELIN ROOM

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whose stories deal with types and phases of Berlin life. Finally there is Georg Hermann, the man who has most deeply sounded the genuine Berlin soul—that of the cultured middle-class of the mid-century, pictured in the unforgettable characters that live in the pages of *Jetechen Gebert* and *Henriette Jacoby;* that of the common people of to-day in *Kubinke;* and that of the intellectuals of the present in *Dr. Herzfeld.* These books breathe the very spirit of the place: the Kurfürstendamm, with its new wealth; the Thiergartenviertel, with its old wealth; and the Friedrichstrasse, where rich and poor, native and stranger, study life from its seamiest side. Now and then a son of Berlin becomes a deserter. Bleibtreu has moved to Zurich, and Georg Hirschfeld, who when hardly more than a boy, was hailed as a possible rival of Gerhart Hauptmann and has since known nothing but failure, lives near Munich.

But for every individual Berlinian who leaves his native hearth there is a score of men and women from other parts of the empire and from other countries where German is spoken who take up their residence in this arena of personal and national ambitions, where the man or woman with a message appealing to the newly quickened race-consciousness finds as ready response as the one who startles by some new stunt of style. Here the author of the *Tagebuch einer Verlorenen,* the sensational success of a few years ago, Frau Margarete Böhme, found the material for her *Apostel Dodenscheit* and for the story translated into English—*The Department Store.* Here in the great market for modern art—a French art critic recently told the writer that Germans are the patrons and purchasers of cubism—live the great art critics of the country, Karl Scheffler and Julius Meyer-Graefe. In this international atmosphere thrives the work of translators and critics like Dr. Karl Federn, a most sympathetic interpreter of Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman and the author of an authoritative work on Dante, translated into English; here also lives Hedwig Lachmann-Landauer, who has done into beautiful German the verse of Poe and Wilde and of French and Hungarian poets. Here live the author of *Old Heidelberg,* Wilhelm Meyer-Förster, and the novelists Holländer, Tovote, Kretzer and Kurt Aram, who tells of his American trip a year ago in his book *Mit hundert Mark nach Amerika.*

For these modern Berliner are great travellers; if they have not their villas in the Tyrol, like Fulda, or in Silesia, like Bölsche, Mackay and others, the summer finds them indulging in the racial *Wanderlust,* and they are at home everywhere—in Tunis and in Turkestan, in Saragossa and in Stockholm, and even —with reservations—in what they persist in calling "Yankeeland." But the summer over, they are back on the banks of the Spree, in the furnace in which are forged the lightning shafts that send their flashes far and wide over the empire and beyond. For have they not their Maximilian Harden and their Max Reinhardt?

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THE GRUB STREET PROBLEM

BEING A CONSIDERATION OF THE SCRIBE AND THE COST OF LIVING IN VARIOUS PERIODS

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

Part II. In Shakespeare's Time

The general increase of commercial and industrial activity, together with the decay of the baseless tradition that interest was reprehensible (Shakespeare by no means shared his Antonio's prejudice against "usury," and Henslowe charged about forty per cent. a year for his little transactions with his actors and dramatists); the introduction of bullion from America and from the plunder of Philip —led to a great rise of prices in Elizabeth's later days. As trade grew more sophisticated, too, prices were often artificially boosted. In 1590, for instance, the owners of the New Castle coal-pits combined and raised the price of coal from four shillings to nine a chaldron. Apprentices who had been bound in the Queen's first decade for ten pounds, writes Harrison, now received from twenty to a hundred. "There is not anything belongs to housekeeping but it is a triple charge over what it was." Nevertheless, Harrison says that money was everywhere plentiful. "Where a farmer at an ale-house used to be unable to show

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as much as a shilling, now—although rents have risen ten or twenty-fold—he has six or seven years rent in hand besides plenty of good furniture."

The wages of an able seaman under Henry VIII, says Froude the historian, had been sixpence a day or, calculated in meat, drink, and clothing at the prices of the beginning of the century, equal to six shillings of our money. Out of this he found his own living. But as the purchasing price of money began to fall, the government began to supply his rations. In 1585 the sixpence tried by the same standard was worth but three shillings. The sailor received in money sixpence and eight pence a month and an allowance of "good and seasonable victuals." The estimated cost of each man's daily meals ranged from four pence to seven pence, according to the fluctuation of prices.

Henry had fixed the price of beef and pork at a halfpenny a pound, of mutton at three farthings, of the best pig or goose in the market at four pence, and of a chicken at a penny. Goodman Fields (where long afterward was built the little theatre at which Garrick first appeared) was part of a farm from which Stow fetched in his youth "many a halfpenny worth of milk, and never less than three ale-pints for a halfpenny in summer nor less than one ale-quart in winter." The highest price at which the best French and German wines might be sold was eight pence a gallon, and the Spanish and Portuguese at one shilling. All these prices—as we shall see—had more than doubled toward the last of Elizabeth's reign.

Henry had not fixed the rents, but one may gather from private testimony that they were exceedingly reasonable. "My father," says Latimer, "had a farm of three or four pounds a year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men and a hundred sheep and thirty cows. And he kept me at school and married my sisters with five pounds apiece. And all this he did of the said farm." From this one may estimate what would have been the rent of a cottage on that farm. Gray's Inn was granted by Henry to the law students at its original rent of something over six pounds and a half. "My father," says Stow, "had a garden in Throgmorton Street, where many fair houses are built, for which he paid six shillings sixpence a year rent." The Rose Estate on the Bankside, with two gardens, where the Rose Theatre was built, was let at seven pounds a year. Rents, thus, had been very cheap; but even if they had risen by Shakespeare's time as much as Harrison says (which is, of course, most unlikely!) they were still far from high. Elizabeth let a farm of four hundred acres in Ebury Square for twenty-one pounds a year; and the rent of the best shops in the Exchange was four and five pounds a year. The house Alleyn lived in cost him ten pounds rent. A glover's house with yard was three pounds a year and a pair of two shilling gloves. A tenement of "two lowe roomes with a piece of land under the parlour windowe" brought forty shillings.

Rent and food being considered then, it would appear that elderly people whose income had not increased correspondingly had much right to complain bitterly toward the end of Elizabeth's reign of the increased cost of living. Money had just about halved in value. But we should make a mistake to associate with such wage-earners the professional literary men. Their rate of payment had not been established under the previous purchasing value of money. Not only had it come into being under the new conditions of living, but it seems—with the increased demand for their commodities and the increased machinery of distribution—to have steadily risen a little in advance of the steady depreciation of money. Six pounds had been the average price for a play in the nineties; in 1602 it had risen to eight; a decade later it had doubled and even trebled.

FOOD

The best gauge of the actual price of food in the latter days of Elizabeth can

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be drawn from one of the state orders for army rations. It provided for one pound and a half of good wheaten bread for one penny or one pound and a half of good white bread for one penny halfpenny—the materials, quantity and quality, and the manner of making stipulated in each case. A wine-quart of Double Beer was to be brewed for a half penny and one of Strong Beer for three farthings. If the price of malt should go up, the beer is allowed to be "smaller (the document gravely cracks a smile) by water, the brewer's friend for gain." The common soldier had a half-gallon of double beer a day; the superior soldier a half-gallon of strong beer. They both had one and a half pounds of the same kind of beef ("oxen fat and good") rated at one penny halfpenny the pound; or one pound of mutton ("sheep fat and good") rated at twopence, but of this the superior soldier received half a pound more; or one and one-fourth pounds of pork rated at three halfpence for the common soldier, and one and seven-eighth pounds at the same rate for the superior soldier. Butter was rated at twopence one farthing a pound, and cheese at twopence. One pound of each was given to a mess of four common soldiers daily, and one and a half pounds of each to a mess of four superior soldiers daily. For his diet, lodging, and washing, the common soldier paid two shillings eight pence a week; the superior soldier paid four shillings. For his diet alone, the common soldier paid three pence halfpenny a day or two shillings a week, and eight pence a week for his lodging and washing; the superior soldier paid five pence three farthings a day or three shillings four pence a week for food, and eight pence a week for lodging and washing. That is to say, Henslowe was in the habit of paying for one play a sum which would maintain one superior soldier thirty weeks or one common soldier forty-eight weeks. Nor was the fare stinted. Apparently from the specifications it was all of the best, and the quantity sufficient. Froude says that the English soldiers owed their reputation as the best fighters in Europe to the abundance in which they lived. The same state document from which these figures are taken provides for the maintenance of twenty-five men employed in the provision stores and houses, at three hundred and two pounds, one shilling, eight pence a year—two pounds and odd pence more than Shakespeare is said to have received yearly from the Globe theatre alone.

The prices Elizabeth offered to pay for her army rations seem to have prevailed in the general markets of London. The bakers had to bake farthing white, halfpenny white, penny white, halfpenny wheaten, penny household, and two penny household loaves; "and none of greater size, the time of Christmas being excepted." Though the butchers were forced by law to make considerable reduction to poor people, the ordinary price for meat was what Elizabeth paid. Three days a week and odd days throughout the year were fast days, and fish was cheap. Stow says of the Thames, then a clear and sparkling stream, "What should I speak of the fat and sweet salmon daily taken in the stream, and that in such plenty (after the time of the smelt is past) as no river in Europe is able to exceed it? And albeit it seems from time to time defrauded in sundry wise of her large commodities by the insatiable avarice of fishermen, yet this famous river complaineth commonly of no want." Imported articles, however, were rather expensive. Sugar—of which the Elizabethans were extravagantly fond in their wine—was in 1615 a shilling a pound; nutmegs four shillings a pound; pepper two shillings, and ginger one. But most imported articles were subject to wide fluctuation on account of capricious trade restrictions. In 1587 sugar sold for four pence and for two shillings sixpence a pound.

The prices at the taverns *à la carte* bore, if one may judge from some of the articles, about the same relation as now to those commodities in the market. An itemised Friday's dinner at a high-class

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tavern is as follows. "A side of habdyn and another, of green fish, 14d.; four playse, 12d.; two whitinges, 8d.; conger, 8d.; butter, 4d.; lettise for sallett, 2d.; a pynt of wint and another of clarett, 6d.; sugar, 2d.; a pound of butter, 4d.; for dressing the fish, 8d.; oyle and sugar for sallett, 2d.; more for butter, 2d.; a pound of candles, 4d." A certain rich man in straits for ready money, but with appearances to keep up and courtier besides, one Darrell by name, who was significantly termed "Wild," has left us a most circumstantial account of his expenditure. He laid out for his dinners all the way from three shillings to fourteen—feeding himself and probably his half-score serving men, since he habitually used a pint to a quart of claret but a great deal of beer. His most expensive dinner—consisting of several meats, peas, strawberries and cream, oranges, two shillings worth of confections, and cherries at twenty pence—cost, with beer in abundance, only about one shilling sixpence a head. Once he bought a barrel of beer for four shillings, and paid for a supper of six three shillings. Thus it may be seen that one could eat very well *à la carte* or at home for very little money. Capons, however, seem to have been curiously high; and Darrell often speaks of paying two shillings twopence for them—a fancy price occasioned apparently by fashionable demand. Mistress Quickly's price of two and six to Falstaff was, therefore, not much of an overcharge even if the Boar's Head, being disreputable, was a much cheaper tavern than where Darrell would put up. One may guess that the flush author went in heavily for so superior and expensive a dish. A newly paid playwright "with good capon lined" might easily convince himself of his superiority, when he saw, at a table near by, a thrifty attorney contenting himself with beef or mutton.

Tavern food would of course cost more than the same fare cooked at home, but particularly was this so in Elizabethan times. The taverns, fleeced right and left by petty officials, had to reimburse themselves as they could. Few people, however, ate at home. The sudden shift from agriculture to manufacture about the middle of the Queen's reign, together with the disappearance under the Reformation of the ancient system of religious hospices, seemed responsible for the sudden leap of the innkeeper into a position of importance. Everywhere taverns and ale-houses increased enormously. "If the guest will eat with the Host or at a common table with others," says Fynes Moryson's Itinerary in 1617, "his meat will cost him sixpence; but if he will eat in his chamber, he commands what he will." The Ordinaries were meals at which each guest paid a fixed sum and sat at the same table. They were served at taverns or at places exclusively for the purpose. They seem to have been at all prices, and the regular mode of dining during the season. There was the twelvepenny ordinary, "where came old justices of the peace and young knights," the sixpenny ordinary, the three-penny ordinary, "where went poor lieutenants and thrifty attorneys." The typical dinner was meat, poultry, game, and pastry. For the price of a pamphlet, which took Nash a day and a night to knock together, and for which there seems to have been abundant demand, he could dine forty times with justices of the peace and one hundred and sixty times with young professional men making their way in the world. One pamphlet a month would feed him for a year at the first place and one in four months would feed him for a year at the second —with plenty of good English beer to drink. The three-penny ordinary should have furnished its patrons with the wholesome and abundant dinner of the common soldier—that is to say, with a pound or so of beef or mutton, bread and butter, cheese and plenty of beer. "Heretofore hath been much more time spent in eating and drinking," says Harrison, "now each one contenteth himself with dinner and supper only." Dinner was a very substantial affair and took place just before noon. At the fashion-

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able ordinaries, the guests sat around gambling and drinking until it was two o'clock, and time to go to the theatre. "From eleven until one the idler eats," wrote Davies, "then sees a play till six, and sups at seven;" and a Dutchman who visited London thought that idlers were plentiful.

LODGING, DRESS AND OTHER LIVING EXPENSES

We may judge by the eight pence a week which the soldier paid for his lodging and washing, that the price of lodgings in London was not high. Also, it is to be noted that though the common and superior soldier had different food, their lodging was at the same rate. From this we should gather that there was no difference in furnishings, and perhaps may assume that a difference was not demanded. Indeed, the English of all conditions were very simply lodged, and their household furnishings were of very little importance. Spanish visitors in Mary's time record their astonishment at the inferiority of the houses. This refers to the furnishings rather than to the structures themselves, as great sums were lavished on the erection of the buildings and on their repair; and their durability has since been proof that it was money well spent. But even the best houses and inns were furnished barely and poorly (though it must gratify a national boast to remember that there was always a large store of linen!). The plate and household stuff of a man with sixty-three cattle, fifteen horses, and seven score sheep was inventoried at only eight pounds. Thus, since little money went out in furnishings, the price of lodgings even for the better class of lodger—when the annual rent of the Globe theatre was but fourteen pounds ten shillings, and when Richard Burbagh charged only forty pounds a year for Blackfriars, which he leased to a man in 1600—is likely to have been scarcely larger than that of the soldier's. A roof and a bed seemed to satisfy the average man; indeed, there are indications that one-sixth of a bed was enough.

As for the weekly washing of a gentleman—one who lived simply, it is true, but kept up appearances at court—"Wild" Darrell's washing for three months cost him seventeen shillings five pence, including fourteen pence for a tablecloth and fourteen napkins—and he seems to have been exceptional in changing his shirt every other day at the least. When he had "Anthony's four shirts" washed, it cost him twelve pence. Thus we may perhaps put down three pence as the price of laundering a shirt—which seems a bit steep unless it was somewhat elaborate. Either it had a great many frills to starch (and starch, having just come on the market, was expensive) or the soldier who paid eight pence for lodging and washing over all did not have but one shirt a week in the wash. In this case he would only have been following the fashion, for the Elizabethans solved the high cost of washing in a very simple manner.

It cost Darrell sixpence to mend his shoes and twenty pence to buy a pair outright, and mend at the same time his hose. Mending another pair of shoes cost him five pence. Making and washing a pair of sheets and hemming cupboard cloths took eighteen pence. For common wear he had a suit of plain fustian with silk buttons, and for court two doublets and cloaks lined with taffeta. The six and a quarter yards of fustian in his plain suit cost him four shillings eight pence; and three and a half yards of white fustian cost him two shillings eight pence. Thus a gentleman might have dressed himself decently, though probably without any of the fripperies and fopperies in which the time delighted, for one pound a suit; and even rich people do not seem to have had over two or three suits at once. For his two-pound pamphlet, then, Nash could have got together a very respectable wardrobe. Also it would have been very durable, for stuffs lasted a long time and stood a great deal of mending. In an age which expressed itself in dress with almost as much frenzied completeness as it did in drama, one could lay out any sum what-

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ever upon his back, but this moderate-minded gentleman of the court seems to have confirmed the testimony of the Duke of Wirtemberg that one could dress himself inexpensively. "The skin of the best wethers and sheep," wrote Frederick after his visit to England in 1592, "is worth about twelve pence and a pound of wool about twelve pence."

During James's reign we have also some accounts of the prices of materials for gentlemen's clothes. These being of the best quality were of a kind which, it is presumed, need not have been worn by an author seeking to make both ends meet. Fustian for lining was a shilling a yard; watchet velvet a guinea a yard; rich taffeta ten shillings a yard. A handkerchief (probably laced and embroidered) one shilling twopence; a ribbon to tie a girdle sixpence; a waistband three pence; one pair of Spanish leather shoes three shillings sixpence. There is also an account left by a man who might have been in precisely the same position of some of the authors about the theatre. For purposes of his own he was aping the rich. Generally practising economy and of a very saving nature (in which he seems to have been unlike any of the playwrights except Shakespeare) he was led into many extravagances in the society of well-dressed young roysterers on whom he preyed. He mentions mending slippers, hose, doublet, and gloves, and putting on new bands and ruffs to old shirts—for trifling sums. But some expenses were far beyond his means. "Dressing his hat, with the lining one shilling; a horse two pounds; keeping the same at grass twelve pence the week; riding hose six shillings." His total expenses during a year's consorting with dissipated courtiers that they might borrow money of him, was seventy pounds. Shakespeare on his income of at least four times this, might have cut quite a dash with the young gentlemen of the court and still have money to buy every year one of the best houses in Stratford, as he did in 1597, for sixty pounds.

If a man wanted to cross the river by rowboat or take a longer ride on the attractive Thames, there were watermen with two thousand boats at his service. With such competition the rates could not have been high. "Wild" Darrell was in the habit of paying eight pence for a boat to the court and back again, and this probably included most of his servants also. To be ferried across the river, if one didn't want to take the bridge, was only a trifle. If an author had to go out of town (though the journeys of authors seem to have been all the other way) he need by no means be put to the expense of hiring a horse or conveyance of his own. The carriers who at stated days from stated inns went all over the kingdom with letters and goods, were in the habit of taking a passenger. It was rough riding, to be sure, but even the Queen, hardened by perpetual progresses, complained in her upholstered coach of being bruised from head to foot.

Darrell's "sundries account" is of special interest in calculating an author's expenses. Candles were always four pence a pound. For " paper and parchment" he jots down eight pence, for a quire of paper twopence, for ink and a glass twopence. Four entries are for tobacco—a quarter of an ounce ten pence, an ounce five shillings, one-half pound thirty shillings, four tobacco pipes two shillings. By 1614 tobacco was probably cheaper, since in and near London there were then seven thousand tobacco shops. Yet it might still be expensive if one wanted to patronise an aristocratic shop where courtiers loitered and gossiped. "Some gentlemen," wrote King James in his *Counterblast Against Tobacco* (though probably with that wilful exaggeration moralists always adopt in describing the evils against which they are declaiming!), "bestow three or four hundred pounds a year on this precious stink. Is it not a great vanity that a man cannot heartily welcome his friend but straightway they must be in hand with tobacco, for it is become a point of good fellowship?"

The professional literary man would have been as likely as anybody to sport

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all the points of good fellowship, but he could scarcely have consumed in smoke what seems, for the necessaries of life at least, to have been a sufficient income. The price of tobacco in the London streets could not have been as high as the King was willing to make it out to be in shops patronised by the court, or such a vast number of shops could not have found the sale profitable. Rather does the number indicate an increasing cheapness after Darrell's time—a most likely thing of course. Besides, as almost from its introduction the common people had smoked, there must have been many grades of tobacco.

As for other luxuries in the way of amusements, on which the Elizabethan author might spend his money, there were plenty. And as it was the fashion of authors to deride the follies of the time, of course they had to know what they were talking about. Bear-baiting and fence-play cost, according to Stow, as much as a theatrical show—one penny at the gate, another for entry to the scaffold on which the spectators stood, and a third for "quiet standing" or sitting. Wrestling and other athletic contests were exhibited at the bear-gardens, doubtless at the same prices. The prices of better accommodations in the theatres much increased as time went on; but as the accommodations at these shows remained about the same, it is not likely that the prices were much raised. The cockpits may have charged more, since they were patronised by richer people. Besides the sports for which entrance prices were paid, there were, of course, bowls and cards and dice to spend money on. Gambling seems to have been universal and incessant. "It is a singularity in the nature of the English," wrote Fynes Moryson, who prided himself on having used a sharp pair of eyes thoroughout Europe, "that they are strangely addicted to pleasure above all other nations"; and he found them more open-handed also. Perhaps, then, this is the secret of the perpetual poverty of the playwrights.

The complaint of the older generation that the younger is playing skittles with pristine simplicity, is scarcely more to be trusted than the perennial complaint of authors. The increasing comfort of the younger age is ever denounced by the older as degeneracy. A Scotch warrior sternly upbraided his son for effeminacy when the young man upon the march made a pillow for his head out of a snowball. In Elizabeth's later years there were men who bitterly berated the time because it was substituting a bolster for the log of more manly sires. Nevertheless, when writers, however backward-looking, marshal figures and items in their arraignment of a luxurious generation, they are entitled to belief. All the Elizabethan writers spoke of the unparalleled sumptuousness of dress. When Harrison mentions the great cost spent upon adorning the body and the little upon adorning the soul, he may be uttering but the typical grandfather's lament; but when he begins to itemise, he puts the matter on another basis.

Men and women nowadays, he begins, all worry the tailor and pay all that they have to spend. "At this day men of mean rank wear garters and rosettes for their shoes of more than five pound price, and scarves from ten pounds apiece to thirty or more. No workman [once] knew how to make a wrought waistcoat worth five pounds, although at this day many milliner shops are stored with rich and curiously embroidered ones of ten, twenty, and forty pounds. Breeches and stockings for citizens were once of plain cloth and sewed as if they were all one piece, now extravagance is everywhere." The extravagance of Elizabethan dress, indeed, both in its physical and moral dimensions, has rarely been equalled. The inflated garments were out of all proportion both to the bodies and the incomes of the wearers. Only people with an income of over two hundred pounds might legally wear velvet or embroidery, yet a foreign visitor in 1592 said that women who had not a piece of dry bread at home wore velvet in the streets. The only way people could

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afford to indulge their taste in dress was by having few clothes at a time. An age which lengthened the handles of spoons in order to navigate them safely over the huge outstanding ruffs in which it delighted is likely to have pursued the fashions with a zest no less than that of our own, which has so far only talked of widening doorways to admit ladies' hats and of lowering car-steps to accommodate the hobble-skirt; but at least we have (as yet) contented ourselves with wearing only one pair of gloves at a time. Elizabethan fashions in clothes were for everything which used up a vast variety and quantity of material and afforded an anchorage for innumerable ornaments and decorations. That lady who wore three pairs of gloves, one over the other, was only a more picturesque illustration of the senseless rage of the time for display in dress.

The magnificence of the costumes of the actors in the theatre was proverbial. Henslowe paid thirty pounds for the dress of the heroine in *A Woman Killed With Kindness*. The sharing-actor seems to have strutted in fine clothes off the stage as well as on. This was probably one of the reasons why to become successful on the stage was popularly recognised in Elizabeth's day as the quickest way to wealth. Furthermore the management would doubtless have expected its sharing-actors to dress well, as a means of advertisement. Shakespeare, too, had no doubt set all actors and playwrights to hoping for a profitable acquaintance at court also; and who would be a fine bird always seeks fine feathers. It could hardly fail to be expected of the actors, for business reasons, that they would cut a dash; and they must have been the chief daily associates of the playwrights. All the conditions of their life would certainly throw them in each other's company. Ben Jonson's gibe to Dekker that he was sometimes seen in shabby clothes may easily have meant that the playwrights, like all the rest of the Elizabethan world, especially that part of it which had contact with the court, spent habitually more money upon their backs than they could afford.

TAVERN LIFE

Even the most strait-laced or the most thrifty actor and professional author (if there were any such) must have found himself willy-nilly involved in tavern-life. The first set of playwrights—Nashe, Greene, Marlowe, and the rest—dissipated away their lives in the taverns; the later ones—men of higher repute and social position—must, to a larger extent than has been credited, have dissipated in the same place their not insubstantial earnings. Less than has been fancied did either set drink for the purpose of forgetting their poverty. Gross feeding and drinking were everywhere the rule in Elizabethan and Jacobean England. The "large tabling and belly cheer" was noted by all strangers. The Spanish visitors who marvelled at the bareness of the houses were equally amazed at the abundance of the table. The two gluttonies, however, did not necessarily go together—in fact, heavy drinking was not at that time encouraged at meals. And as people seem to have eaten very little at drinking bouts, it was possibly because they had discovered that they could make a better job of each separately. The menus of the day read like inventories of provision shops. "For a family not too large," says Gervase Markham, "sixteen dishes of meat and sixteen dishes of salad and vegetables would, *if properly distributed,* be sufficient." For sweets of all kinds there was a perfect rage. As for drinking, it was considered by all Continentals a characteristic English vice. "A hundred times a day," wrote one, "the English say 'I drink to you.'" Harrison mentions sixty-six French wines, thirty-six Spanish, and several home-made. Elizabeth's wine trade fetched three times as much as her grandfather's, and the importation of sack and canary was one of the most lucrative trades. Relatively the prices of the fiery Mediterranean wines which had bounded into favour among the rich and were supplanting

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the French clarets, were high; and it is these wines of which we hear so much in the famous drinking bouts of the playwrights. The two gallons of sack which Falstaff drank one evening at the Boar's Head cost (Elizabethan prices, of course) five shillings eight pence. This would have paid the entire living expenses of a common soldier for two weeks and bought him one hundred and twenty quarts of double beer—enough, *in all conscience, for him to have got* just as gloriously drunk on.

It must also be borne in mind that the actor and playwright who were forced to spend so much of their time at the tavern, found there an unusually demoralising atmosphere. The tavern, thanks to its being grafted systematically by petty officials, was more or less forced to dishonest practices and to fleecing its customers in less disguised ways than in their charges for food and drink—which, indeed, seem on the whole to have been reasonable. There were few taverns, as a consequence, which were not clearing-houses for the under-world, and the headquarters of tricksters and sharpers who were encouraged rather than otherwise by the landlord. Rough houses were they, too. How high conviviality habitually boiled may be gathered from the rules of the Apollo Club at the noisy Devil Tavern, number two Fleet Street, which its president, Ben Jonson, had written and posted over the fireplace. No fighting was to be tolerated, no glasses or windows broken, and no tapestry torn down!

The besetting sins of the players—luxury, extravagance, intemperate living, and a love for fine clothes and display—are constantly spoken of; and the playwright was necessarily his boon companion. Both, for business and social reasons, must constantly have wooed the society of theatre-loving courtiers, who sported the same weaknesses. Thus the *frailties of his associates are likely to* have been his frailties also. Add to that likelihood, the persistent arrogance of the writer's belief, never more arrogantly exhibited than in the Elizabethan and Jacobean age, that the world owes him not only a living but a better one than the average person because his wares are better—and it is not difficult to imagine where the rather substantial earnings of playwright and pamphleteer went to. In view of the salaries which were paid other people and of the cost of living in that day, one must come to the conclusion that the authors found it temperamentally easy to echo the words of Nashe's scurrilous pamphleteer Ingenioso. "Little knows the world," says that gentleman complacently, "what belongs to the keeping of a good wit in waters, diets, drinks, tobacco, and so forth. It is a dainty and costly creature; and therefore I must be paid sweetly. Furnish me with my money that I may put myself in a new suit of clothes."

A STUDY OF THE OLD "NEW WOMEN"

BY EDNA KENTON

IN TWO PARTS—PART I

WE are just beginning—thanks largely to Dora Marsden and *The Freewoman*—to perceive what the New Woman actually is, and what logically she is to be, and to many, even of the moderns, the realisation of her is draped about with mourning and with portending thunder clouds. For change, except to a fiery few, is always a doubtful good, and Ibsen's doctrine that a woman, even though she be a mother, belongs primarily to herself—Nora of 1879 walked out of her doll's house a woman "new" enough to do *The Freewoman* criticisms of H. G.

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Wells's latest novels!—crashed across Europe and into the America of the early '80's as hideous, unholy, blasphemous preachment.

That women should refuse to be any longer servants to men, before God, or in the eyes of Nature; that they should affirm their energies must be devoted first of all to the development of their own personalities and the advancement of their personal aims; that they should, taking into account only their own need for a new freedom of self-expression, not only not regard society, but should set deliberately about the task of changing it to lessen friction upon and opposition to their new demands—all this tends toward the actual creating of "something new in the world" that cannot be left unrecognised and that is to be analysed indifferently, very badly, and now and then excellently well for years to come. The dance is already on; the Ann Veronicas and Julia Frances and Olivia Lattimores and all their sisters are springing from the spawning presses, not spontaneous creations, however, but daughters of a normal maternal pedigree, for the New Woman has been in poetry and drama and fiction for close to sixty years; at her worst portrayed according to her decade's definition of her; at her best that real sort to whom neither society's attitude nor her creator's conscious or unconscious point of view matters, whose only concern is her own attitude toward life and herself.

True to the most modern definition today, the grandmother of them all is little, brave, ugly Jane Eyre, who, in 1847, walked deliberately out of the old world of human females into the new, almost uninhabited world of women. The first of the rebels, she has remained almost the finest of them all. She could walk through any of Mr. Wells's pages and be more serenely rebellious than any one of his ultra-modern, fine young women. Tagged an inferior in a social order whose rigid backbone was made up of caste vertebræ, reared under a family and school régime calculated to reduce a czar to a whimpering slave, she evolved, before Tolstoy, and practised it more sanely, the pure doctrine of non-resistance, which rightly comprehended is the very essence of rebeldom. More than most men and women—the Henley doctrine is faulty at best—Jane was captain of her soul. Had Rochester been a different type of man, his mad wife would not have mattered to Jane. Given him, the most modern of Jane Eyre's granddaughters could do no less—or no more—than walk out of his house. Jane knew where she stood; she knew too that England must breed another race of men to give her her fitting mate in freedom. Jane Eyre faced the great social injustice of caste and for herself conquered it. She denied religion as it was preached to her. She listened as calmly and with far less inner heroics than any Yellow Aster or Ann Veronica to a man's honest story of his past. She was independent economically, mentally, spiritually; in a word she achieved emancipation. Jane Eyre was a fine anarchist, and the logical fictional result of what Mary Wollstonecraft had lived and written, of Mary Godwin's proof that she was her mother's daughter, of Lady Norton's appeal to the Queen in behalf of the enslaved women of England. For nearly half a century before Jane's creation all her rebeldom was in the air that swept over English meadows and hung heavy over London.

The year that saw the publication of *Jane Eyre* saw also Tennyson's *The Princess*—an interesting coincidence of subject merely. For Tennyson's New Woman was not nearly so dynamic—indeed, she was not at all dynamic; her views upon her "rights" and her plans to achieve them were alike faulty. After the good old ideal she innocently rebels and ultimately submits. There are a few lines with a fairly modern ring to them—Tennyson is almost pre-Weiningerian in his visioning of the evolution of the sexes:

> The man be more of woman, she of man.

And he makes the Princess's conqueror say:

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We two will serve them both in aiding her—
Will clear away the parasitic forms
That seem to keep her up but drag her down—
Will leave her free to burgeon out of all
Within her—let her make herself her own
To give or keep, to live and learn and be—
All that harms not distinctive womanhood.

The last line betrays the mid-Victorian male, and shows he does not mean one-half of what he seems to have said before. He then lapses into the perfect mould of Victorian manners and morals with:

Until at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words.

But this is true, that by 1847, in England, the New Woman was sensed as "good copy" for poet and novelist alike.

Three years later, in America, Hawthorne published *The Scarlet Letter,* a novel that dealt with a Continental subject and a universal theme in a New Englandish manner. Hester Prynne is not a New Woman, but she does say, in a burst of Hawthorne's maddest modernity, that in some brighter period, when the world should have grown ripe for it, a new truth would be revealed that would establish the whole relation between men and women on a surer ground of mutual helpfulness. Still possessed by the concept of some vicarious Christ who was to do all the experimenting and bear all the woe, she felt the apostle of the coming revelation must be a woman indeed, but one lofty, pure, and beautiful. Hester Prynne, after a lifetime of hideous submission to the social code, had not learned—and neither had Hawthorne—that it is not one but millions of experimenters with ideas and deeds that advance the world and change relationships of people and things. *The Scarlet Letter* should hardly be mentioned here except as an instance of America's first serious consideration in fiction of an unspeakable social injustice to women, and a timid voicing of a hope for some far distant and properly moralised "revelation."

Hannah Thurston is a curious old novel of the early Woman's Rights movement in America. In it Bayard Taylor endeavoured to depict the social unrest of the '50's over suffrage, free love, spiritualism, and the like, but without the attitude of the open mind, and it may be stated at the beginning that Hannah, a Quakeress demanding the vote along with the bloomered "Bessie Stryker," was used as an argument to stem the tide of Susan B. Anthonyism that had begun to seep through the country.

Hannah has renounced marriage in order—in order!—to advocate woman's right to the ballot. "She had had her girlish dreams, but the next birthday was her thirtieth, and she had already crossed in resolve that deep gulf in a woman's life." She is "a pure woman"—fifty times over—this to counterbalance her all but indefensible immodesty in addressing public meetings in the cause of suffrage. One of her speeches deserves to be quoted; in it she cites Semiramis, Zenobia, Jael, Judith, Sappho, and Hypatia as stirring examples of feminine achievement. Woodbury, who might be termed a good Rochester, falls slowly in love with Hannah and loans her *The Princess.* Also he too, later, "confesses"—to nothing. Rochester, the famous "bad man" of this era, is honester, admits more and admits it more humanly. Jane too was more honest before masculine revealings than Hannah, being as frankly interested and as frankly undismayed as are all women of a type intelligently sympathetic enough to invite frank speech from men. Hannah, however, is a prig who will sacrifice herself and a million innocents to whatever notion she might call a "principle." She succumbs to Woodbury's cold intellect, which she defines as "the product of a wide experience," and then she explains man's tendency to seek experiences and woman's lack of them as "a radical difference in the intellects of the sexes." Her mother's dying wish "forces" her into marriage with Woodbury, who leaves her "her freedom of action" even to public speaking. It is now that she finds "her independence her chain." She passes her days "in trying hungrily to discover the wishes her hus-

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band will not utter." Finally she realises she has denied herself "the holiest joy of love—self-sacrifice!" That it is in union and not equality of the sexes —whatever that means—that social happiness is to be found. And seeing nothing of comradeship, only battle and dissension, in any development of her own individuality, she succumbs. The "sex against sex" idea, something that until the last decade has permeated too strongly the feminist movement, fills this curious old book. Hannah, called the New Woman of 1850, is in reality nothing but the old, old woman with the suffrage bee. There are those of her to-day—too many of her.

One of the first masculine-brained women in fiction—and she because of her lack of beauty and feminine charms was denied love and marriage by her creator—was Marion Holcombe in Wilkie Collins's *The Woman in White*. Marion has bravery, resource, discretion, a head that she uses expertly, a denial of "the inevitable," and a beautifully natural method of approaching men on humanist topics. That she was resented by most of the male characters in this book of plot rather than character is not to her discredit, but their own showing up. Collins seems to admire her, not as a woman, but as a human being. Perhaps in making her as sexless as he did, he was merely concerned with her humanness rather than her femaleness. If this is true, it marks an interesting advance. But he lavished all the old embroidery upon Laura, the beautiful, fainting Laura, own sister to Amanda of Dunreath Abbey.

By the '70's women were regularly admitted to the medical schools, and of course began to appear in fiction. Charles Reade, in *A Woman Hater,* presents Rhoda Gale, an essentially combative creature whom he carefully calls "Doctress Gale" all through. Except for the fact that she is among the first of women physicians to appear in fiction she amounts to nothing. Mark Twain's *The Gilded Age* contains Ruth, another "female doctress," who in the final chapter surrenders "all" for love. In *Dr. Breen's Practice* Howells treats rather unsympathetically a very unsympathetical young "doctress," who takes up the study of medicine as a cure for an unfortunate love affair, and who is a standing type of New Englandish, moralistic narrowness at its worst. It had not occurred to the world at large by 1875 that a woman could have education, experience, travel, wide acquaintanceship, a career, love, marriage, and children without "breaking down," or neglecting her church- and state-ordained "duties." The woman doctor became all too soon a type as firmly imbedded in the canons of fiction as her brother doctor, who in most novels to-day preserves all the traditions of the Greek Chorus.

For a generation Jane Eyre remained the one essential rebel in feminist literature. But with the early '80's three others appear to stand beside her. Over in Norway, in 1879, *A Doll's House* is played and, as Huneker puts it, "That slammed door reverberated across the roof of the world, and not over the knocking at the gate in *Macbeth* was there such critical controversy." For the first time a woman unmistakably, for the good of her own soul, turns her back on all her "duties" and joins the hedonists. She casts away self-sacrifice forever and seeks instead self-development. No delayed translation could matter with a play of this epochal sort, and England and America got Nora's rebeldom quickly. Only a little later came *The Story of an African Farm* and *Diana of the Crossways*.

Lyndall, that sombre creature of the African farm, is a rebel of the revolutionary type; she knows not one jot of Tolstoyism and never finds Jane Eyre's serenity. Out from her starved childhood she lays hold upon life with naked hands and soul and body. To Waldo, the stolid boy who worships her, she says, "What a woman would be she cannot be, because she is a woman. There is no one to help her; she must help herself. She must be content to wait long before she gets her feet upon the path. If she

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has made blunders in the past, if she has weighted herself with a burden that she must bear to the end, she must bear the burden bravely and labour on. There is no use in wailing and repentance here—this life is too short. By our errors we see deeper into life—they help us. If she does all this, she must succeed at last. Men and things are plastic; they part to the right and left when one comes among them moving in a straight line to one end."

She faces the urgent problems of religion, of sex, of social injustices. She refuses to marry her stranger, but she goes away with him deliberately and bears him a child. He, however, is not "something nobler, stronger than I, before which I can kneel down." By so much Lyn is bound to the wheel of the old ideals—this because she has never found outlet for her surplus energy in work that interests her, and therefore seeks expression in worship—that poor escape for so much wasted human strength. She loses her life, but she has lived it, and this in itself for women spells essential revolt. Even though she has not lived it joyously, though her freedom was always bitter, that is due to unsatisfying conditions and environment rather than to temperament or fault.

For the modern humanist *Diana of The Crossways* is tarred ever so slightly with the brush of mid-Victorianism, although it is rightly placed with the essentially rebelistic books of the nineteenth century. At least Diana's epigrams are flaming torches to the free-woman's path, and if Diana herself does little besides leave her husband and sell a secret the cause of her inaction may be quietly and considerately laid to Meredith's essential conventionalism. The book is pierced on every page with splinters off the tree of feminism, and in the setting down in pregnant phrase of axioms not then so commonplace on the individual woman's right to her life and her liberty the book served invaluably the feminist movement—far more in phrase than in the creation of Diana, who, in all truth, is not what amid all the super-Meredithian glitter of this book she seems to be. *An Amazing Marriage* is not nearly so feministic, but Carinthia, a creation ten years later, is many more times a rebel than Diana could ever be.

At last, however, this text for the doctrinal instruction of women was being preached: "Self-development is better than self-sacrifice." How tremendous a space of spiritual evolution this covers can be hardly realised—until to-day in some deadly group of mentally inactive conventionals one faces again the old fetich of self-sacrifice as a standard of conduct and grapples once more with the remnants of a strength that once was stronger than all the world.

Lyn's code, developed on that African farm, goes even deeper: "There is no one to help her; she must help herself. By our errors we see deeper into life—they help us." And this: "If she has made blunders in the past, if she has weighted herself with a burden which she must bear to the end, she must bear the burden bravely, and labour on."

But we are close to the decade in which a brighter doctrine than Lyn's bitterly brave one is to be preached to women. Self-sacrifice as a pattern for their lives has been thrown onto the outer dust heap. Repentance as an aftermath to women's experiences is to go with it. Lyn voices the new feeling slightly and bitterly. With the final decade of the nineteenth century, the one that saw the great first wave of feminist fiction and plays, discussion of "the woman question" has reached a stage where frank facing of her greatest problem is to be avoided no longer, and amid the din of Yellow Asters and Dodos and Mrs. Tanquerays, this new note in a novel and in a play is struck ringingly.

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SOME MODERN FRENCH ETCHERS

BY CLEVELAND PALMER

READERS of the Goncourts' wonderful portrayal in *Manette Salomon* of Parisian artists' life under the Second Empire, will remember with what passion the painter hero, Naz de Coriolis, balked by the failure of his pictures in his ambition to achieve a great career, turned to etching, and found in the semi-mechanical methods of that art a sort of anodyne for his black mood of bitter disillusionment and intense despair. The brief passage in which his feverish activity is described is a veritable dramatic compendium of the art of etching. It "took possession of him with its interest, its passionate absorption, the forgetfulness which it induced of everything, of his meals, of his cigar, the species of temporal effacement which it effected in his life. Bent over his plate, he passed whole days in scratching the copper, in discovering, under the cuts and scratches, the red gold of the stroke in the black varnish. And it was, as it were, a momentary suspension of his life, this soothing surcease of cerebral excitement, this species of congestion produced in him by his aching eyes, this void which he felt in his brain instead of grief."

Then, when the plate was finished, there was "the biting, that work of the acid which, according to the degree, the temperature, the operation of unknown laws, a chance, a hazard, succeeds in making or spoiling the plate, in creating or in destroying its character, in deepening or in deadening its style—this biting made a profound appeal to his emotions by its mystery and by its magic chemistry. He became utterly oblivious of himself when, leaning over the ruddy fumes, the air-bubbles breaking on the surface, he followed in the mordant bath the changes of the copper, as it became bleached and pale, the green foam that frothed along the lines traced by the point. And as soon as the plate was relieved of its varnish, smeared with essential oil, "he made mad haste to the printer's.

"There . . . in a room full of a white daylight, from whose ceiling hung on strings woollen strips for printing, before a press with great wheels, in the silence of a workshop where the only noise was the dripping of water which wets the paper, the rocking of a copper plate, the pulsations of a wooden clock, the strokes of a hot-press being turned, he felt a veritable anxiety to follow the blackened hand of the printer inking and charging his plate on the wooden block, wiping it with his palm, plugging it with gauze, lining it and gauging it with Spanish white, passing it under the roller, locking up the form, turning the wheel and returning it. He was profoundly preoccupied by the result which, at this turn of the wheel, was to decide the fortune of his design. While the proof was still wet, he snatched it from the hands of the workman.

"And always he went from the printer's with a sort of prostration, a physical and moral exhaustion comparable to that of a gambler after a night of play."

How carefully, in order to write this description, must the Goncourts have read Maxime Lalanne's famous treatise on the subject, and consulted their expert etcher-friend, Félix Bracquemond, on each detail of the processes involved! How often, too, they must have watched, breathless, the latter at his prestigious labours, and accompanied him to the establishment of the great printer, Delâtre, who proved plates for Meryon, Whistler, and all the other brilliant etchers of the era! Aside from the somewhat exaggerated motivation of the scene for purely literary purposes, the passage is doubtless as technically sound and as psychologically true as these two maniacs of realism and impressionism could make it. But it is more than that. It is historically significant as well, and it is highly characteristic of the two brothers that they should not have set out to portray the life and interpret the

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soul of a French painter in the middle of the nineteenth century, without giving him at least some trace of that passion for the *eau-forte* which was shared by so many of the great painters of the period. Nor is it, again, merely a matter of chance that they should have made Coriolis gain his instruction in etching from an imaginary Barbizon painter named Crescent. For it was to the actual artists of that group, Jacque, Rousseau, Daubigny, Millet, Corot, that etching owed its revival in France, just as in England, as we have seen, it owed this in large part to the Norwich painters.

Mr. A. M. Hind, in his *Short History of Engraving and Etching,* assigns to Rousseau a position somewhat similar to that occupied by Crome, "the advance made consisting in a return to the spirit of the Old Dutch masters." But in France, where the assimilation of this spirit was much more complete from the first than in England, the advance was correspondingly more marked and significant. So that, although the English etchers preceded the French by a generation, the latter, when they began, so far outstripped the former in a thorough realisation of the aims and methods of etching, that they became the real inaugurators of the modern movement as a whole. Indeed, it required their active influence to revitalise the English revival, to correct its tendencies, and to impel it onward in a path from which it had deviated through too direct a rivalry with painting.

Members of the Barbizon group were, of course, like the Norwich men, primarily painters, but, unlike these, they were able, when they dropped their brushes and took up their needles, to forget their palettes, and to think of tone in terms of line. Herein lies the secret of their superiority as etchers, and the reason for their superior significance in the history of etching. However little satisfied we may be with the etched work of Corot as compared with his painting, his slightest sketch on copper retains for us, nevertheless, a distinct charm of its own, generally just because it is so slight; because the artist, delicately perceptive of the limitations of line, has not attempted to compete with the magic resources of his flowing pigment; and because, content to record a mere fleeting impression in the simplest and most summary terms, he has succeeded in giving us a profoundly personal record of himself.

But neither Rousseau, Corot, nor, we may add, Millet, although his plates occupy an important place in his work, is the representative etcher of the Barbizon school. This place must be reserved for Charles Jacque, who differed from the others in that he was pre-eminently an etcher, and to whose individual efforts the revival was very largely due. At a time when lithography was the accepted process for making prints, Jacque proved by his experiments the advantages of etching as an autographic method when delicacy and subtlety of line were desired, and it was through his influence that Millet was led to adopt it. The relations between the two artists were very close, and Mr. Robert J. Wickenden, who was acquainted with many of these "Men of 1830," has told in a recent article on Jacque (*The Print-Collector's Quarterly,* Vol. II, No. 1) how the friends came to stumble together by accident upon the little village on the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau, which has given its name to one of the most important schools of modern art.

> The revolutionary period of 1849, and the cholera invasion from which Jacque had suffered, decided them in their plan to leave Paris, and as Millet had a few hundreds of francs in hand . . . he joined forces with Jacque, and off they started for Fontainebleau with their families. Jacque said he had heard of a place somewhere near there of which the name ended in "-zon," though he could not remember the rest. After wandering in the forest for some time they came across a woodcutter, who replied to their inquiries that Barbi-"zon" might be the name. Jacque's enthusiasm was unbounded, and he broke out with "That's the place; I told you, Millet, we should find the promised land!"

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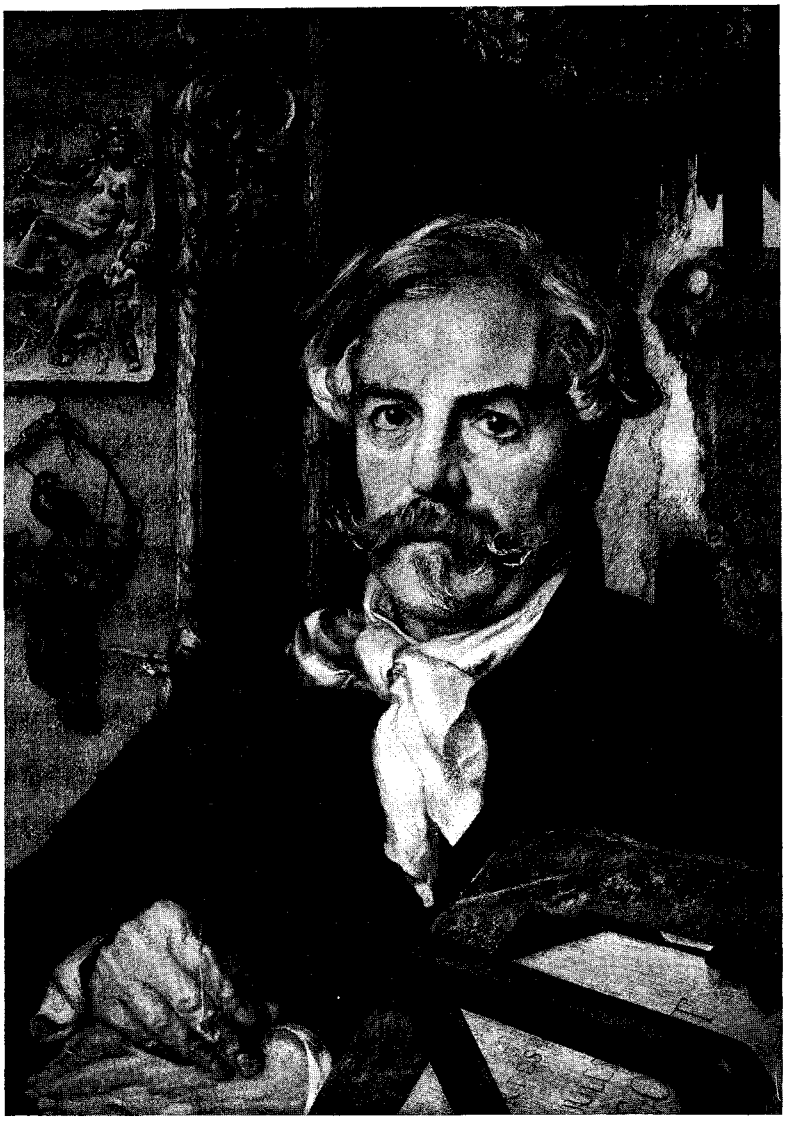
They went to Barbizon with their families and soon settled in peasants' houses,—Millet for the rest of his life,—and both men here found the material and surroundings their tastes and art required.

They had met for the first time only the year before, and Mr. Wickenden suggests that Jacque's etchings and studies of country life, added to his advice, may have strengthened the determination of Millet, then occupied with mythological nudes, to devote himself wholly to



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

EDMOND DE GONCOURT. BY FELIX BRACQUEMOND

This is one of the greatest portraits in engraving. It has unusual interest because of the close personal relations between the artist and the famous novelist who describes the operations of an etcher in his and his brother's story of Parisian artists' life, "Manette Salomon."

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rustic subjects. He accurately indicates the essential difference between the two men, however, when he points out that "Jacque's point of view tended toward the incidental and anecdotic, while Millet's art was always more subjective in character." Jacque's was thus the slighter, though wholly charming talent, the spirit of which has never been better expressed than by Mr. Charles Blanc in the following sentences:

> What distinguishes it (Jacque's work) is the penetrating poetry of his landscapes, the intimate charm of his farms, of his *cabarets,* of his depiction of peasant manners. In this respect he represents and sums up, in his little prints, our whole modern school of landscapists and familiar painters . . . Where he reaches the very height of his charm is in his *auberges,* his farmyards, his landscapes; in these one breathes the peace of the fields, the happiness of the village, the agreeable and wholesome odour of haystacks. To look at these ravishing etchings is to be reminded inevitably of college vacations passed in the country.

Jacque began to show his etchings in 1841, and in 1889 he won at the Exposition Universelle the Medal of Honour for his large plate, "La Bergerie Béarnaise." So his active career as an etcher, not counting his earliest experiments, which go back ten years earlier, covers a period of nearly half a century, during which he produced a vast number of prints and developed several styles or manners. A number of artists greater than Jacque have employed the etching needle in modern times, but few, if any, have surpassed him as an *etcher;* while, as a pioneer and innovator, he holds a place of the greatest importance in the history of the art. That is why we have said so much about him here, although he scarcely comes within the scope of our immediate subject. Its limitations forbid us to do more than mention the name of Daubigny, who comes second to Jacque in etching fecundity among the men of the Barbizon group; of Adolphe Appian, the pupil of Daubigny and Corot; or of Alphonse Legros, of whom, however, in his relation to the revival of etching in England, we spoke in the preceding article. In his sympathies and in his

Courtesy of George Busse

JARDINS DES LUXEMBOURG. BY EUGÈNE BÉJOT

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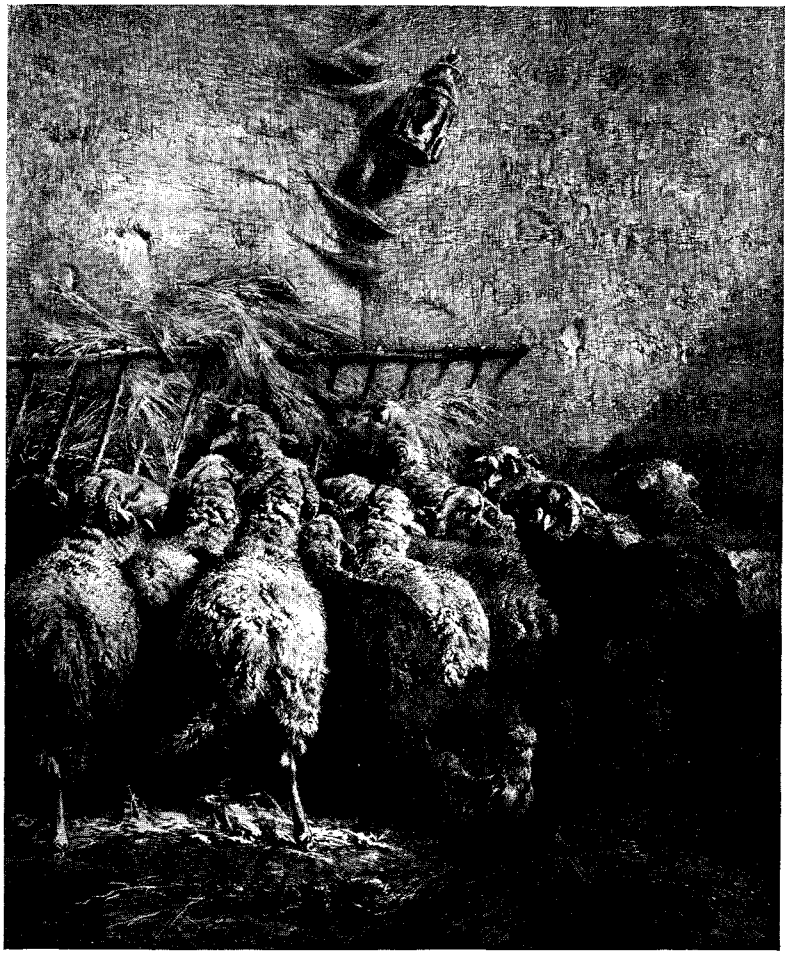
choice of subjects this etcher is closely related to Jacque and Millet.

But we must pause for a moment over Charles Meryon, who, while the main revival of etching was going forward among the Fontainebleau artists, their friends and their disciples, was blazing a way for himself and publishing his astonishing series of 'Eaux-Fortes sur Paris." These have caused Meryon to be recognised not only as the greatest French etcher of the nineteenth century, but as one of the three supreme masters of the medium, having as his only rivals Rembrandt and Whistler. The poet Baudelaire first won recognition for the work of this ex-naval officer, who was the son of an English physician and a Parisian ballet dancer and who, after a heartrending struggle with poverty and insanity, died at Charenton in 1868. He suffered from delusions in which he imagined that Edgar Allan Poe was a fictitious personage created by his enemies in order to tor-



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

LA BERGERIE BÉARNAISE. BY CHARLES JACQUE

This etching, which is sometimes considered Jacque's masterpiece, was made when the artist was past seventy, and won the gold Medal of Honour at the Paris Exposition Universelle, 1889

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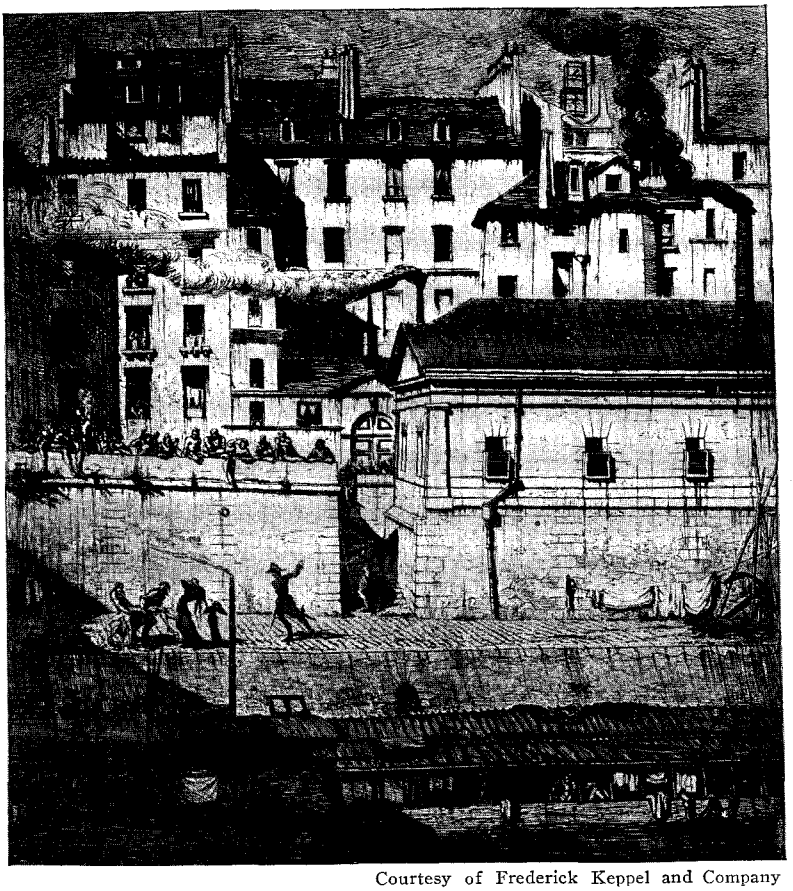
ment him. Thus he believed that "The Murders of the Rue Morgue" contained references to his own private life and misfortunes, and proved it to Baudelaire by several correspondences, including the fact that he himself had made an etching of the Morgue in Paris! This magnificent work of art is but one of a dozen masterpieces that make of architecture the medium for the expression of the most profound moral emotion, the wildest imaginative fantasy, all as if by magic, for there is not in his consummate draughtsmanship the slightest tendency toward distortion, exaggeration, or over-emphasis.

With Meryon, as a lover of Paris, though with perfect poise and sanity, and with nothing more weighty in his work than a high charm of grace and elegance, is Maxime Lalanne, who really brings to a close the first great age of French etchers. By them the art was practised as a pure linear technique, applied primarily to the suggestion of form, and only secondarily to the representation of colour, tone and texture. After 1860 or thereabouts these became more directly ends in themselves, and men like Buhot, Jacquemart, and Bracquemond appear above all as remarkable virtuosi, skilled in the attaining of any desired effect by the resourceful employment of a variety of means. Buhot excelled in the



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

LA MORGUE. BY CHARLES MERYON

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subtle poetry of atmosphere; Jacquemart, in the refinements of still life, reproducing a great number of art objects from the collections in the Louvre; and Bracquemond in the delineation of birds in a manner that closely suggests the Japanese method of treating similar subjects in a different medium. And this is the one vital criticism that can be made of these artists, namely, that it is not always apparent why etching is employed by them for purposes where another way of working would arrive at the same result with a far less expenditure of effort. Why laboriously multiply lines to represent an object when these lines, in order to represent it properly, must be brought so closely together that they cease to exist individually as lines, but tend to merge together in a mass? Still, when one sees the silvery grays and the glossy blacks of Bracquemond's bird-plumage,

Courtesy of George Busse

"OH! LES FLEURS! NOUS ADORONS LES FLEURS!" BY LOUIS LEGRAND

The point of this social satire lies, of course, in the feudal castle in the background, which has now passed into the hands of the *nouveaux riches*.

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Courtesy of George Busse

MISS LORA. BY EDGAR CHAHINE

one cannot quarrel with the way the thing is done, and can only admire its tactile truth, its rich and lustrous beauty.

Bracquemond is still living and the etcher who, it is said, was taught his art by Daubigny, has transmitted the tradition of his teaching to the man who easily stands first among the active French etchers of to-day. Indeed Auguste Lepère is one of the noblest etchers produced in France during the whole period of the revival, and the high place which he is at present accorded will, we think, tend to become even higher with the passage of time. It may at first seem odd that an artist who is a true painter-etcher, and represents a return to the linear ideals of the Barbizon leaders, as well as of the men of the second generation like Appian, Lalanne, and Legros, should have been the pupil of such an ultra-refined technician of surfaces as Bracquemond. But it is possible to learn one's craft from an elder contemporary without at the same time being influenced by his artistic tendencies, and this is the case with Lepère. Bracquemond is above all a master-craftsman. It must be remembered that tracing lines upon the covering of the copper plate is only one part of the etching process. Another, and in some respects a more important part, since the weight and quality of these lines depend entirely upon it, is the biting. Bracquemond, who bit many of Corot's plates for him, is a supreme expert in the manipulation of the mordant, and it is doubtless on this side that Lepère owes most to his instructor.

At all events Lepère himself shows remarkable skill in the biting of his own plates, and it is, above all, to the boldness and vigour with which he handles the acid to secure splendid and poetic effects of light and shade, tone and colour, foreground and distance, that his work owes its surprising vitality. His landscape is veritable dramatic landscape in

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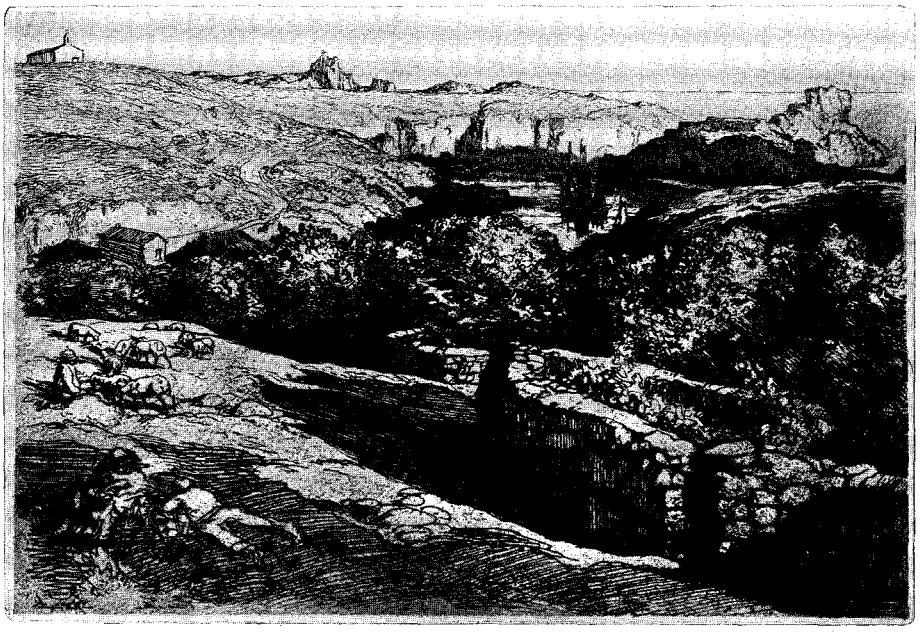

Courtesy of George Busse

PORT DE LA MEULE. BY AUGUSTE LEPÈRE

Courtesy of George Busse

LE PORT AU BOIS À TROYES. BY S. LEHEUTRE

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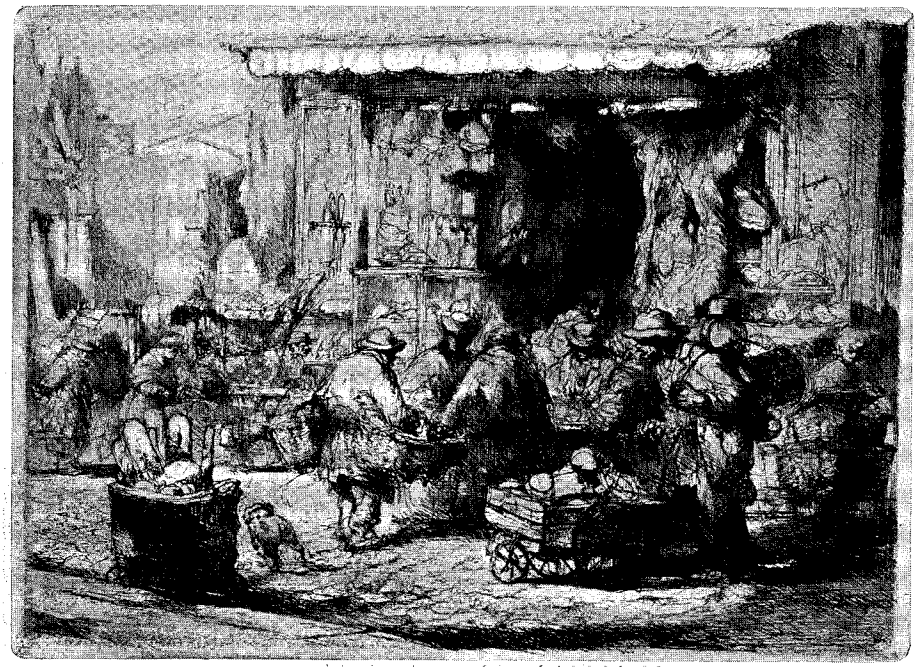

Courtesy of George Busse

THE MARKET. BY L. BROUET

Courtesy of George Busse

THE MARKET HALL. BY EDGAR CHAHINE

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which the forces of nature are, as it were, personified and endowed with an emotional life of their own. In this respect, Lepère's work reminds us of Meryon's, as it does also, paradoxically, by virtue of the fact that, so far as external form is concerned, there is the same carrying on of the classic tradition by the one artist as by the other. Lepère, in his feeling for formal design, as well as in his sentiment of space and of massive grandeur, often suggests Claude Lorrain, just as Meryon, in his noble and restrained treatment of architectural subjects, suggests Canaletto and Piranesi. Not that either is in any sense an imitator, and the classicism of Lepère, in which Miss Elisabeth Luther Cary finds, at times, something of the true pagan spirit of antiquity, makes Legros's correctness and elevation seem a little cold, Lalanne's grace and elegance a trifle flat and insipid. In short, Meryon and Lepère combine classicism and romanticism in a single synthesis, and transcend all attempts at classification by any of the ordinary categories that imply a narrow and exclusive opposition of qualities. Perhaps both may be described in more modern critical language as "symbolists," in that, apprehending common reality with a singular spiritual intensity, they have the power to make us see the thing in itself, be it landscape or architecture—and Lepère has essayed the latter as well as the former—as a projection of their own consciousness.

But if these two artists have much in common on the side of poetic penetration and imaginative power, their mood is by no means the same—there is little tragic gloom in any of Lepère's plates—and their manner of working is altogether different. It is curious that Meryon, who never drew with anything but a needle, should have used this quite as if it had been a burin or graver, laying his line with almost mechanical regularity, while Lepère, who was originally an engraver (on wood) and took up etching relatively late in life, should work with even greater freedom than Claude himself. But sensitiveness to his medium is one of the foremost characteristics of Lepère, and the wood or metal seems to impart to his hand the secret of its most intimate mastery. To compare one of his woodcuts with one of his etchings of a similar subject—trees, for example—is to receive a lesson in the significance of style in art that a whole volume on the subject could not make more clear.

Lepère has also imitated the Japanese in colour prints from wood blocks, that make the elaborate coloured etchings at present so popular in France look vulgar and tawdry. It is impossible to speak here at any length of this phase of the subject, though there are probably more men working in colour in Paris today than in black and white. But with the exception of Raffaëlli, who keeps closely to line, most of these men are not pure etchers, since they make important use of aquatint, mezzotint, and other tonal processes, just as in the previous article we saw that one school of English graphic artists, from Turner to Sir Frank Short, has supplemented the bare etched outline with work of the rocker.

Even artists who employ black and white for the most part, occasionally introduce a note of colour, as, for example, Paul Helleu, who is given to tinting the lips and hair of what have been accurately described as his "brilliant but empty" portraits of fashionable beauties, and his numberless imitators naturally follow, and even outdo, him in this dubious device. The same is true of Louis Legrand, a master of expressive draughtsmanship in drypoint, whose penetrating studies of vicious psychology in slum children has made Sir Frederick Wedmore compare him with Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, but whose wider popularity is doubtless in large measure due to his satiric vein, and to his piquant impressions of Parisian improprieties. He also, from time to time, attempts a depiction of the life of the labouring classes, and one large plate of this character, showing an *ouvrier* in the act of embracing his wife and child at the end of

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the day's work, was purchased by *Jugend* and reproduced as a cover design. Doubtless it gave much pleasure. But, for our part, when Legrand abandons the sketch, and essays, with the aid of aquatint and colour to become a complete picture-maker, he gives the unpleasant impression of modelling his figures out of some sort of soft putty. Steinlein and Forain have also executed some etchings, though, so far as we know, no work of theirs in this manner has been seen in this country.

Indeed very few recent French etchers are adequately represented here either in the shops or in the solander boxes of collectors. An exception may be noted in the case of Mr. George Busse, a New York dealer who has faith in the future of the French school in America, and who has many portfolios filled with examples of the work of its leading representatives. To him we are indebted for most of the illustrations for this article. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts has recently held an exhibition of the etchings by Besnard, who is best known by his painted portraits and by his resplendent wall decorations in colour. In order to secure in black and white some of the vibrant, glowing, quality of his impressionistic canvases, Besnard invented that coarse, and apparently careless, style of etching which has since been cultivated with such effect by Anders Zorn.

But there is at least one other French etcher of to-day whose name is beginning to be mentioned more frequently. This is Eugène Béjot. Like Meryon and Lalanne, this artist is a lover of Paris, and among his most familiar prints are two views, the one long, the other upright, of the Luxembourg Palace and Garden. It is impossible to deny that these, like his other plates of a similar character, have a certain elegance in their light scheme, which gives something of the feeling of radiant Parisian sunlight, and in their insistence only on the essential outlines of architecture. But it is equally impossible not to feel that the method of elimination is carried too far—reduced too much to a formula—and that it represents a somewhat shallow decorative convention rather than a serious attempt to study nature and to seize the inmost soul of a subject. Nor is Béjot's draughtsmanship sound or interesting enough to justify this manner of treatment. His line is hard, literal, and lacking in personal quality,—except for certain pot-hooks which have become a mannerism with him in the ripples of water, etc.—and he has little skill in the rendering of tree forms. Foliage, for example, he generally manufactures as a black mass, content to secure from it some positive contrast to the light values of his architecture. In short, his etching aims almost entirely at effect, and impresses us with little sense of sincerity or of solid accomplishment.

Very different is the work of Chahine, an Armenian by birth, who in whatever he does shows himself not only the brilliant executant, but the profound student, the alert and sympathetic observer. It is said that before his marriage he devoted himself almost entirely to portraits of women,—one of which we reproduce herewith in order to show that it is possible for the French etcher of to-day to treat such subjects with a certain psychological finesse—but that immediately after his marriage he dropped this genre abruptly and turned to architectural subjects and to scenes of the Paris streets. While he gives to the former a poetic quality quite lacking in Béjot's dry, untemperamental, rendering, it is in the latter, as in the plate entitled "The Market Hall," which we reproduce, and in which the scene seems absolutely alive, that, in our opinion, he finds fullest opportunity for the expression of his peculiar powers. They are even more those of the imaginative artist than of the linear poet and the psychologist—whether of women or of architecture—and one of his plates is like a page torn from the work of a brilliant story-teller and stylist, Anatole France, or Maupassant.

In his feeling for dramatic action, in the vitality of his figures, and in the mobility of his groups and masses, Chahine suggests Lepère, who makes impor-

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tant, if subsidiary, employment of human factors in the landscape and architectural subjects that constitute his special field. Here, perhaps, his closest competitor is the dry-point artist, Leheutre, whose relation to the older man is in a sense that of Muirhead Bone to D. Y. Cameron. Leheutre, indeed, has much of the former's precise and delicate draughtsmanship, though his line is even finer, and though his surfaces are apt to have a silky texture that is absent from the more vigorous and virile work of his English contemporary. One would say that Leheutre's style was perhaps too refined for a robust Anglo-Saxon taste, were it not for the curious fact that his work actually has closer kinship in many ways with the historic dry-point tradition of English etching than with the pure linear methods of the earlier Frenchmen. There are bits in the foregrounds of several of his etchings that might have been executed by Sir Seymour Haden. He is a master of misty effects and of planes that recede until the objects contained in them seem on the point of disappearing magically in the distance.

Latenay is another landscape etcher whose work, both in black and white, and in colour, is highly prized in France to-day, while Dauchez and Eugène Delâtre, son of the famous printer of etchings, have also received important recognition. Lhermitte, whose plates deal with the same range of peasant subjects as his better known paintings, seems, through the pictorial elaboration of his method, to continue the important nineteenth-century French tradition of reproductive, rather than of original, etching, although, as a matter of fact, he works directly from nature. And then there is Charles Huard, with whom we are more familiar as an illustrator of books about New York, Paris and Berlin, written by his wife, the daughter of Francis Wilson, and who is now engaged in illustrating an important new edition of Balzac printed at the Imprimerie Nationale. As an etcher he limits himself largely to impressions of ships and sailors.

For final mention we have reserved L. Brouet, a young artist who has rapidly worked his way to an important place among modern French etchers, and who promises even more than he has already accomplished. Like so many men since the revival of etching, he has returned to Rembrandt for inspiration. But unlike most of these, it is not Rembrandt the landscape etcher, but Rembrandt the summary draughtsman of figures in salient outline, that Brouet has studied with especial care. In the "Market," which is reproduced, as well as in "The Antiquary's Shop," and a number of other similar plates, the suggestion of the great Dutch artist's style is striking. And yet there is no mere servility of imitation, but a fresh, vivacious, and imaginative, rendering of scenes from real life. How much he has improved in certainty and in simplicity of technical expression, by this study, may be seen by comparing any of the etchings of this series with such a plate as "The Cozy Corner," showing an old woman in an interior, with its look of a rather fumbling reproduction of a wash drawing, its lack of any fine linear quality, and its free use of the roulette. Another striking Rembrandtesque work of Brouet's is a mezzotint entitled "A Jewish Family," with its mysterious atmosphere and its bold pattern of light and shade. In short, Brouet is an artist from whom notable things may be expected in the future.

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SHAKESPEARE HIMSELF

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

I

THAT our information about Shakespeare himself and about the facts of his life is as meagre as it is, may be a benefit to his fame, since our interest is now never distracted from the writings of the author to the doings of the man. Not a a few poets, more particularly Shelley and Musset and Poe, have suffered an obscuration of their reputations by the very excess of our information in regard to relatively unimportant episodes of their biographies. In default of a surplussage of obtruding facts about their careers Sophocles and Shakespeare and Molière abide our question; and we are forced to focus our attention steadily on their writings.

Only a very few of the plays of Sophocles survive, but it seems probable that we have the most of his masterpieces in a text that is now fairly satisfactory. Molière was persuaded at last to issue his comedies himself, although one or two of his least valuable pieces have failed to come down to us. Shakespeare, however, did not himself publish any single one of his tragedies or comedies. Such editions of his more popular plays as were printed during his lifetime were unauthorised by him; and apparently they were all of them piratical publications, mere catch-pennies, hastily made up from shorthand notes taken in the theatre or clumsily pieced together from the memories of disloyal performers. It was in self-defence against a similar piracy of the *Précieuses Ridicules* that Molière was compelled to publish that comedy contrary to his own wish, for he declared in his preface that he had no desire to issue it as a book, being amply content with the success it had attained when performed as a play.

Under the English law as it was then, Shakespeare had no redress against the pirate-publishers, and we can only regret that their predatory enterprise did not move him to anticipate Molière's procedure and to send forth himself complete and corrected copies of his manuscripts as the plays were actually acted in the theatre. Despite Ben Jonson's assertion that Shakespeare "never blotted out a line," it seems to be fairly certain that he was in the habit of working over his plays and of amplifying them, perhaps for successive revivals and as the membership of the company was modified. At least we are justified in believing this from the fact that *Hamlet* is far too long for the two hours' traffic of the stage, and that therefore the whole text, as we have it now, could never have been delivered at any single performance.

Shakespeare, however, failed to publish his plays himself, whatever his reasons may have been, whether a desire to keep the true manuscripts in the sole possession of the company in whose takings he was a sharer or a disdain for any other appeal to the public beyond that of the playhouse. In those days dramas were held only doubtfully to be literature; and even in his ambitious youth Shakespeare had sought literary reputation only from his narrative poems. Even the sonnets were not published by him or by his authority. "Venus and Adonis" and the "Rape of Lucrece" were printed with scrupulous scrutiny of the proofs; and the purity of the text of these narrative poems is in flagrant contrast with the corruption of the text of the First Folio edition of the plays, issued seven years after his death. Although we may find profit in a study of the unauthorised quartos, the First Folio is and must be always our authority, in spite of its haphazard compilation and of its numberless blunders. So far as we can guess it was printed mainly from the manuscripts in the theatre, probably mangled by casual omissions and by cuts

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carelessly made to meet the exigencies of performance and possibly contaminated also by occasional alterations and additions.

Certain of the plays are divided into five acts in the First Folio, although no act division has been indicated in such quarto piracies as have preceded them; but we do not know whether or not this division into acts was due to Shakespeare or to Heming and Condell, conforming to a later fashion established by Ben Jonson. Certain acts of certain plays are further subdivided into scenes; and again we are left in uncertainty whether or not Shakespeare had anything to do with this; it is now generally believed that he was in nowise responsible for it. The First Folio also contains a few precious stage-directions and indications of stage-business, often omitted or changed in our snug modern editions, but invaluable as evidence of the stage-conditions to which the Elizabethan playwright had perforce to conform. While the division into acts and scenes, wherever it is attempted, is probably the work of the misguided editors, the stage-directions are almost positively due to the dramatist himself; and they therefore serve to bring us a little closer to him. The devoted zeal of a host of later editors and commentators has purged the text of the obvious misprints and has elucidated the meaning of many obscure passages. These editors have, however, allowed themselves the liberty of cutting up the acts into a succession of scenes, in accord with the several places where they supposed the action then to take place; and in so doing they have created a misleading and unnecessary confusion. But when all is said and when all allowances are made we have little reason to quarrel with the situation in which we find ourselves now when we set out to see for ourselves just what it is that Shakespeare did. There may still exist a few seeming inconsistencies and a few apparent contradictions, there may be painful gaps in our knowledge, but these are only few and they are not important. After all, we have the plays, even if the text is not as solidly ascertained as we could wish; we have the histories and the comedies and the tragedies; and they speak for themselves, alike on the stage and in the study. While we may not be possessed of all we want, we have all we need. We can weigh the plays themselves, and we can ask ourselves what manner of man he was who composed them. As Emerson asserted, "Shakespeare is the only biographer of Shakespeare"; and "we have really the information which is material, that which describes character and fortune, that which, if we were to meet the man and deal with him, would most import us to know."

II

"In all countries and in all ages a really fine play must be a rarity," so Lewes declared, "since it is a work which of all others demands the greatest combination of powers. It is not enough for a man to be a great poet, a great inventor, a great humourist, it is not enough for him to have insight into character, and power of representing it in action, it is not enough for him to have command over brilliant dialogue and striking situation—there must be added to these a peculiar instinct for dramatic evolution, a peculiar art of construction and *ordonnance* which will combine all these qualities so as to meet psychological and theatrical exigencies. To be able to invent a story is one thing; to tell it dramatically is another; and to throw that story into the form of a drama is a third and still more difficult achievement."

That Shakespeare possessed the peculiar quality of the playwright is generally acknowledged; and it is proved by the fact that his best plays still keep the stage after three centuries. That he did not always exercise this peculiar quality is more frankly admitted of late than it was a few years ago; and his occasional failure to exercise it is proved by the fact that more than half of his plays have been unable to maintain themselves in the theatre. He could climb to the lofti-

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est summits of poetry with Sophocles, and he could also rival the cleverest ingenuities of playmaking, such as are revealed by Scribe and Sardou, even if he does not always trouble himself to attain the deft adroitness of these latterday craftsmen of the theatre.

Sometimes he takes an unworthy story and fails to tell it dramatically. Sometimes he leaves loose ends, like the unmotived jealousy of Philip in *King John* and like the promised retaliation upon mine Host of the Garter in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Sometimes he credits his characters with his own foreknowledge and lets Malvolio act as though he believed Olivia to be in love with him before the character is told of it, as he also permits Oberon to anticipate the result of a blunder that Puck is to commit later. Sometimes he puts beautiful speeches into the mouths of uninspired characters and noble thoughts into the mouths of base creatures. He causes his villains to proclaim their own wickedness to the spectators, so that the least attentive of the groundlings might not be in doubt as to their future misdeeds.

Always does he conform to the traditions and the conventions which the Tudor theatre had inherited from the mediæval stage. The convention of the mysteries permitted several distant places to be set in view simultaneously; and therefore Shakespeare puts the tent of Richard III by the side of that of Richmond. The tradition of the moralities authorised formal disputations; and Shakespeare permits one character to state a case with eloquent amplitude to be answered with ample eloquence by his opponent, hanging up the action, it may be, but providing the actors with the opportunity for oratory and gratifying the spectators with the vicissitudes of debate. And as on the mediæval stage the action was presented on a neutral ground, which might be anywhere and which was identifiable as a specific place only when there was a necessity for localising it, so Shakespeare lets his story ramble through space, pausing for description only whenever there was need for letting us know where his characters are supposed to be. This was proper enough on the platform-stage of the Tudor theatre; but it is not a little awkward to adjust to the picture-frame stage of our modern playhouse.

But even when the playwright is lax in his practice the poet rarely slumbers. It is true, as Professor Bradley has pointed out, that there are "passages where something was wanted for the sake of the plot, but where Shakespeare did not care about it or was hurried" and "the conception of the passage is then distinct from the execution, and neither is inspired." And the British critic appends the apt comment that Shakespeare was "the greatest of poets when he chose, but not always a conscientious poet." Professor Bradley here suggests the distinct difference between Shakespeare on the one hand, and on the other devoted technicians like Milton and Pope and Tennyson, who are never neglectful of the connecting links and who are always scrupulous to bestow all possible finish even upon the least important passages. They are conscientious artists always, and Shakespeare, greater than any of them when he exerts his full power, is occasionally disdainful of the meticulous care which they never failed to give. He exhibits a lordly carelessness as to the logical sequence of his figures of speech; and he does not hesitate to talk of taking up arms against a sea of troubles and of seeking the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth. An affluent genius is likely to overflow with spontaneous images sometimes inconsistent. The truly great poet is not always a stickler for the niceties of metaphoric propriety and he takes no pride in echoing the boast of an accomplished craftsman like Théophile Gautier that his similes were always in accord with one another.

His style is not learned or conscious like Vergil's; rather is it instinctive like Goethe's, with little or no mannerism. His mastery of rhythm is marvelous; he abounds in fancy; and he can be superb in imaginative energy. In the most careless of his plays, the least plausible in

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story, the most loosely jointed in plot, the most perfunctory in character, the poet is continually coming to the aid of the playwright; splendour of speech dazzles us and for the moment even blinds us to the deficiency of structure. With effortless ease he illuminates his nouns with the unforeseen but inevitable adjectives; and "one sentence begets the next naturally; the meaning is all inwoven," as Coleridge said. "He goes on kindling like a meteor through the dark atmosphere."

Like Molière, he never forgets the actors, and his speeches are all framed for oral delivery. The lines, however full they may be, are clear also; and the meaning constructs the rhythm. As Emerson pointed out, we have only to read for the sense, and we find ourselves in possession of the metre. Indeed, the ineffable beauty of many of his noblest passages can be fully appreciated only when they are apprehended by the ear; the eye alone does not capture all their charm.

His poetry is sustained and nourished by his comprehensive capacity for observation and reflection, two qualities rarely conjoined in equal degree. In addition to shrewd sagacity and buoyant wisdom, there is, as Bagehot pointed out, "a refining element of chastened sensibility which prevents sagacity from being rough, and shrewdness from becoming cold." His attitude toward life, toward his fellow-man, toward the insoluble problems of existence, is always healthy and never morbid. He is steadily sane, rarely bitter and never desperately misanthropic. "All through his works," to cite Bagehot once again, "you feel you are reading the popular author, the successful man; but through them all there is a certain tinge of musing sadness pervading and as it were softening their gaiety." However little he may have esteemed his plays, it is obvious that he enjoyed composing them. They have the spontaneity of creation joyously accomplished without fatigue and with profound satisfaction. Coleridge even went so far as to suggest that there are "scenes and parts of scenes, which are simply Shakespeare's disporting himself in joyous triumph and vigorous fun after a great achievement of his highest genius."

III

The lyric mood of etherealised idealism often points to despair; but Shakespeare has ever a vigorous grasp on the wholesome realities of life. However much he may soar aloft, he can always recover his firm footing on the soil. He has a human earthiness, such as we discover also in Montaigne; and this helps to keep his vision clear and large. He disdains the pettiness of so-called poetic justice, dear to Samuel Johnson and other narrow critics of the past. The innocent Ophelia and Desdemona die through no fault of their own; the deceived Othello kills himself; the insane Lear flickens out and the wicked Macbeth is killed. Shakespeare's good characters are often made to suffer, and like Cordelia they are sometimes dismissed to death, even if they have been allowed to survive in the story from which Shakespeare is taking his plot. His bad characters sometimes escape without punishment; and on occasion they may even be married off—Proteus and Claudio and Angelo—dismissed to matrimony without even rebuke. Shakespeare has no word of reproach for Jessica's unfilial despoiling of Shylock or for Hamlet's wanton murder of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Mediæval as he often is in his dramaturgy, he was never tempted to preserve the expositor who exists to point the moral of special deeds. He never preaches; and in no one of his plays can we discover any attempt to prove any thesis in the domain of ethics. He is never attracted to any anticipation of the modern problem-play. We can point out often didactic passages here and there in his plays, the advice of Polonius to Laertes, for example, and the counsel of the Countess to Bertram; but these are only apt restatements of the eternal commonplaces of conduct, sometimes warranted by the situation itself and sometimes thrust in for their own sake, be-

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cause Elizabethan audiences had a strange relish for sermons. These passages of overt didacticism are infrequent and insignificant—at least, they do not represent Shakespeare's attitude toward the larger questions of morality.

This attitude, never defined by himself, has been stated fairly enough by Goethe. "I have never considered the practical result of my works. I am inclined to believe that they have done good, but I have never aimed at that. The artist is called on in his writings only to realise his idea. He takes on what aspect he may in the imagination of men; and it is for them to extract the good and to reject the evil. It is not the artist's duty to work on the conscience. He has only to express his own soul." Shakespeare has a soul to express, a soul far too large for the confining theory of poetic justice or for the needless task of declaring in set phrase the moral that may be drawn from his works. But the moral is there to be drawn by all who take the trouble to think. Shakespeare's ethical doctrines are not formulated into precepts; they are not condensed into a code for instant quotation; but they exist, none the less, and they are unmitigably sound. Shakespeare does not believe that morality is something that can be put into a play; on the contrary, he holds that it is something that cannot be left out. With him, as with all true artists, morality is part of "the essential richness of inspiration," to borrow again the apt phrase of Mr. Henry James. He is everywhere moral and profoundly moral, because like Sophocles he sees life steadily and sees it whole.

He does not condescend to a rivalry with the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* or even with the author of *Daniel Deronda.* His plays are not competitors of the tendency-novels. His ethics are implicit rather than explicit; and we must discover in his dramas our own morality, each of us for himself. That is to say, he has as many morals as his plays have spectators; and we can find support in them as we can in the spectacle of life itself. His morality is not to be sought in specific instances, rather is it in the temper of the whole, in the sanity and the serenity with which he sets mankind before us as he sees it. His ethical influence is persuasive and abiding; he strengthens and he uplifts; he is never relaxing and emollient. He forces us to face the facts of life and to see ourselves as we are. By the conflicts he sets before us on the stage he nerves us for the struggles of existence. He himself is on the side of the angels, even if he is ever reminding us of the gorilla which lurks within us, the ancestral gorilla, selfish and bestial, avid of lust and of blood.

The outlook of Sophocles is sadder than that of Shakespeare, and the outlook of Molière is far more sharply limited. By the very fact that Shakespeare's imaginative energy is superior to Molière's, his morality is at once richer and sterner. While it is not austere like that of Sophocles, it is not content to accept the precepts of the tolerant and disenchanted man of the world, with which Molière is satisfied. Shakespeare is larger than either the great Greek tragedian or the great French comedian; and because he himself is larger so is his moral vision also at once broader and more penetrating.

Samuel Johnson, holding that "it is always a writer's duty to make the world better," decided that Shakespeare is often derelict to his duty since "he sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct that he seems to write without any moral purpose." And here, for once, Johnson is right; Shakespeare does write without any moral purpose. What the narrow-minded critic failed to see is that the ultimate morality of a writer does not depend on his purpose but on his truth to life, and therefore finally on the sincerity of his vision. The corrective for this petty criticism of the eighteenth century is to be found in the ampler view never better stated in the twentieth century than by M. Jusserand. "For compelling hearts to expand, and making us feel for others than ourselves, for breaking the crust of

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egotism, Shakespeare has among playwrights no equal. The action on the heart is the more telling that with his wide sympathies, the poet discovers the sacred touch of nature not only in great heroes, but in the humblest ones; not only in ideal heroines but in a Shylock whom we pity, at times, to the point of not liking so completely 'the learned doctor from Padua,' 'even in the poor beetle that we tread upon,' and we get thinking of its pangs 'as great as when a giant dies.' The fate of a Hamlet, an Ophelia, a Desdemona, an Othello, carries, to be sure, no concrete moral with it; the noblest, the purest, the most generous, sink into the dark abyss after agonising tortures, and one can scarcely imagine, what, being human, they should have avoided to escape their memory. Their story was undoubtedly written without any moral purpose, but not without any moral effect. It obliges human hearts to meet, it teaches them pity."

IV

In spite of the fact that it may be better for Shakespeare's fame that we have so few details about his life and his personality, we cannot help regretting that we do not know more about the man himself; and we are tempted to pore over his works and to peer into them in the vain hope of catching sight of their author. Emerson, for one, was satisfied with the information which the plays supplied; and he asserted that "so far from Shakespeare's being the least known, he is the one person, in all modern history, known to us. What point of morals, of manners, of economy, of philosophy, of religion, of taste, of the conduct of life, had he not settled?" On the other hand, M. Jusserand contends that "few dramatists have allowed less of their personality to appear in their works. What is mirrored in Shakespeare's plays, apart from all that is eternal in them, is his time and his public, much more than his own self."

Yet these diverging opinions are not irreconcilable. Even if we had not external evidence we should be justified in feeling that Ibsen had in a measure identified himself with Stockmann and that Molière was of a jealous temperament, because jealousy is the theme of a large proportion of his characters. Even if no single passion recurs again and again in Shakespeare's plays, we can seize on a few at least of his dominant convictions; and even if there is in all his pieces no single figure for whom the playwright finds a model in himself, we may believe that we can catch successive glimpses of the author in the sympathetic portrayal of the young Romeo, of the more mature Hamlet, and of the tolerant Prospero. Beyond this we cannot go, for the dramatist does not put himself into his plays even if he cannot keep himself out of them altogether. It is the function of the playwright to take himself out of the way and to let his characters speak each in his own fashion. No dramatist has ever drawn on his own early experiences as amply and as openly as the novelists have often done, as Dickens did in *David Copperfield,* Thackeray in *Pendennis* and Mark Twain in *Tom Sawyer;* and there we have one of the fundamental differences between the art of the story-teller and the art of the playwright.

As a result of this professional attitude and perhaps also of a personal reticence peculiar to Shakespeare, we do not know his religion or his politics. We are in doubt whether he was a Roman Catholic or a Protestant, although we have some basis for believing that he did not like the Puritans, a lack of liking natural enough in a man practising a profession which the Puritans abhorred. There is little or no evidence that he had ever thought seriously about politics, although we can discover in his dramas a contempt for mob-rule and a conviction that a firm yet liberal government is best for the state. At least, the York-Lancaster histories and the Roman plays seem to reveal Shakespeare's appreciation of the immediate disadvantages of the disorder due to instability and to a doubtful succession to the throne. But if his religious beliefs and his political convictions are

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not clearly revealed to us, there are other beliefs of his and other convictions which do not admit of doubt.

He is ardently patriotic, for one thing, rejoicing that he was an Englishman and proud of the deeds of his fellow-islanders. Yet he is emphatically a landsman, with no liking for the sea, having ample realisation of its dangers and scant appreciation of its beauty. He places high value on friendship between men. He has little feeling for home-life, for the intimacy of the hearth. He dislikes scolding wives; he warns men against marrying women older than themselves; and although he gives us many noble portraits of women he has not a single line in praise of the sex itself. Yet he apparently held that the average woman would make a good wife—at least, we may infer this, since the bad wives who appear in his plays are very few indeed; even some of his bad women are good wives. From the frequency with which his women do not wait to be wooed, falling in love at first sight and frankly encouraging the men they have singled out, we may deduce Shakespeare's opinion that women are readier to take the first step in love making than is ordinarily supposed. Apparently also Shakespeare did not despise a man who was attracted toward a woman primarily because she was wealthy.

If a truly great man is to be known by his contempt for money and for death, then we should be obliged to deny greatness to Shakespeare. His plays confirm what we know also from legal documents, that he had a proper regard for money. And passage after passage suggests that he had a shrinking horror of death, or rather of the corruption of the charnel house. Each of us can decide for himself the precise weight to be attached to the significant fact that Shakespeare is abundant in his references to sleep and endless in his eulogy of it. Equally significant are the frequent passages in praise of music from which we may deduce the opinion that Shakespeare himself delighted in it.

He is constant in belauding the horse, but he has never a good word for the dog, which he seems to have detested and despised. He has a distaste for both schools and schoolmasters. He also dislikes boy-actors, the rivals of his own company. He cannot contain his contempt for foppish courtiers, snobs and flunkies, never neglecting an occasion to jibe at them and to hold them up to scorn—just as Molière was forever girding at the kindred marquises who infested the court of Louis XIV. On the other hand, like Molière again, he has a high respect for kings, merely as monarchs. As might be expected naturally, his mind is much occupied with the theatre and especially with actors; and he is prone to use figures of speech drawn from the vocabulary of the stage even when these are quite inappropriate to the person who utters them. Characters as dissimilar as Richard III, Hamlet and Othello draw unhesitatingly upon the technical terms of the contemporary English theatre; and Cleopatra shrinks from the prospect of being inadequately personated by a squeaking boy.

On the other hand he has scarcely a figure of speech drawn from the vocabulary of dramaturgy, that is to say, his plays prove that he was a player but they proffer no evidence that he was a playwright—except their own existence. From the infrequency of allusion to books and authors, we may infer that Shakespeare was not at all bookish as Ben Jonson was. Evidently he was not a great reader, using books rather as tools for his immediate purpose than as friends for constant intercourse. He shows none of the predilections of a scholar; even if he had small Latin and less Greek he always goes to the nearest translation of the classical authors. And even if he could read French, as M. Jusserand maintains and as seems more probable now that we know him to have resided in the house of a Huguenot, still he approaches Montaigne in Florio's captivating translation.

He was not bookish and he was not literary in his tastes, so far as we can judge from his works. Apparently he is

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wholly free from vanity founded on anything he had written for the stage. In the final twenty years of his life he makes no effort to come before the public as a man of letters. He seems to be like Scott in having no regard for literature as a high vocation. He writes plays as Scott writes novels, because that is the work nearest to his hand. Like Scott again he does not hold himself called upon always to do his best and always to make his work as good as it could be made. He is not incessant and conscientious in striving to attain perfection; and he attains it only now and again. He enjoys what he does, no doubt, but does not overvalue it, and as Sir Leslie Stephen suggested he holds that "the defeat of the Armada was a more important bit of work than to amuse the audience at the Globe." Yet he is ever interested in amusing the audiences of the Globe, partly because it is always interesting to do that which we know we can do well, and partly because of the solid reward to be reaped by success. To him as to Scott the life of a man of letters is less alluring than the life of a country gentleman. And how it was that a man of these tastes and of these beliefs should have written *Hamlet* and *Othello,* the *Merchant of Venice* and *As You Like It,* the Falstaff plays and the plays from Plutarch must ever remain one of the insoluble mysteries of genius.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF LEONARD MERRICK

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

In Two Parts—Part II

Some one has said that when in doubt as to a plot it is necessary only to rewrite the story of Cinderella. Certainly that is what Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has been doing for years with decided success. Leonard Merrick has done it at least once delightfully in the little story that he calls frankly "The Prince in the Fairy Tale." If the present writer wished to be sure to find a sympathetic reader for Mr. Merrick's work this is unquestionably the story which he would select as a first offering. At times the work of Leonard Merrick invites the charge of cynicism, but the "Prince in the Fairy Tale" is as wholesome and sympathetic as anything in fiction. It is the story of a nice English girl, Rosie McLeod, who is trying to learn to paint, and living with an older woman in rooms up ninety-eight stairs of a dingy house in a dilapidated court in Paris. It is an exceedingly virtuous Paris that Rosie McLeod knows:

> I have never seen a city that opens its eyes so good-humouredly as Paris. In pictures it is always shown to us at night with its myriad lamps shining, or in the afternoon when it is frivolous, and its fountains flash; but, in my own little unimportant opinion, if one would know Paris at its sweetest and its best, one should get up very, very early, and behold it smiling when it wakes to work.

Humble as are the circumstances of Miss McLeod and Miss Niblett they seem absolutely opulent in comparison with those of their American neighbour with the exceedingly shabby clothes. But this American soon begins to play a conspicuous part in their daily existence, carrying up their water buckets, volunteering countless little attentions, and prating gaily of poverty and Bohemianism. There comes a day when Rosie bravely but in dire embarrassment begs him as a great favour to accept a small loan. The offer is laughingly refused, but paves the way to a more romantic

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request on his part, and the young English girl and the dilapidated American student become engaged despite the warning of Miss Niblett that they are both taking a most improvident step.

So far Cinderella. Now for the Fairy Prince. The impetuous lover tells of a party to which he is planning to take them. The day arrives, bringing with it many mysterious surprises. First a box labelled "Frills for the Fairest" and containing a dress—a most wonderful dress. Then another box, "Suede for the Sweetest" filled with gloves of a kind that come from only one shop in Paris, and that are famous the world over. Then a package marked "Bonds for the Best," which when opened discloses a rope of pearls fit for an empress. Then the lover himself, perfectly attired, to conduct them down the ninety-eight steps, and hand them into a handsomely appointed brougham.

"Not mine," said the Man of Mystery, "I assure you. Hired!"

"Like your clothes?" I flashed.

"Much more so," he said serenely. "Would you prefer the windows up or down, dear?"

"Either," I said, "if you'll tell me where we're going."

"Why, to the party," he replied; "I thought you knew."

"You don't ask me to believe we're going to a student's supper, dressed like this?"

"Well, no," he said. "I guess we'd be a trifle overpowering, eh? But I never told you it was a student's supper. That student was an invention of your own."

We rolled along luxuriously. To my bewilderment, it seemed that all the capital was astir that night. Crowds, crowds everywhere in the brilliant streets—Paris was a panorama of lights and faces. After a while we began to move more slowly, other vehicles impeded us. I could hear the jangling of horses' bits, the orders of the police.

"We're drawing close," said my lover.

The clatter of hoofs was to right and left of us now. From the window I saw the glare of carriage lamps, caught glimpses of great ladies' gowns and jewelled heads. The brougham swung through gates into a courtyard.

"We are there," said my lover.

I stood on the steps of a palace. On either side of me soldiers were drawn up, startling, spectacular. Music swelled through the doorway. Flunkeys bowed at our approach.

"Where have you brought me?" I whispered. "Whose house is this?"

"He's called the President of the French Republic."

Of course, all along the shabby lover has been the son of an American multi-millionaire, playing at poverty in Montparnasse, and in speaking of so good a story it would be hypercritical to offer the objection that even the son of an American multi-millionaire would hardly find it quite so easy to secure invitations for a ball at the Élysée.

But if Leonard Merrick likes best to write of the glamour of Bohemia he is not blind to its tragedy and its pathos. Take, for example, the story entitled "The Back of Bohemia." A young English painter meets in Paris the girl who has been a comrade of his boyhood days. A few formal calls and he is head over heels in love. Then one evening he chances to stumble against an elderly gentleman in a boulevard café. It is his own father with great news to tell. Two sudden deaths have made the father a peer of England and the son the heir to great wealth. Every bar to complete happiness and the realisation of his fondest dreams seem to be removed. But the back of Bohemia is to be reckoned with, and in bitter anguish of soul he goes back to his miserable attic and the squalid, vulgar, raucous-voiced English wife that he had married a few years before in a mistaken spirit of boyish chivalry.

Or take "Little Flower of the Wood." To the English visitors the story is told by Janiaud, the old absinthe drinker, who sips his glass of green poison, and dreamily tells the tale of the shabby little restaurant known as the Loup Blanc and its surprising prosperity. Years before the hostelry had been on the verge of failure. But one night the reigning dancer of the moment, known as "the Little

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Flower of the Wood," took it into her pretty capricious head to forsake the glittering restaurants of the boulevards and the Bois and dine at the Loup Blanc. She went, accompanied by a train of admirers, was enraptured with the place, and from that night dated the establishment's good fortune. Two years pass. Little Flower of the Wood is no longer the reigning queen. Her health is shattered, her purse depleted, and the warm sun of the Riviera can do no more for her. She will go back to Paris to die. One night she finds her way up the hill of Montmartre to the Loup Blanc. No one recognises in the broken and shabbily dressed woman sitting at a table in the shadow the Parisian stage idol of other days. She cannot afford to pay for the supper prescribed by the rules of the house, and the waiters are about to eject her when she tells the proprietor who she is, and the latter gallantly invites her to stay as his guest. The final touch is typically Leonard Merrick. One of the listeners asks where Little Flower of the Wood is living.

> The poet shrugged his shoulders. "Is there no satisfying you? You asked me for the history of the Loup Blanc; and there are things that even I do not know; however, I have done my best! I cannot say where the lady is living, but I can tell you where she was born." He pointed, with a drunken laugh, to his glass: "There!"

II

You have reached the age of seven and thirty, in the life of the cultivated man the second and perhaps the most vital period of his romance. Youth is still there, and with it the memory of another and remote youth. With Béranger you muse on "Les braves jours qu'on est bien à vingt ans;" with Thackeray you say, "To drain all life's quintessence in an hour, give me the days when I was twenty-one"; with Longfellow you recall "The wharves and the slips, and the sea tides tossing free; and the Spanish sailors with bearded lips, and the beauty and mystery of the ships, and the magic of the sea." It is all so distinct, that earlier youth, and the years have passed so swiftly. In memory it is so easy to recall the old thrills, the old aspirations, the old loves, the old pangs of pleasure and pain. But to seek out those ghosts of the past, and to try to reanimate them —may not that be the mistake? That, in brief, is the story of Conrad Warriner in Leonard Merrick's *Conrad in Quest of his Youth*. The Fates have taken him out of England and brought him back at the age of thirty-seven in a position of comfortable affluence. Old recollections thrill within him. He will find again the scenes of his days as an art student on the left bank of the Seine; revivify the old loves of his boyhood; in a word he will go in the quest of his youth.

Now with a beginning like this the rest of the narrative is, in a general way, obvious. The search will bring much disillusion and some compensation. The cousins with whom he romped in his infancy on the shores of Sweetbay have become conventional Londoners, and having rashly accepted Conrad's invitation to visit him for a time at that watering place, soon find excuses to carry them back to town. Never mind, thinks Warriner, there was Mary, that slip of a girl whom I adored when I was twelve years old; I shall find her. After a series of Quixotic adventures he does so; to be confronted with a heavy, simpering, and intolerably vain woman, wearing a vivid silk blouse, and a string of sham pearls, and answering to the name of Mrs. Barchester-Bailey. Then comes to Conrad another memory, a memory of an adventure in Rouen, when he was seventeen, that is curiously and innocently suggestive of an episode in Maupassant's *Notre Cœur,* a memory of chypre, and of a woman named Joan Adaile. Again he starts in pursuit, this time to find disillusionment in a manner that is somewhat less humiliating. Finally Conrad learns the lesson that the past is irrevocable, that there "is no way back to Rouen," and finds a new life and inspira-

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tion in his adventures with a company of stranded strolling players, and in the companionship of a kindred spirit. He makes the great discovery—that a man is young as often as he falls in love.

In many respects *Conrad in Quest of His Youth* is Mr. Merrick's most characteristic book. Even those who contend that the field of his artistic success is confined to the short story and regard his attempts at more sustained writing as comparative failures make an exception of this tale. In *Conrad* more than anywhere else may be found expression of the author's impressions of life in general and womankind in particular. For example, the following:

> A woman isn't her age, or herself; she is what she makes us feel—like art, and nature, like a musical phrase, or a line of words, like everything of suggestion and mystery. The woman her husband hates and her lover adores, is an equally vivid personality to both men. That to herself she is vividly a third character makes no difference to the view of either of them.

Contrast this with his classification of the other sex which Mr. Merrick ascribes to the poet de Fronsac in the story of "The Fatal Florozonde."

> "There are three kinds of men," explained the poet. "Class A are the men to whom women inevitably surrender. Class B consists of those whom they trust by instinct and confide in on the second day; these men acquire an extensive knowledge of the sex—but they always fall short of winning the women for themselves. Class C women think of merely as "the others"—they do not count; eventually they marry, and try to persuade their wives that they were devils of fellows when they were young. However, such reflections will not assist me to finish my causerie, for I wrote them all last week."

III

A man who for the past ten or fifteen years has been practising story spinning with great popular success—beyond mentioning the fact that he is the historian of a certain country somewhere in the southeastern part of Europe, not to be found on the maps, but still widely known as Graustark, no clue to his identity will be given—ventured the opinion the other day that the finest of all the short stories of recent years is Leonard Merrick's "The Bishop's Comedy." Without going to the lengths of endorsing that opinion the present writer is led by it to select "The Bishop's Comedy" as the tale with which to bring these random impressions to an end. The Bishop of Westborough has written a comedy and made the acquaintance of the accomplished actress Miss Kitty Clarges. He is young for a Bishop, his features are classical, his carriage dignified, and while in his life he has never said anything noteworthy, he has voiced the sentiments of the unthinking in stately language. A chance remark of Miss Clarges, uttered thoughtlessly, brings from the Bishop a confession of his authorship, and soon he is visiting the lady daily, and reading to her from his play. She had no illusions in the matter, she realises its utter mediocrity, but she reflects that a practised hand might knock the comedy into something like shape and that the Bishop's name on the bills would be well worth having. The result of this close association is obvious. His Lordship is early a victim to the fascinations of the pretty actress, but what is more or less astonishing, she falls desperately in love with him, or rather with the great man that she imagines him to be. They confess this mutual infatuation, and the Bishop casuistically persuades himself and her that instead of following the natural course of separation, it is his highest duty to share her struggles—to solace and sustain her. In his words, they have a mighty battle before them, and as comrades they must fight, side by side, till they win.

But one day Miss Clarges is startled by a note from the Bishop's wife asking the actress to receive her upon a matter of the utmost importance. The first impulse is to be "out," the second to telegraph to the Bishop for advice. Finally she decides to receive the wife, and at the hour appointed there comes a timid

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little woman, dowdily dressed, who "looks as if she lived in Tunbridge Wells." Without visible anger the visitor explains that she has inadvertently read letters that leave no doubt of the affection existing between the actress and her husband, and begs Miss Clarges's help. If Miss Clarges will only listen—

"What for?" explained Miss Clarges. "What's the use of my listening? Even if I promised you not to see him again—I wouldn't promise it, but if I did—would it make him any fonder of *you?* Do you think, if *I* lost a man, I should beg the other woman to give him back to me? I should know she couldn't do it; I should know I might as well beg her to give me back—my innocence. And I shouldn't reproach her, either! I'd reproach myself! I should call myself a fool for not holding my own. Woman like me *don't* lose the man they want—we know how easy it is for him to leave us, and we take the trouble to keep him. It's you good women who are always being left; after you've caught the man, you think you've nothing more to do. Marriage is the end of your little story, so you take it for granted that it *must* be the end of his. The more you love him, the sooner you bore him. You go bankrupt in the honeymoon—you're a back number to him before you've been married a month—he knows all your life, and all your mind, and all your moods. You haven't a surprise to reserve for him—and then you wonder he yawns. Great heavens! To hold a man's interest, show him your heart, as you put out a tape measure—an inch at a time. I adore your husband; I venerate him! My guilty love has made me a purer woman. You can't realise that—I don't expect you to realise it! but surely you must know that—if you wept and went down on your knees to me—I couldn't say, 'Because the right's all on your side, he shall never think about me any more?'"

But the actress has entirely misunderstood the object of the visit. What the wife wants is for Miss Clarges to tell her what she finds in the Bishop to love. She will be thankful for some explanation, for being shown some merit, some spark of talent, or wit, or humour, something to make his pretensions less intolerable. All her life she has tried to think of him as a great man. But the years have left her only with the conviction that he is very dull. Miss Clarges is a brilliant woman. Perhaps her cleverness has found some stray virtue that the wife's earnest search has not brought to life. "Help me to see it!" she begs. "Think how he wearies me—tell me what the virtue is?" The actress's humiliation is complete. To hear that she has idolised a man whom this little provincial in last year's fashions disdains as a bore, robs her of speech. Later, after the interview is over, she tries to persuade herself by turns that Mrs. Meadows is a fool incapable of appreciating her husband, and that she is a diplomat scheming to disenchant her with him. Both endeavours are unsuccessful. So when the Bishop next proposes to visit her, Miss Clarges tells him she will be lunching out. A few days later she writes that unforeseen circumstances deny her the hope of producing his comedy. His urgent letter of inquiry is unanswered. When he calls for an explanation she is "not at home."

• • •

To suggest that everybody loves a mystery until it is solved is not enough to explain the amazing hold that the fate of Edwin Drood, the hero of Charles Dickens's unfinished novel, has had on the popular imagination since Dickens's death in 1870. *Was Drood murdered? Who was Datchery? How was the story to end? These are three of the most fascinating questions in literary history. Perhaps the fact that, as some one has said, Dickens was entering a new field, writing "not his tenth novel, but his first detective story," will go far toward explaining this astonishing interest. The problem of Edwin Drood is a particularly live topic to-day. Within the past year it has been responsible for several books issued in England. The* BOOKMAN *in May will offer an American's solution from the pen of Mr. Burton Egbert Stevenson, who, as our readers know, is amazingly good at solutions.*

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THE ONE-ACT PLAY IN AMERICA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

I

THE development of the drama is conditioned, more than that of any other art, by the economic principle of supply and demand. No considerable number of playwrights will devote their energies, in any period, to writing a type of play that is seldom or never called for in the theatre of that period. At the present time, for instance, it would be a waste of labour for an author to construct a play in two parts, of five acts each, to be played upon successive evenings, because, according to our present social custom, it would be impossible to persuade any audience to attend the same play two nights running; yet this form was frequently employed in the Elizabethan period (as in the case of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great*) and again in the Restoration period (as in the case of Dryden's *Conquest of Granada*), and even so recently as 1873 it was used by Henrik Ibsen for his "world-historic drama" entitled *Emperor and Galilean*. What these playwrights were allowed to do, in other ages, by the custom of the theatre, our own authors are forbidden to attempt to-day.

But the main point to be observed is that the custom of the theatre is a variable thing, and that just as certain forms may be allowed to lapse from usage in any period, so also is it possible to call other forms into active exercise by the incentive of a general demand. The structure of the drama is determined mainly by the social habits of the theatre-going public. Such apparently minor matters as an alteration of the dinner-hour, for example, may necessitate a revolution in the dramaturgic methods of a nation. In its original form, *Hamlet* was written to be played at three P.M. and to continue until evening; but the piece is now too long to be exhibited in its entirety before an audience that dines late and prefers to go to the theatre after dinner. If Shakespeare were writing this tragedy to-day, he would feel impelled to tell his story in two hours, and he would probably feel forced to alter the superb opening of the drama in order to discount the inevitable interruption imposed upon contemporary playwrights by the discourtesy of tardy diners.

Thus far, the theatre-system in America has discouraged the composition of the one-act play, and the managers who regulate our theatres have steadfastly refused to be persuaded that this interesting type of drama would be welcomed by any considerable proportion of the theatre-going public. But the managers are by no means always right in their estimates of what the public does not want,—a fact that is indicated not infrequently when some adventurer among them achieves an emphatic success by a daring departure from established customs. The one-act play is so worthy in itself, as a medium of artistic expression, and the cultivation of this form would be so helpful to the cause of our dramatic art in general, that it is desirable that we should examine carefully the present attitude of the public and the managers, with a view of asking whether it would not be possible, without running counter to the present social customs of our public, to encourage the development of this special type of drama.

There are, generally speaking, only three ways in which the one-act play can be afforded a professional production. First, it may be exhibited in vaudeville, as part of a continuous performance whose other features—like acrobats, trained dogs, and song and dance "artists" who can neither sing nor dance—reveal no relation whatsoever to the art of the drama. Second, it may be presented in a legitimate theatre as an adjunct to a longer play,—either as a curtain-raiser or as an after-piece. Or third, it is possible to make up a special evening's

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bill by presenting three or four one-act plays together. Let us examine in turn the conditions which surround each of these opportunities in America to-day.

The demand for one-act plays in our thousands of vaudeville theatres is nothing short of enormous; and yet this demand, as at present regulated, is not of a sort to encourage sincere artists to write for these theatres. The reason is that, whether rightly or wrongly, our vaudeville managers seem to have made up their minds that their audiences have no brains. They have apparently decided that only two types of dramatic sketches can successfully be presented to fifty-cent audiences,—first, comic skits whose humour is purposefully crude and is achieved mainly by means of horse-play, and, second, mechanical melodramas whose action is so full of sound and fury that they bear no reference to life. It would be difficult to persuade an earnest dramatist to waste his energy in writing either of these types; and, judging from most of the sketches that are presented in these theatres, the managers do not even attempt to enlist the services of authors who can think and write.

No experience could be more depressing to any intelligent person than to spend six successive evenings in six different vaudeville theatres in New York. The experiment, if attempted, would probably result in suicide on Sunday. But as our hypothetical person of intelligence was kissing his assembled family a last farewell, he would wistfully be moved to wonder whether the vaudeville public really is so empty-headed as the vaudeville managers presume. Undoubtedly they reason that, since the public fills their theatres, they must be giving the public what it wants. But does it follow, necessarily, that the same public would not also fill their theatres if they gave it something better? There are millions of people in this country who can afford only fifty cents for entertainment, but who, feeling that entertainment is an imperative necessity, must spend their fifty cents for whatever the vaudeville managers are willing to set before them. They suffer from a tragic need of laughter; and the fact that they laugh easily at a clown whose clothes are too big for him does not at all indicate that they would not also laugh eagerly at the whimsicalities of Mr. Barrie. In many of our minor cities the best theatre is a vaudeville theatre; it is patronised by the best people; and we must therefore accept as a logical inference the supposition that the audience is more intelligent than the show. But this inevitable supposition amounts to a *reductio ad absurdum;* for surely the only motive that can be adequate to allure an intelligent person to the theatre is the desire to encounter an intelligence more able than his own. The few good one-act plays that have been produced, in recent years, in vaudeville—like *Madame Butterfly* or Mr. Barrie's *The Twelve Pound Look*—have been accepted with enthusiasm by the public of the cheaper theatres; and it would seem obvious to a logical mind that it would pay the vaudeville managers to supply their public with other plays of this high order of artistic merit. But the hardest thing to teach any theatrical manager is the advisability —from the standpoint of mere business —of looking up to the public instead of down upon it; and, solely because of this fact, our vaudeville theatres at the present moment, in spite of their enormous need, offer small encouragement to the composition of worthy one-act plays by earnest artists.

Let us turn our attention, therefore, to the second possibility,—the possibility of presenting one-act plays in conjunction with longer pieces. This possibility is habitually realised in London,—but with unsatisfactory results. In London, the normal dinner-hour of the aristocracy is eight o'clock; and it is therefore impossible to raise the curtain on the chief play of the evening until nine. But since the pit and gallery are unreserved, these sections of the house are filled before eight o'clock by people who have often stood in line for hours. Since it is necessary to entertain these humbler patrons until the

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hour when the aristocrats are ready to stroll into the stalls, it is a custom in the London theatres to put on a one-act play as a prelude to the main piece of the evening. But, in their choice of these curtain-raisers, the London managers seem influenced by a depressive sense that only the less important part of the audience will see them; for seldom are these one-act plays more meritorious than those which are presented in our cheaper theatres in America. On the occasion of my last professional visit to London, I must have seen over thirty curtain-raisers; but none of them was sufficiently impressive to linger in my memory. Here again we have an instance of an opportunity that has been thrown away because the managers have chosen to look down upon their poorer patrons.

The custom of using curtain-raisers is not common in New York, for the reason that the dinner-hour is set sixty minutes earlier than in London, and that the entire audience is willing that the curtain should be rung up at twenty minutes after eight—provided, of course, that everybody be allowed the boorish privilege of coming late. In practice, a successful British play which, in London, was begun at nine o'clock, is begun in New York at twenty minutes after eight and is padded out with unnecessary intervals between the acts. By this process, the American manager makes the piece apparently fill the evening and spares himself the expense of preceding it with a curtain-raiser.

An habitual attendant at the New York theatres cannot avoid wondering at the meekness with which the public tolerates this padding. A play that has been announced for eight twenty will actually be begun at eight forty; and, after every act, fifteen, or often twenty, minutes will be wasted in an *entr'acte*. The manager is satisfied if he can contrive to defer the final curtain-fall until a few minutes before eleven; and he will subsequently state that there is no demand for one-act plays, because the public is unwilling to come to the theatre before eight twenty and insists on being let out at eleven. He will tell you about the large proportion of the theatre-going public that has to catch suburban trains; but he will not listen while you count up the time that has deliberately been thrown away between the acts. Here again it must be evident that an opportunity is being wasted, and that the attitude of the managers cannot honestly be accepted as an indication of any real lack of interest, on the part of the public, in the production of one-act plays.

But let us turn now to the consideration of the third possibility, which is the most promising of all. In many of the best theatres of Europe it is customary to present an evening's bill that is made up of three or four one-act plays; and there seems to be no logical reason why a similar experiment should not be successful in America. Last autumn, Mr. Charles Frohman attempted, in London, to make an evening's entertainment out of three one-act plays, by three of the most eminent of English dramatic authors,—Sir Arthur Pinero, Mr. J. M. Barrie, and Mr. Bernard Shaw; and the venture failed merely because Mr. Barrie's play was the only one of the trio which evoked the approval of the public. The example of the Grand Guignol in Paris has been, perhaps, too often cited. The policy of this little theatre is based upon the proposition that a shock, to the nerves or to the conscience, which would be unendurable if protracted through three acts, may safely be effected in the sudden, brief compass of a single act. Most of the plays exploited at the Grand Guignol have, therefore, been sensational. The authors of these little dramas have combined to exhibit lurid glimpses of life in a Chamber of Horrors; but our loitering and huge and kindly life can really be considered no more as a chamber of horrors than as a vale of tears. The Grand Guignol has shut out from its range of vision the most enjoyable detail of human life,—for it has shut out joy.

In Germany, the one-act play is considered more seriously than in France. A typical instance is the evening's entertainment devised by Hermann Suder-

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mann with the title *Morituri*. This bill consists of three distinct one-act plays which are related to each other only by the circumstance that, in each of them, the leading character is condemned to inevitable death within twenty-four hours and is so situated that he cannot possibly confide his doom to any of the other characters. Such an entertainment as this is eagerly received by the public of the German nations.

In the English-speaking countries, the only company which has committed itself to the policy of regularly presenting three short plays in a single evening is the company of Irish Players of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. It is a significant fact that this company has repeated its success at home in its several appearances at the Court Theatre in London, and also in the theatres of Boston, Chicago, and New York. Instead of offering a repertory of two or three four-act plays, this company presents a repertory of no less than thirty-four brief compositions, in any of which its members are prepared to appear at an hour's notice. It is not difficult to estimate the opportunity that is afforded, by this policy, to the rising dramatists of Ireland. When I expressed surprise to Lady Gregory, the benign and motherly patron of the Irish Players, that one of their most able authors, Mr. St. John G. Ervine, was only twenty-six or seven years of age, she answered with a smile, "That isn't young for us." By this repertory system the young author is encouraged to try his hand at one-act plays and is enabled to achieve a reputation in his 'prentice years.

Lady Gregory herself—perhaps in consequence of the demand effected by the policy of this very company—is one of the most accomplished artists in the one-act form now writing in the English language. Her brief dramatic anecdotes rarely attain the tensity that is expected in a full-length play; but they are deeply human in sagacity and broadly generous in humour. They remind us a little of the one-act plays of Molière; and their unassailed success upon the American stage leads us to question if our managers have not been near-sighted is shying away from the production of such amiable compositions in the past.

This article, necessarily, is written before the opening of the Princess Theatre in New York,—a small house whose policy is to be modelled after that of the Grand Guignol. Four one-act plays, by different authors, have been announced as the first bill at this theatre; and it is to be hoped that this experiment in production will succeed.

The only point that may be advanced against a compound theatre-bill of this sort is the point that is commonly brought forth by publishers to explain their hesitance in bringing out a volume of short-stories. It may be urged that it is difficult for an audience, in the brief space of two hours and a half, to shift its sympathy several times from one set of characters to another. This seems, indeed, to constitute a real objection to the compound bill. Especially when the successive plays are to be performed by the same company of actors, it is difficult for the auditors to forget the first piece in time to deliver themselves completely to the second. Yet this theoretical objection has not made itself apparent in the practice of the Irish Players; and where so much may be gained by the adoption of the European policy of the compound bill, it would seem captious to insist upon what, after all, must merely be a minor point.

II

It would seem, from the foregoing considerations, that the present prejudice in America against encouraging the composition of the one-act play is lacking in logical foundation. But we must now consider the more important question whether the one-act play, if properly encouraged, would prove itself worth while. To this question the only answer must be emphatically in the affirmative.

From the merely practical standpoint, the development of the one-act play is desirable, for two very different reasons. In the first place, a broad market for the

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one-act play would afford our rising authors a needed opportunity for the exercise of their preliminary efforts toward the broader craft of dramaturgy. At present, our magazine system affords our future novelists an opportunity to test their talents in the cognate art of the short-story. The short-story, to be sure, is distinct from the novel not only in magnitude but also in method; but a training in the one type is the best of all exercises to fit a young author to adventure on the other. To prove this point, one need only cite the instances of Hawthorne and Daudet. But at present our incipient dramatists are afforded no opportunity to exercise their wings in swallow-flights; and this fact militates strongly against the general effectiveness of our dramatic art.

As much time is required to write a single four-act play as to write half a dozen one-act plays. In the case of a new author, his ambitious four-act play will probably be bad; but if he could spend the same time in working out six little dramas in a single act, it is probable that one of them at least might be worthy of production. Those who have at last succeeded in a difficult art are likely to forget the terrible necessity of encouragement to those who still are striving; but one success in six brief efforts must mean more to an aspirant than the failure of a single more ambitious effort. Hence, in order to encourage the authors of a younger generation, it is tremendously desirable that we should put in common practice the policy of producing one-act plays.

But, of course, it may be questioned whether or not it is the business of the manager to encourage the efforts of the rising generation. Looking at the matter merely from the financial standpoint, this question must be decided emphatically in the affirmative. It is true, at any time, in any art, that "the old order changeth, yielding place to new"; and, in the theatre, that manager is most sure of making money who can hitch his wagon to the rising star of an author of real promise. It would, therefore, be profitable for our managers to establish a training-school for the talents of potential dramatists; and the most efficient training-school would be a theatre devoted to the production of one-act plays.

In the second place, a more general composition of one-act plays would offer our amateur actors a more easy opportunity to exercise their talents. The production of the average drama of ordinary length requires an expenditure beyond the means of amateurs; but the majority of one-act plays may be produced at very small expense. Of course, the question may be asked why the guardians of our dramatic destiny should trouble their minds at all to consider the demands of amateurs; but the answer is very simple. From the professional standpoint, the advantage of amateur acting is that it fits the amateur performers for a more comprehensive enjoyment of the achievements of the professional theatre. The surest way to teach a boy or girl to appreciate the artistry of the sonnets of Rossetti is to encourage the student to write sonnets of his own. His efforts will probably be bad; but the mere exercise of his otherwise unrewarded attempts will prepare him the better to appreciate the achievement of the few great artists who have succeeded in the endeavour which has proved itself beyond his reach. To encourage amateur acting is to prepare an audience for the keen appreciation of the professional theatre; and any policy that meets the needs of amateurs should therefore be encouraged.

III

But, apart from these immediate considerations, it must be maintained that the one-act play is admirable in itself, as a medium of art. It shows the same relation to the full length play as the short-story shows to the novel. It makes a virtue of economy of means. It aims to produce a single dramatic effect with the greatest economy of means that is consistent with the utmost emphasis. The method of the one-act play at its best is similar to the method employed by

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Browning in his dramatic monologues. The author must suggest the entire history of a soul by seizing it at some crisis of its career and forcing the spectator to look upon it from an unexpected and suggestive point of view. A one-act play, in exhibiting the present, should imply the past and intimate the future. The author has no leisure for laborious exposition; but his mere projection of a single situation should sum up in itself the accumulated results of many antecedent causes. The piece should be inconclusive, and yet pregnant with conclusions. The playwright should open a momentary little vista upon life, and then —with a sort of wistful smile—should ring the curtain down. The one-act play, at its best, can no more serve as a single act of a longer drama than the short-story can serve as a single chapter of a novel. The form is complete, concise, and self-sustaining; and it requires an extraordinary focus of imagination.

In view of the technical difficulties of this artistic form, it might be questioned whether we are equipped with the necessary talent to achieve a literature of one-act plays, even if our managers could be persuaded to offer due encouragement to the composition of this type of drama; but to this question, once again, the only answer must be in the affirmative. It is undeniable that any of our established dramatists could write a one-act play if the policy of our theatres should encourage him to do so; and it is scarcely less deniable that acceptable one-act plays might be written, under the stimulus of due encouragement, by any of the large army of authors who now contribute meritorious short-stories to our American magazines. There can be no question that we possess the talent; all that remains requisite is a theatrical policy that shall call our latent talent into active exercise.

IV

This general situation leads us to attach an especial importance to Mr. George Middleton's publication, in two volumes, of a dozen one-act plays.* All of these little pieces are admirable in technique: they are soundly constructed, and written in natural and lucid dialogue. Mr. Middleton has produced more than half a dozen full length plays in the professional theatre, and such noted artists as Julia Marlowe and Margaret Anglin have appeared in dramas of his composition; and in these more literary efforts, he reveals at every point the aptness of the practised playwright. These little plays were written for the stage, and would act even better than they read; and yet they disclose a meditative and unhurried analysis of life that is hardly to be expected in the usual and hasty dramas of Broadway.

The six plays in Mr. Middleton's very recent volume, called *Tradition,* are no better than their predecessors in technical expression; but they disclose in their content a more matured outlook upon life. These six plays, though totally different in subject-matter, reveal an underlying unity. Each of them deals essentially with woman—and with modern woman in relation to our modern social system. Woman is, at present, a transitional creature, evolving from the thing that man considered her to be in the far-away period of wax flowers and horse-hair furniture to the being that man considers her about to be in the unachieved, potential future; and Mr. Middleton has caught her in this period of transition and has depicted her, under many different lights, coloured with her virtues and discoloured with her faults. Space is lacking for a detailed analysis of each of the six plays in the volume called *Tradition;* but this little passing tribute must be paid to an author who has dared to analyse, in many moods, the diverse and fluctuating personality of the woman of to-day. These diminutive dramas are

*Embers: and Other One-Act Plays. By George Middleton. New York: Henry Holl and Company. 1911.

Tradition: and Other One-Act Plays. By George Middleton. New York: Henry Holl and Company. 1913.

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sound in conception and truthful in detail; and, though it might be contended that the author has confined his attention to women who are—to quote the current adjective—"queer," it must be admitted that he has sounded to the depths the souls of those eccentric and extraordinary women whom he has chosen to depict.

Several of these diminutive dramas have been already acted; and most of the one-act plays included in Mr. Middleton's previous volume, entitled *Embers,* have been produced, at one time or another, in America or England. From our present point of view, it is most impressive—apart from the inherent merit of these little plays or works of art—that Mr. Middleton has successfully broken ground, as a pioneer among us, in the general cause of the composition of the one-act play. It is to be hoped that his achievement will encourage others of our playwrights to exercise their talents in this hitherto neglected form.

* * *

We have planned for early publication in the BOOKMAN *a short series of articles under the general title "When They Were Twenty-One." We confess to being rather "keen" on that title. The aim of the series is to deal with the early days of American men and women of letters who have since "arrived," the days of happy struggle and fine aspirations. The first paper is to appear in our May issue. It deals with the San Francisco group, and is written by Mr. Bailey Millard. We recently wrote to Mr. Millard asking him to outline the scheme of his article. His reply was so comprehensive that we print it just as it stands: "The article will tell of the cowboy and school-teaching days of Edwin Markham; of Gertrude Atherton as a sentimental girl, haunting the old missions; of Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs as a kindergarten teacher in the Tar Flat district; of Eleanor Gates as a struggling newspaper reporter; of Bret Harte as a tax collector and shotgun messenger on a stage coach; of Henry George as a visionary young man in a small public office, dreaming out his "Progress and Poverty," with more of poverty than of progress; of Joaquin Miller as a dweller among the Modoc Indians and as a struggling lawyer; of Charles Warren Stoddard as a wanderer in the South Seas; of Frank Norris as a bone-breaking football hero and a very bad artist; of David Belasco as a playwright and stage manager in the old Baldwin Theatre; of Ambroso Bierce as an aspiring newspaper paragrapher; of Jack London as a tramp and voyager, and of Herman Whitaker as an underpaid grocer's clerk.*

* * *

In the May issue of the BOOKMAN *we plan to print the first of the series of articles entitled "The Literary Baedeker." These papers will attempt to show how the American traveller in Europe can best devote a part of his time to the great monuments of enduring fiction. The first article will deal with "London and Rural England."*

* * *

The concluding instalment of Miss Laura Stedman's "Confessions of an Album," to be printed in the May BOOKMAN, *will deal with the avowed preferences and dislikes of Bayard Taylor, Kate Field, W. J. Linton, Martha J. Lamb, and others of the Stedman circle.*

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LYRES AND LAUREATES

BY WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

If talk about poets and poetry is to be taken as in any degree indicative of a vital interest in the art, it will have to be admitted that America to-day is more nearly on the verge of a revival than it has been within the memory of the present generation. Even in a Presidential year poetry has managed to attract to itself no small share of continuous attention, and for one reason or another poets have been almost as conspicuously in the public eye as politicians.

Indeed, the Progressive Party, with its reassembling of the scattered forces of New England—that is to say, ethical—idealism, seems to forecast the appearance once more of the old type of poet-politician of which Lowell and Whittier were our principal representatives in the past. We do not mean merely the singer who deals from an isolated position of vantage with the moral issues involved in public affairs, although the threatened violation of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty has brought forth a startling crop of rhymed anathemas to show that the spirit which inspired Mr. Gilder and Mr. Moody is by no means moribund. We refer more specifically to the Tyrtæus who attaches himself to a particular party and furnishes the martial music for the forward movement of its glittering hosts against the powers of darkness.

We need not dwell upon the significance of the spectacle of a humanist scholar, the author of a small body of verse of rich Renaissance colouring, breaking bounds to write a Convention hymn or ode that was used at Chicago last summer. But it was certainly amazing to find Mr. George Sylvester Viereck arrayed on the same side, and writing for all the world like a Covenanter, in the following fervid vein concerning the mystical warfare waged by the forces of good and evil:

Apocalyptic thunders roll out of the crimson East:
The day of Judgment is at hand, and we shall slay the Beast.
What are the seven heads of him—the Beast that shall be slain?
Sullivan, Taggart, Lorimer, Barnes, Penrose, Murphy, Crane.
Into what cities leads his trail in venom steeped and gore?
Ask Frisco, ask Chicago, mark New York and Baltimore.
Where shall we wage the goodly fight, for whom unsheath the sword?
We stand at Armageddon and we battle for the Lord!

Professor John M. Manley, in his introduction to the recently published *Poems and Plays of William Vaughn Moody,* remarks that "much has been written about Puritan and Cavalier in the history of this country, but it is all fallacious; their ideals were, except superficially, the same; you had only to scratch a Cavalier ever so lightly to find below the surface a Puritan in full theological panoply." We have always suspected the same to be true of the distinction between Pagan and Puritan in English poetry. Certainly Swinburne, whose early verse was a protest against nothing so much as his own ingrained spiritual convictions, had much more in common with Milton than with Baudelaire, whose colouring in turn was completely Catholic. And now the same thing becomes clear of Swinburne's most enthusiastic admirer in this country.

What! the apostle of Paganism, the vigorous polemical opponent of Puritanism, himself turned Puritan? Alas! it needed but little "scratching" to show this sheep in his wolf's clothing, this convinced supporter of the old Hebraic scale of moral and spiritual values, in the passionate Protestant against artificial and arbitrary concepts of vice and virtue! Or is modern Paganism to be

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limited exclusively to sexual passion, and is the plenary indulgence granted to the prostitute to be refused to the corrupt politician?

It is singular that while Mr. Viereck, who belongs to New England neither by birth nor by inherited tradition, is thus engaged in reviving the Puritan spirit in American poetry, the one real representative *de la vieille souche* whom we still possess, should be preaching in a poem with the Nietzschean title, "Beyond Good and Evil," a spiritualised form of Pagan immoralism:

When we dare neither to loose nor bind,
  However to us things appear;
When whatsoever in others we find,
  We shall feel neither shame nor fear;
When we learn that to love the lowliest
  We must first salute him our peer;
When the basest is most our brother,
And we neither look down on nor up to another,—
  Then the end of our ride shall be near.

Thus writes Professor Woodberry in what is by no means the most poetical passage of a highly imaginative recital of a soul's ride through the dark night of interstellar space. It has a strangeness of glamourous suggestion, and a note of pulsating passion, that constitute a new and striking element in much of this writer's recent work. The hurried movement of the metre is attuned to the flashing hoof-beats of his real, yet fantastic, steed which, bearing him swiftly across the sands of the African desert, suddenly rises and mounts the thin ether of daring affirmations.

Both this poem and Mr. Viereck's are included in *The Lyric Year,* where they well exemplify the diversities of that "Time spirit" which the editor, Mr. Ferdinand Earle, claims to have made the touchstone for his selection. Whatever its defects in plan and in execution, this volume, which is, we believe, to become an annual *salon des poètes,* constitutes the most important event of the year from a purely literary point of view. So, at least, it is doubtless regarded by the hundred successful applicants at its portals, though the balance of the two thousand bards who submitted a total of ten thousand poems may hold a somewhat modified opinion of its importance. Two thousand poets! No wonder that a competitor who submitted a threnody wherein he mounted over this country as a "songless land," had his poem returned to him without other comment than a heavy black-pencilled mark of interrogation placed opposite the line in question!

One reason—perhaps the principal one—for the widespread publicity received by *The Lyric Year,* was the prize competition connected with it. For if there is any one thing that the American public loves it is such a contest, no matter about what. Here the size of the prizes added an extra *éclat* to the occasion, and aroused keen speculation as to the probable winners of first award of five hundred dollars, and of the two minor awards of two hundred and fifty dollars each. With the outcome there is little cause to quarrel. For if the three prize poems are not absolutely the best in the book, they are certainly among the best, and quite worthy of the honour they received. Mr. Orrick Johns's "Second Avenue" is an eloquent and well-sustained, if somewhat hecti-

*The Poems and Plays of William Vaughn Moody. With an introduction by John M. Manly. Two volumes. Vol. I: Poems and Poetic Dramas. Vol. II: Prose Plays. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1912.

A Day at Castiogiovanni. By George Edward Woodberry. Three hundred copies printed for the Woodberry Society at the Merrymount Press. New York. 1912.

The Kingdom of All-Souls and Two Other Poems for Christmas ("Beyond Good and Evil," "What the Stars Sang"). Three hundred copies printed for the Woodberry Society at the Merrymount Press. New York. 1912.

The Lyric Year. One Hundred Poems. Edited by Ferdinand Earle. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. 1912.

Madrigali. By T. A. Daly. Pictures by John Sloan. Philadelphia.

A Study of Francis Thompson's The Hound of Heaven. By Rev. J. F. X. O'Conor, S.J. New York: John Lane Company. 1912.

Romance, Vision, and Satire. English Alliterative Poems of the Fourteenth Cen-

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cally heightened, elaboration of the thought contained in Moody's "Gloucester Moors":

> To be out of the moiling street,
> With its swelter and its sin!
> Who has given to me this sweet,
> And given my brother dust to eat?
> And when will his wage come in?

The personal note is largely suppressed in Mr. Johns's poem, however; there is in it a less agonised sense of outrage and, also, it would seem, less preoccupation with purely human suffering, than with the sinister splendour of the spectacle—an indifference apparently due to a superior confidence in destiny.

Mr. Johns, who is a very young poet, and whose home is in St. Louis, was practically unknown before he received his award. But the winners of the two inferior prizes, Mr. Thomas Augustine Daly and Mr. George Sterling, are familiar figures in contemporary American literature—the former through his delightful verses in the dialect of New York's Italian quarter, many of which appear in his new volume, *Madrigali;* the latter principally through a single poem, "The Wine of Wizardry," whose sheer exotic verbalism scarcely merited the praise which Mr. Ambrose Bierce and others have bestowed upon it. The poems of both these writers have in common a certain excess of intricate imagery which tends at times to obscure their meaning. Mr. Daly, in "The Thrush," seems to reveal the influence of Francis Thompson, whose tardy acceptance—not by Catholic poets, who, from the first, found in him leadership and inspiration, but by the Church itself, which repelled him in his lifetime—is shown by a Jesuit Father's recent "Study" of his "Hound of Heaven." Mr. Sterling, in his "Ode for the Centenary of the Birth of Robert Browning," shows marked growth in the use of figured speech for expressive purposes. The movement of the poem is majestic, the

tury. Newly rendered in the original metres by Jessie L. Weston. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1912.

Poems and Ballads. By Hermann Hagedorn. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1912.

Uriel and Other Poems. By Percy MacKaye. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1912.

The Green Helmet and Other Poems. By William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1912.

The Story of a Round-House and Other Poems. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1912.

The Buccaneers. Rough Verse by Don C. Seitz. With frontispiece and decorations by Howard Pyle. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1912.

The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse. Chosen by Arthur Quiller-Couch. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1912.

Songs from Books. By Rudyard Kipling. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 1912.

Echoes from Vagabondia. By Bliss Carman. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. 1912.

The Roadside Fire. By Amelia Josephine Burr. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1912.

Rhymes of a Rolling Stone. By Robert W. Service. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 1912.

The Wind on the Heath. Ballads and Lyrics. By May Byron. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1912.

Cowboy Lyrics. Roundup Edition. By Robert V. Carr. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. 1912.

The Lure of the Sea. By J. E. Patterson. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1912.

Poetical Works of Robert Bridges. Excluding the Eight Dramas. Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press. 1912.

The Youth Replies: and Other Verses. By Louis How. Boston: Sherman French and Company. 1912.

Egypt. And Other Poems. By Francis Coutts. New York: John Lane Company. 1912.

In Other Words. By Franklin P. Adams. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 1912.

Desultory Verse. By La Touche Hancock. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. 1912.

On the Tibur Road. A Freshman's Horace. By George Meason Whicher and George Frisbie Whicher. With a Letter in Verse by Ellis Parker Butler. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1912.

The Mortal Gods. And Other Plays. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1912.

Nimrod. A Drama. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. 1912.

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imagery is at once massive and mysterious, and in the opening lines of the second strophe:

But now in dreams of day I see thee stand
A grey, great sentry on the encompassed wall
That fronts the night forever,

there is what seems to be an intentional reminiscence of the opening scene of the *Agamemnon,* as translated by Browning.

But having paid respects to these prize poems and acknowledged their merits, we must register our opinion that *Renascence,* by Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay, is a very much more remarkable production than any of them. In his introduction, Mr. Earle points out that work by women "constitutes more than forty per cent. of this collection," in view of which we agree with him that the fact—if it is a fact—that "current verse is more masculine," is curious—has, indeed, all the air of a paradox. Does he mean to imply, however, that women, as well as men, share in the tendency toward an increased "virility," and does he regard this phenomenon with complacency? For our part, we prefer that women should write like women, and that is why we are particularly attracted to Miss Millay's poem, in which a note of ecstasy akin to the rapturous mood of that beautiful mediæval poem, "Pearl," admirably rendered by Miss Jessie L. Weston, in her *Romance, Vision, and Satire,* is not unmixed with a touch of true feminine hysteria. The first section, with its generalised landscape in the visionary Celtic manner, is particularly striking, and suggests those etchings by D. Y. Cameron described by Mr. Cleveland Palmer in a recent number of the BOOKMAN, where "a band of sable shore parts the luminous pallour of sea and sky":

All I could see from where I stood
Was three long mountains and a wood;
I turned and looked another way,
And saw three islands in a bay.
So with my eyes I traced the line
Of the horizon, thin and fine,
Straight around till I was come
Back to where I'd started from;
And all I saw from where I stood
Was three long mountains and a wood.
Over these things I could not see;
These were the things that bounded me;
And I could touch them with my hand,
Almost, I thought, from where I stand.
And all at once things seemed so small
My breath came short, and scarce at all.

But, sure, the sky is big, I said;
Miles and miles above my head;
So here upon my back I'll lie
And look my fill into the sky,
And so I looked, and, after all,
The sky was not so very tall.
The sky, I said, must somewhere stop,
And—sure enough!—I see the top!
The sky, I thought, is not so grand;
I 'most could touch it with my hand!
And, reaching up my hand to try,
I screamed to feel it touch the sky.

This is very naive, but it is its naiveté that is its charm. Moreover, though its

Porzia. By Cale Young Rice. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 1913.

Jack ——: One of Us. A Novel in Verse. by Gilbert Frankau. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1912.

Masterpieces of the Southern Poets. By Walter Neale. Leather. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. 1912.

Ultima Veritas. And Other Verses. By Washington Gladden. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.

New Poems. By Dora Sigerson Shorter. Dublin and London: Maunsel and Company, Ltd. 1912.

Villa Mirafiore. By Frederic Crowninshield. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1912.

The Mythological Zoo. By Oliver Herford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1912.

Idylls of the South. Mrs. Bettie Keyes Chambers. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. 1912.

Horizon Songs. By Grace Duffield Goodman. Boston: Sherman French and Company. 1912.

A Little Book of Verse. By Leila Peabody. Boston: Sherman French and Company. 1912.

The Dance of Dinwiddie. By Marshall Morston. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company.

The Gold. By Bessie L. Russell. Boston: Sherman French and Company. 1912.

The Star-Treader, and Other Poems. By

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manner is childish, its point of view is not that of the child who, contrary to the common conception, seldom has the imagination to make such flights or to comprehend them. Miss Millay's poem was read to one little girl who is fond of making verses herself; and when the last line quoted was reached, she showed how literally she had taken it all, by saying, "But of course it wasn't the sky, it must have been the ceiling!"

There are other poems in the book that deserve notice for one reason or another. Among them may be mentioned "To My Vagrant Love," by Eloise Briton, as an unusual instance in contemporary English verse of that frankness in physical passion which so pervades the work of women writers in France to-day; "To Robert Browning," by Witter Bynner, which inspired "Punch" with a series of delicious parodies (the large number of poems about Browning is, of course, due to the recent celebration of that poet's centenary); "Golden-Throated Pastoral Horn," by Grace Hazard Conkling, whose dangerous facility does not dim the impression she gives of real stylistic distinction; "The Glimpse," a lyric of considerable dignity and restraint, by Louise Ayres Garnett; "The Merciful Ensign," a piece that Stephen Crane might have written, but that he would not have written in verse, by Hermann Hagedorn, whose latest volume, *Poems and Ballads,* scarcely brings the fruition of his early promise, "Martin," by Joyce Kilmer, who lightly etches a subject that Mr. E. A. Robinson—his name is missed with that of more than one other admirable poet, in the table of contents—might have treated in his closer line manner; "The Unknown Lovers," by Louis V. Ledoux, who sounds a classic, or at all events, a Parnassian, note in a volume which leans strongly toward the realistic and romantic; "Saturnalia," by Ludwig Lewisohn, a "neo-pagan" who imports a certain foreign influence; "O. Henry," by Nicholas Vachell Lindsay, who absurdly compares that writer to Sir Philip Sidney, but whose little portrait is not lacking in truth and tenderness; and "The Sibyl," by Percy MacKaye, the principal abuser of the free ode form for occasional purposes in this country.

We confess we do not like this poem, but it gives us an opportunity to record the fact that its author has recently published a book entitled *Uriel,* containing a group of these public and memorial performances, among which we much prefer the shorter, regular pieces, such as the charming sonnet to Ellen Terry, and "The Bard of Bouillabaisse," an exceedingly clever brewing in the bowl of Thackeray's own ballad, of a new broth which is the essence of his sensibility and of his art:

"A hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes."
(Such is his ballad recipe:)
"This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is:"
Hotchpotch of *all* sorts—such as we!
Souls with the garlic and the pepper,
A sort of savoury broth or paste
Of lover, liar, hero, leper:
He taught us—for *ourselves* the taste!

"He Whom a Dream Hath Possessed," by Shaemas O'Sheel, evokes a

Clark Ashton Smith. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. 1912.

Idylls Beside the Strand. By Franklin F. Phillips. Boston: Sherman French and Company. 1912.

The Spirit Prospero. And Other Poems. By Frederick Brooks Lindsey. Boston: Sherman French and Company. 1912.

A Child's Glimpse of God for Grownup Children. By Ethel Blackwell Bobinson. Boston: Sherman French and Company. 1912.

Three Visions and Other Poems. By John A. Johnson. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company.

Songs Under Open Skies. By M. Jay Flannery. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company.

June on the Miami. An Idyl. By William Henry Venable. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company.

The Leprechaun. By James T. Gallagher. Boston: Sherman French and Company.

Christmas Praises. And Other Poems. By George E. Ackerman. Boston: Sherman French and Company. 1912.

Leaves from the City Beautiful. By Amelia M. Starkweather. With a few selections written for special occasions by Jacob F. Starkweather, her husband. Boston: Sherman French and Company. 1912.

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veritable dream atmosphere by its delicate playing upon vowel and consonantal harmonies; "America," by Herman Scheffauer, is another poem that shows a specifically foreign influence, here apparently through the Belgian Verhaeren; "Caliban in the Coal Mines," by Louis Untermeyer, has a striking image that has already made its fame and the poet's fortune; and "A Ritual for a Funeral," by Ridgely Torrence, has a quality of art, in the organisation of sounds to make of them no less than of the words themselves a subtle instrument of speech, that lifts it quite above all the other verses in the volume in this respect.

But although there are thus many interesting and even beautiful poems—and the list might be considerably extended—it must be admitted that the impression produced by the collection as a whole is one of mediocrity. This is doubtless due in part to mechanical difficulties. Even if America had a much more important and highly developed native school of poetry than it actually has at present, one hundred poets would be a large number to bring together on even an approximate level of equality. The editor, finding himself severely handicapped by the plan as announced and therefore not to be departed from, must in the end have been obliged to admit many poems simply to fill up. But this will not account for everything. In the absence of many well-known names, one suspects that there may have been refused many better poems than some of those given a prominence to which they have no possible claim. It is not that these are in all cases bad poems. But they are often trivial and commonplace, and it is difficult to see in them that "special distinction" which, according to the editor, has made him prefer them to "mere technical performances." These, as a matter of fact, are plentifully represented in imitations of Poe, Whitman, Yeats, and other poets.

The Lyric Year is by no means the only effort that has been made during the past year to "uplift" American poetry. Two magazines have been started for the exclusive cultivation of the Muse, one in Boston, the other in Chicago. The latter is copiously endowed, a fund of five thousand dollars a year for five years having been raised for its maintenance, and prizes have been established to reward the best work that appears in its pages. It is not closed to the work of foreign writers, and has recently printed a group of poems by William Butler Yeats, whose recent volume, *The Green Helmet,* shows a decided growth of the intellectual, at the expense of the sensuous and emotional, elements in his work. *Poetry,* which is the name of the Chicago magazine, has also retained the services of Mr. Ezra Pound to provide notes on European aspects of the art—and Asiatic, also, for he has recently given an account of the work of the Bengali poet, Rabindranath Tagore, who, translated by himself into English, seems to have afforded the sensation for the literary season in London.

That city (which also has its new *Poetry Magazine* as well as poetry shop and a salon for poets) changes its lions rapidly. Last year it was John Masefield, who still continues to concentrate a considerable share of attention—an animated discussion has been going on in English reviews as to whether or not he is to be regarded as a poet—although the centre of his cult has been shifted somewhat to this side of the Atlantic. A new volume of his work has recently appeared. It is called *The Story of a Round-House,* but the real title of the principal poem is "Dauber." It is the account of a poor boy who, wishing to become a painter of ships, goes to sea with his box of colours, and suffers the insults of his rough companions of the "round house" (forecastle) until he proves his manhood in wild work up aloft while rounding the Horn. It is really rather a descriptive and psychological, than a narrative, poem, and the sympathy with which Mr. Masefield studies the moral states of his humble hero, suggests such a prose poem as Joseph Conrad's rhapsody, *Youth.* "Dauber," too, would be better in prose,

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for the descriptions, whether of the ship itself, of the sea, of the sudden onslaught of the storm, or of the sailors' fierce and protracted struggle with the elements, are too detailed, too realistic, for poetry. And yet there are many readers who, having no particular taste for the finer forms of the art, welcome Masefield for this very reason, just as they welcomed Kipling before him—because he makes of poetry something very like rough, rugged, but, at the same time, ornate, picturesque, prose. Indeed, Masefield is the logical successor to that writer who, as it were, presents a cross-section of his lyrical touch in *Songs from Books;* and the numerous short poems in the volume having to do with the Spanish Main—its piratical memories are also celebrated by Mr. Don C. Seitz, in *The Buccaneers* —might almost justify us in dubbing him the "Kipling of the Caribbees," if he did not seem to have an equal fondness for chivalric sentiment and other forms of romanticism, including, of course, that of real life.

Included in Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's excellent *Oxford Book of Victorian Verse* is Masefield's short lyric called "Cargoes," which begins

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine,

and recognise in it the rhythms of Meredith's "Love in a Valley." This was Kipling's trick—to fill old metrical bottles with the new wine of his own inventions—though he practised the art principally on Swinburne. Sir Arthur's new anthology would deserve more than passing mention if there were room in this article, for it brings together a great body of modern verse not easily accessible in other ways to American readers, and shows great taste in selection. Its weakness is in its representation of American poets who might better have been omitted altogether. That it is absolutely up to the moment, is indicated by the fact that it includes Richard Middleton, the young poet who committed suicide in Belgium last summer because he could not, like Mr. Alfred Noyes—who has been lecturing in this country, and whom the BOOKMAN has picked as a possible candidate for the laureateship—make a living out of poetry.

Speaking of laureates, one wonders who would be chosen to fill this position if it were created in America. Doubtless Dr. Henry Van Dyke or Mr. MacKaye. The former is one of the very few poets—not more than two or three —who, now that Mr. Gilder and Mr. Stedman are dead, are left in the American Academy of Arts and Letters. On the whole it cannot be said that there is much more of a place for the poet at present in American society than there has been at any time in the past. Recognition usually comes to him late, when it comes at all, unless he has first attained eminence in other ways, like Dr. Van Dyke; has received foreign recognition, like Mr. Pound, and like Joaquin Miller (who died only the other day) before him; or makes himself generally useful at official functions, like Mr. MacKaye. (There still seems to linger a superstition that it is necessary to have a poem read at a flag-raising or an unveiling, just as it is to have a corner stone to fill with rubbish in every public or semi-public building.) Whether any of the efforts instanced on behalf of poetry will succeed in changing the status of the poet, remains to be seen. Meanwhile he by no means seems depressed or discouraged by the situation. He has formed a society of his own—"The Poetry Society of America"—where he can hear his own verses read with those of his fellows, and when he cannot get a publisher to bring out his book, he publishes it himself at his own expense.

By far the greater part of the books of verse that appear are published in this way, which needs only a little more open acceptance to make it here, as in Paris, the one right and logical procedure. As it is, the ambition to be recognised by the big publishing houses and the big

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magazines, must exercise a certain commercialising influence upon poetry, or at least encourage a marked imitative tendency, as in our native fiction, which has to follow certain lines to be successful. This would appear to account for the persistence of certain types of sentiment, of fondness for certain themes or subjects, as well as for stereotyped forms of imaginative expression. For instance, Stevenson set the fashion for open air and the pleasures of pedestrianism. Hovey and Carman in their *Vagabondia* books, to which the surviving member of the firm has recently added an *Echoes from Vagabondia,* spiritualised this aspect of life—gave it that sentimental religious note which poetry must have in America. Moody made it cosmic, so that the feet of the new vagabond might lead him along the starry lanes of the universe. And now perhaps more American poets see life after the manner of Miss Amelia Josephine Burr, in *The Roadside Fire,* like a "broad highway," than through any other image. Another phase of the same sentiment, though brought back a little closer to common reality, is seen in the title and in the contents of Robert W. Service's *Rhymes of a Rolling Stone.* Mr. Service is a Canadian poet, so with vagabondage in the more general sense, he combines that particular form of it which is known as Imperialism. This is celebrated under its historical aspect of sea-roving, not only by Masefield, but by Mr. J. E. Patterson, in his *The Lure of the Sea,* and by an English woman poet, Miss May Byron, whose most vigorous lyrics in *The Wind on the Heath,* are "The Ballad of London River," "The Pageant of Seamen," and the "Ballad of Foul-weather Jack."

Amid much that is rather conventional and commonplace in form and inspiration, not a little verse that is fresh, original and interesting, in one way or another manages to get itself printed both here and in England. Perhaps the poets of the latter country show more finish and refinement in their work than do our own, though it would probably be nearer the truth to say that these accomplishments are merely more often found there in conjunction with high spiritual qualities than among us. Also in England there is a greater fondness for artistic experimentation. There are, for example, Robert Bridges's essays in classical prosody, now first collected in the new Oxford Edition of his poetical works. And yet we pick up a little book by an American poet, Mr. Louis How, with the attractive title *The Youth Replies:* and find it full of experiments in metre and form, as well as of a fresh half-romantic, half-ironical, tasting of life, that reminds one, at whatever distance, of Jules Laforgue. Here, what the New York *Evening Post's* art critic speaks of, in connection with the "Post-Impressionist" art exhibition as "technical," as opposed to "spiritual," ineptitudes, do not spoil the pleasure of a real lover of poetry, who might find the more polished exercises of an English poet, Mr. Francis Coutts, in his *Egypt,* a shade too even and unenterprising. Nor is the American poet afraid to speak his mind right out in the meeting-house of the Muses, as witness Mr. Frederic Crowninshield, in *Villa Mirafiore,* who, seeing a pretty girl of the type, doubtless, that adorns our magazines, is led to exclaim:

"Not that fair damsel would I take to wife
Though fresh as opalescent dawn she be!"

A more dubious aspect of American poetic enterprise is suggested by the five odes of Horace, well, and not unhumorously, translated by Mr. Coutts. For a long time, and beginning with Eugene Field, it has been a favourite diversion of American newspaper poets to travesty Horace, and turn him into our current slang. Why they should choose this particular poet who, above all others, was master of a pure and graceful diction, for such a purpose, is hard to imagine, unless it is that the very strangeness of the contrast lends piquancy to the proceeding; although it must be admitted that there is a liveliness in the fancy of the Latin poet, and a vivacity in his expression, that is singularly modern and even American. Doubtless, when he once got over the shock,

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Flaccus would be the first to find amusement in the liberties that have been taken with his lines by Mr. Franklin P. Adams in the latest collection of his newspaper waifs ("waifs" no longer, since the newspaper poet to-day prudently garners his daily offerings—see also La Touche Hancock's *Desultory Verse*), *In Other Words*. Probably he would realise that he had no just cause of complaint, but that on the contrary, he was merely witnessing the fulfilment of his wish that his work might become *perennius ære*. (Perhaps it will even outlive the American variety.) In another book, devoted exclusively to this form of entertainment, *On Tibur's Road,* by G. M. and G. E. Whicher, a variant is furnished by translating half a dozen odes in the manner of as many famous English poets. One, the parody of "Vitas Hinnuleo," as it might have been written by Mr. Wordsworth, soars far above the rest, and will bear quotation:

I met a little Roman maid;
  She was just sixteen (she said),
And O! but she was sore afraid,
  And hung her modest head.

A little fawn, you would have vowed,
  That sought her mother's side,
And wandered lonely as a cloud
  Upon the mountain wide.

Whene'er the little lizards stirred,
  She started in her fear;
In every rustling bush she heard
  Some awful monster near.

"I'm not a lion: fear not so;
  Seek not your timid dam."
But Chloe was afraid, and O!
  She knows not what I am:

A creature quite too bright and good
To be so much misunderstood.

This is altogether worthy of Mr. Owen Seaman. And as from such heights the drop to poetic drama would be too great, we prefer not to risk it. It is a form that, since its revival, has fallen into hopeless mechanism; and, with the arrival of Mr. Masefield, seems likely for a while to give way, in whatsoever partial popularity it has enjoyed in book form, to the long verse narrative. So far this has found but a single important practitioner. But he is bound to have rivals and imitators before long. Already Mr. Gilbert Frankau has sought, in his *Jack—: One of Us,* to rewrite *Don Juan,* quite oblivious, apparently, as have also been the reviewers, of the fact that Richard Hovey once went so far as to write a whole canto of a similar poem and publish it in an American magazine. One couplet only remains with us:

For Eleanor—her Christian name was Eleanor—
Had twenty-seven different kinds of hell in her.

This, on the whole, is rather superior to anything in Mr. Frankau's production, either as humour or poetry.

PAST PERFORMANCES AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

THERE are two widely different attitudes which a reviewer may take toward a book, each equally legitimate and equally conducive to fair treatment: first, that of judging a book on its own intrinsic merits, apart from all outside considerations; and secondly, that of viewing it in the light of the author's past performances, as a single stone in the slowly built edifice of his life work. In literature, as well as in architecture, the importance of sound foundations depends upon the

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weight they are to sustain: and that is why, in the case of solid scientific works, monumental histories, the last word in chemistry or biology or linguistics, it is well-nigh impossible to lose sight of the author's previous achievements, because it is these that entitle him to speak with the voice of authority. But with purely creative work it is different, and the worth or cleverness of a play or a novel whose province is first of all to entertain, is quite independent of the literary quality or the commercial success of what the same author wrote eighteen months ago. Of course, there are just a few novelists the sum total of whose works forms a background so conspicuous to the public eye that no reviewer could quite ignore it without danger of making himself absurd: it would be incongruous to treat a new volume by Mr. Howells or Mr. James without reference to what they stand for in contemporary letters, or to criticise the latest stories by Mr. Kipling as though unaware that such a book as *Plain Tales from the Hills* was ever written. But aside from these few highlights in fiction, what the reading public wants to know is, not whether a given book is a shade better or a degree worse than its last season's predecessor, but whether it in itself is worth reading or not,—and this fact can for all practical purposes be conveyed either by the absolute or the comparative method.

And yet the serious-minded critic, with an honest concern for the future welfare of fiction, will never be satisfied to judge even mediocre novels in this detached fashion. He will always try to keep in mind, even if he does not transfer the thought to paper, just what each author whom he reviews has done in the past, what he has seemed to be trying to do, and what forward or backward movement his latest volume shows. For instance, in reviewing Mr. H. G. Wells's latest serious study of the advanced woman of to-day, he will not let himself forget that Mr. Wells for many years was known to the world as a sort of English Jules Verne, a little more scientific and logical in method, yet quite as fantastic in results. He will remember that most authors have committed youthful indiscretions and had their temporary aberrations, their wanderings from their true path. And in the light of these facts, he will not be satisfied with merely pronouncing a verdict of good or bad: he will go a step further and point out, in the light of past performances, why a particular book is either slightly better or distinctly worse.

The serious critic cannot get away from this attitude of mind, even if he should wish to do so. It is his habit to watch certain authors from year to year, building high hopes upon some of them, eying askance certain others, and reaping an annual harvest of surprises and disappointments. In some ways, a really good first book is the most unalloyed of all pleasures that can come to a reviewer. It has the double delight of present satisfaction and future promise. The books that are to follow it will never again bring that same thrill of discovery, the sense of having stumbled upon a vein of unknown worth. A second book almost always brings disillusion; the possible genius turns out to be only a modest talent, and not always a talent that can be relied on to keep a fairly sustained level of quality. And this is why few professional reviewers can glance back over a score of years without a number of pangs at the memory of abandoned altars that they have from time to time erected to false gods.

The present writer remembers but few of his early enthusiasms that did not sooner or later bring disillusion. Zola was conspicuous among these rare exceptions. His first acquaintance was made at the early age of fourteen; and from that date no one of his annual volumes was ever missed, down to the day of his death, and only one, *Le Docteur Pascal,* caused a brief wavering of allegiance. In the Continental schools of fiction, one name after another came to swell the select little list of writers who could be relied upon not to disappoint; but in England and America such names were few and far between. Hardy, indeed,

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was a big, sombre, soul-satisfying exception; Henry James never really disappointed, and Mr. Howells could be relied upon for a milder form of satisfaction, until in the ripeness of years his vein ran thin. But it is among the younger writers, those that, one by one, flashed into sight with the sudden brilliance of a new star, that have brought the most disappointments. Did we not see Mrs. Wharton for once lose her magic deftness in the heavy pedantry of *The Valley of Decision?* Maurice Hewlett forsake his wizardry of verbal tapestries and turn Meredithian? Joseph Conrad desert the quarterdeck and roll lumberingly down London lanes, in the wake of anarchy and crime? And these have luckily been only temporary aberrations, wrong turnings from a road that otherwise runs straight. But the number of careers that opened with the brilliant promise of a first book, and then came to nothing at all, would take too long to count. And it is a question which is sadder: where a book of such hopeful possibilities remains without a successor, or where its author settles down into a rut of prolific and hopeless mediocrity.

"ONE WOMAN'S STORY"

It happens this month that there are an unusual number of interesting volumes by authors whose past achievements are of some importance: authors of such rank as Robert Herrick, May Sinclair and W. B. Maxwell, who demand thoughtful consideration even when they go astray. Of these, the new volume by Mr. Herrick seems to demand first place, less for its own sake than because it represents a most hopeful reversion to the author's earlier manner. In order to appreciate just what this means, it is necessary to recall quite briefly the general tendencies shown by Mr. Herrick through his somewhat uneven progress from *The Gospel of Freedom* to *A Life for a Life* and *The Healer*. From his very first pages, it was obvious that Mr. Herrick was a disciple of the French school; it was not merely that he unhesitatingly handled themes and situations which a decade ago were largely avoided in American fiction, but he treated them with a wholesome sanity and fearlessness, and with a clear-eyed understanding of men, and more especially of women, that stamped him as a worthy pupil of Bourget and Marcel Prévost. Little by little, we watched him reaching out for a wider canvas, a more ambitious theme: and this he finally found in *Together,* that remarkable prose epic of American marriage, which, with all its crowded, motley throngs of wedded lives, is nevertheless so structurally coherent, and so elemental in purpose. One was tempted to say that, for sheer technical skill, for his understanding and application of the best Continental methods, Mr. Herrick stood for the hour at the head of his own generation of American novelists. And then a curious thing happened: he seems to have passed through some sort of a mental and moral revolution, and to have decided deliberately to discard the methods under which his laurels had been won, and work out something new and different, impregnated with a symbolic mysticism. In *A Life for a Life* we see this new spirit rampant; it introduces us into a world of unrealities, inhabitated by creeds and philosophies and economics, rather than by living, breathing human beings. Mr. Herrick's interest in sociology and metaphysics and kindred sciences crowded out his interest in the individual man and woman; and the closing scenes of that misguided volume leaves an impression of our having glimpsed a group of abstract virtues and vices, straight out of a morality play, gyrating in a lurid chaos. Even the author himself seems to have felt that there was something radically wrong with this book, for he tried, in a half-hearted way, to escape from the new influences, in his next book, *The Healer.* But here again what he had to preach was obviously of far more importance to him than the handful of human beings whose little lives gave him his text. It began to look as though Robert Herrick had hopelessly lost his way, and that one more sane,

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brave, strong influence in American fiction had permanently ceased.

But now, quite unexpectedly, Mr. Herrick has reverted to his old manner, his old clearness, his old admirable technique. *One Woman's Life* is as simple and clear-cut as *The Gospel of Freedom,* and better and stronger by all that fifteen years of earnest work imply. There is no unnecessary crowding of the canvas in this relentless picture of the woman with social ambitions; we see only within the immediate radius of the circles in which Milly Ridge successively moves. And yet Mr. Herrick conveys his central thought as clearly and emphatically as though he had shown us a hundred Milly Ridges, all selfishly fighting their remorseless fight to get everything for nothing. Woman, says Mr. Herrick, is what the social conditions of the present age have made her, a born grafter; wealth, social position, the champagne sparkle of life, and with them equal rights of suffrage and equal pay: these are what the modern woman wants, and she wants them without giving an equivalent. To Mr. Herrick, the whole economic question regarding woman is exceedingly simple: let a woman, he says, take the trouble to master some one trade or business in the thorough way that a man must master it, so as to make herself really valuable, and there will be no more question of inferiority of sex. The trouble, he insists, is that most young women seek employment simply to tide over the months or years while they are looking for a husband, and their hearts are not in their work. And to drive home his point, he shows us the opposite type to that of the Milly Ridges, in a poor maimed and disfigured girl, one Ernestine Geyer, who had been as thoughtless as any others until one day a tub of boiling water in the laundry where she worked destroyed the usefulness of her right arm and leg. Thereupon, seeing herself hopelessly shut off from marriage, Ernestine went to work to make herself efficient, and in a few years we see her installed as superintendent of the laundry on a high salary, methodical, energetic, indefatigable, a human machine, knowing no interests apart from the daily task. Of Milly Ridge's career it is unnecessary to speak here in detail; it is just the story of an average young woman, born with the instinct of a social "climber," and aided by a magnetic personality. Without money or position, and handicapped by an unpresentable father and grandmother, she climbs steadily and surely, making everything and everybody serve as a stepping-stone for her ambition, and partly through intuition, partly by sheer luck, protecting herself from dangers that she scarcely surmises. And then, on the brink of a brilliant marriage, she revolts against her own creed, breaks with the wealthy suitor, marries instead an impecunious newspaper cartoonist, and recklessly spends an opportune legacy in a two-year honeymoon in Paris. This is the one impulsive act in a lifetime of consistent and monumental selfishness, and the death of her overworked husband and the wreck of Ernestine Geyer's hardly amassed savings are two of the sinister milestones on her road to final triumph. Stated thus baldly, the story may seem to lack distinction. What makes it count as one of the rather big novels of the year is the remorseless truth of its portrayal, the unmistakable little gestures and tricks of speech, the thousand and one luminous touches that make Milly Ridge a personality as well as a type,—and what is more, one of those personalities in fiction that refuse to be forgotten. She belongs in the same portrait gallery with Robert Grant's Selma White and Mrs. Wharton's Lily Bart.

"THE COMBINED MAZE"

Miss Sinclair is one of those writers who, in the light of past performances, has steadily strengthened a conviction that she will be remembered as the author of just one volume that really counts. Even *The Helpmate,* which if it had come from an unknown writer would have been a very cerditable foundation stone on which to build a reputation, is simply not in the same class with

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The Divine Fire, either in bigness of conception, or in fineness of execution. But suddenly, when we had quite given up hope that she would ever again do anything capable of reawakening the old thrill, here comes *The Combined Maze,* as an object lesson in the danger of forming premature judgments. It would be overpraise to say that this new volume is as big or important a novel as *The Divine Fire;* but the difference this time is in degree and not in kind. In order to explain, not only the symbolism of Miss Sinclair's title, but the general nature of her theme, it is necessary to set forth quite briefly one of the opening scenes of the book. The setting is London,—the cockney London of underpaid clerks and over-worked shop girls, with which Miss Sinclair has more than once proved her familiarity. Now, there is just one clean, wholesome influence in the lives of this working class—namely, a certain sort of co-operative club where, for mere nominal dues, these young men and young women can get what is otherwise hopelessly beyond their reach: a well-equipped gymnasium, spacious swimming tanks, and a respectable gathering place in the evening which would otherwise be spent in questionable music halls or bar-rooms. Now, at stated intervals, there is one function which is the big event of this club: the gala night when the gymnasium is thrown open to both sexes, and the young men and young women, in the freedom of their gymnasium suits, go through various competitive exercises, and end with a most elaborate manœuvre, marching, wheeling, counter-marching, and all the time interweaving and disentangling the many brilliant coloured ribbons which they trail. It is this exercise which bears the name of The Combined Maze; and Miss Sinclair wishes to symbolise by it the real manœuvres which destiny works out with actual men and women, bringing certain ones without warning into sudden contact, parting them again with apparent finality, only to swing them around a circle and reunite them once again in the inexorable weaving of the web of life. And the human pawns in this game of fate know no more of the pattern they are weaving than the light-hearted young men and women of the gymnasium. Such is Miss Sinclair's starting point; and she proceeds to show what befell a certain young man by the name of Ransome, who touched shoulders more than once in the intricate movement of The Maze, with strong, lithe, and wholesome Winny Dymond, and who makes a fatal mistake in not realising, until too late, the prize that chance has put within his grasp. Winny Dymond stands as the type of clean, vigorous, wholesome womanhood, wifehood and motherhood. She is too simply natural, too normally unconscious in her relations with men, to cope with the opposite type represented by Violet Usher, who is sex incarnate to the tips of her soft, caressing fingers. Ransome makes the mistake, common to youth, yields to the call of the senses and marries a woman who at best will never be anything but a plaything, and at the worst will be a heartless mother and a faithless wife. And throughout the years while Ransome is having the extent of his calamity thrust home upon him, destiny amuses itself by swinging him and Winny Dymond shoulder to shoulder in ever renewing and ever separating patterns. It is a wise book and a rather cruel book that leaves a sort of heart-ache behind it:—but the heart-ache is of a distinctly salutary sort.

"CONCERT PITCH"

If Frank Danby were a new figure in literature, instead of being what the London *Academy* recently called the greatest living woman writer in England, her latest novel, *Concert Pitch,* would not be the disappointment that it quite frankly is. From a number of tangled threads, it is not altogether easy to pick out her central idea, although to most readers the chief interest will probably centre in the monumental selfishness of the artistic temperament. This is shown in the person of a musician, who has composed a great English opera, with Boadicea as his central figure; and for

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the sake of this opera, he deserts his wife and follows the soprano who is to create the rôle of the British queen—not because he loves her, but simply to insure her devotion to him and his work. The story is not without its strong moments—Frank Danby's powers never wholly fail her—and as a sheer piece of dramatic exposition, the scene in the Opera house, on the opening night of *Il Traditore,* when the jealous husband of the soprano fires from a box, intending to kill her, and kills the composer instead, following up his blunder with suicide, and incidentally precipitating a panic in the audience, during which a number of persons are trampled to death—all this is portrayed with a grimness of detail that haunts the memory unpleasantly. But taken as a whole the volume sounds forced; it lacks that quality which in her earlier volumes conveyed the impression that they were written because certain ideas clamoured for expression and would not be denied. Her methods may have been cruder, but they achieved a poignancy which her later manner lacks. One feels that it will not be difficult to forget one and all of the characters in *Concert Pitch.*

"RUNNING SANDS"

The chief fault that one may find with the work of Mr. Reginald Wright Kauffman, past and present, is that he is apt to make situations, and often rather exceptional and unlikely situations, in order to have an opportunity to voice certain personal views of morals and ethics. His new volume, *Running Sands,* is no exception to the rule. Here are some of the questions that it propounds: Does a temperate, chaste and altogether blameless life afford a man the best chance for a hale and hearty old age? Has a wife the right to refuse maternity? Should a lover renounce his religion, in order to marry a divorced woman? Have May and December even the shadow of a chance of wedded happiness? Should a man, knowing that his wife has ceased to love him, take steps to give her back her freedom? And the very nature of these questions insures an interest in the treatment of them, when presented with Mr. Kauffman's undeniable power of narration, even though the reader may disagree rather violently with his conclusions. Here, quite briefly, are the specific facts of the story: the hero is a man of fifty, who, because of an ingrained fear of old age and death, has led a life of almost monastic chastity; he still looks not over forty, and feels but twenty-five, when he chances to meet a girl of eighteen, who, as a trick of fate wills it, happens to be the daughter of the woman whom years ago he almost married—and whom he would have married, if his constitutional cowardice had not prompted him, after a rowboat accident, to shove her aside in order to rescue himself. Well, this man young in spirit though old in years, marries the girl of eighteen, thus breaking in upon his methodical and well-ordered routine; and the result is that in a few months a premature old age comes upon him and he realises that all the elaborate care of years has served only to hasten the catastrophe which he dreads. Much of the later half of the book is laid in Paris; and there is a certain French doctor whose manner of speech shows a startling frankness and who is apparently introduced in order to serve as Mr. Kauffman's own mouthpiece to voice his opinions regarding eugenics, marriage and divorce, maternity and kindred topics. It happens that the eighteen-year-old bride does not wish for children, that she has wearied of a middle-aged husband and has lost her just awakening heart to a handsome young Austrian lieutenant. Now, there are many things which in real life a husband might do under these circumstances; but none of them would quite fit in with what Mr. Kauffman seems to think that the progressive husband of to-day ought to do. At all events, he makes his hero talk to the unhappy pair of lovers in a kindly parental tone and offer to make everything quite simple in the way of a divorce and subsequent remarriage. But; unfortunately, for the success of this

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very simple plan, the Austrian is a Roman Catholic and, much as he regrets his inability to co-operate with the obliging husband, he explains that he can't forswear his religion. Suicide, of course, would solve the deadlock; but, at the very instant when the hero believes that he has made up his mind to the sacrifice and is about to fling himself over a cliff, his constitutional cowardice comes to the surface again, and to his own amazement he discovers that he has instinctively been scrambling desperately to a place of safety. So, at the close, the mismated pair are obviously left to make what best they may of their sorry bargain.

"GENERAL MALLOCK'S SHADOW"

Mr. W. B. Maxwell has not yet gained in this country the wide following which the uniform high quality of his careful work so eminently deserves. Already, in *The Rest Cure* and *In Cotton Wool,* he has shown his uncommon ability to depict certain phases of obscure mental decease; and this same type of theme is once more utilised in his new volume *General Mallock's Shadow.* In short, it is a study of a mind slowly disintegrating under the stress of a chronic grievance, the mental poison of a fixed idea. Years ago, when General Mallock was still young, he was in command of an isolated outpost on the northern frontier of India. There were many women and children at this outpost; and for this reason, when a sudden revolt of the hill tribes placed them in a state of siege, he accepted the terms offered and surrendered under promise of safe conduct back to the nearest garrison. But the hill tribes broke their pledge and a hideous massacre closed the chapter. The General insisted upon justifying his conduct; he refused to let the matter drop; he talked unwisely to the newspapers; with the result that what might have been only a reprimand culminated in dismissal from the service. For fifteen years the General nursed his grievance, and throughout these fifteen years he continued to be a marked man. It ceased to surprise him to find that the cordiality of new acquaintances suddenly turned to coldness; to discover that he was no longer welcome in the various towns and villages where he and his family successively took refuge. At the opening of the volume he has undertaken to write his memoirs for the express purpose of reopening the old controversy and at last justifying his conduct. But, when completed, his memoirs cannot find a publisher; the whole theme is a dead issue; he is fifteen years too late. This disappointment closes the first period of General Mallock's pathological condition; what has been only a grievance becomes a fixed idea, a thing that he broods over secretly and no longer mentions, even to his daughters; the wise young doctor who watches the case with something more than a professional interest, day by day sees his gravest fears confirmed: a complete mental breakdown, possibly violent mania or suicide may be the next phase. Nothing short of some tremendous shock, some rude jarring sufficient to take him completely out of himself can avert the catastrophe. And suddenly this needed shock comes in the form of a strike among the quarrymen on a neighbouring estate. The strike assumes formidable dimensions; a regiment of soldiers are quickly on the scene; but their presence seems only to fan the flame. And one day the bitterly hated manager of the quarries, fleeing from a mob of several hundred frenzied workmen, takes refuge in General Mallock's isolated cottage. The soldiers are all many miles away quelling riots in a neighbouring town. Something in the situation: perhaps the ominous outcry of the crowd at his door, penetrates the mental haze in General Mallock's brain —and a very curious scene ensues. Acting as though in a dream, with a curious sort of dual consciousness, the General takes command. In spirit he is back again at the old frontier post in India, re-enacting the old tragedy of the siege: only this time he is not to make the blunder of surrendering. Just at first there is protest raised by the small group

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of men who by chance find themselves in the besieged house and under the orders of a lunatic commander; they ask him to remember that there are women in the house and advise him to deliver up the man for whom the mob is clamoring. "Remember the women?" replies the General grimly. "They would be the last ones to forgive me if I did! I learned that years ago." And so, in a frail wooden house, with less than a dozen untrained men, and nothing but mattresses and household furniture for barricades, he holds at bay a savage mob of many hundreds through a four-hour siege and actually has them in full retreat before the regiment, summoned in hot haste, has time to arrive. Of course, the end of the book is a foregone conclusion. This phenomenal exploit spreads throughout the length and breadth of England; the General is the hero of the hour and incidentally he is reinstated in the Army. All this rounds out the volume with the touch required by good craftsmanship. But what makes the volume memorable as an exceptional achievement, is that unforgettable scene of a siege in an English country house with the gaunt figure of a half crazed old man moving in a dream and achieving victory in the face of impossible odds.

"THE LIFE MASK"

It will be remembered that the anonymous volume which appeared somewhat more than a year ago under the crytic title "To M. L. G.," purported to be, not a novel, but an actual life history, written for the purpose of conveying a message to the man whom its author had refused to marry, because she could not bring herself to confess to him, face to face, the details of her earlier life. Consequently, the new volume by the same writer, which this time is confessedly fiction, possesses an interest quite aside from its merits as a story. Without venturing to express a personal opinion as to whether *To M. L. G.* is fact or fiction, we may, at least, inquire, assuming, for the moment, that the story were true, what sort of a novel we might reasonably expect its heroine to write, during the months that she is supposed to be waiting in Spain in the hopes of hearing from the man she loves. Well, it would be quite likely, to begin with, that she would lay her scene in the place she had chosen for refuge, Grenada, with all its new and picturesque glamour; and, having her mind full of her own troubles, she would not be likely in her plot to get very far away from her own situation: her heroine would probably be a young woman with an unhappy past, who loves a man but cannot accept his offer without telling him the story of her life. But, if the former volume were true, what she would avoid, above all things, in her present novel, would be the specific details of her own life, the life of the theatre; and if she had never before written fiction, she might find it by no means easy to create a plot, and so would fall back upon the simpler expedient of taking the main lines of the situation she needed straight from actuality, using some story made familiar through the newspapers to the whole civilised world. As it happens, this is precisely what the author of *The Life Mask* has done. Her heroine is by birth a young Southern woman, who was married when little more than a girl to a middle-aged Englishman, and who has spent ten years of her young life in British prisons, because unjustly convicted of having murdered her husband while nursing him, by administering an overdose of morphine. To take material of this sort and develop it into a story that is neither melodramatic nor cheap, but carries the reader along to a logical and eminently satisfactory solution of all the issues, obtaining its strong effects by sheer simplicity, is an achievement which deserves an honest commendation.

"THE ISLE OF LIFE"

Another volume which, when narrated in epitome, sounds like rampant melodrama, is *The Isle of Life,* by Stephen French Whitman. If you happened to be a man with a most unsavoury record,

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a modern Don Juan whose exploits are almost too much for the tolerance of even such a liberal-minded and cosmopolitan society as that of modern Rome; and if you happened to fall in love with a young girl who, like yourself, is an American, but is shortly expecting to join the British peerage by the simple short cut of matrimony, would it occur to you to follow her on board a small Mediterranean steamer and, when well out of sight of land, amid the isolation of blue waters, disregard the welfare of her silken draperies and your own immaculate evening clothes, fling a muscular arm around her waist and casually sweep her with you over the ship's rail? Most probably it would not, and that is where you would differ from Mr. Whitman's hero. For this is precisely what he did; and, as luck would have it, a limp and much bedraggled couple find themselves, some hours later, on an obscure little island chiefly inhabited by brigands and boasting one fine old castle with prehistoric subterranean passages and a few well-authenticated ghosts. Of course, this is the type of book which must be true to the accepted formula; the formula in this case being of the return-to-nature variety, in which the veneer of social culture is swept away and the girl responds to the appeal of primal instinct. It cannot be claimed for Mr. Whitman that he has hit upon anything essentially new, although he has succeeded through novelty of setting in giving the illusion of freshness to material that has seen much service.

"SIMON BRANDIN"

Although Mr. B. Paul Neuman has a number of volumes to his credit, the present reviewer has no personal knowledge of them, with the single exception of *Roddles;* but there, at least, was a story of a quality calculated to imprint the name of its author upon the memory as that of a man whose subsequent work one could not afford to miss. Accordingly, with such expectations in mind, *Simon Brandin* proves to be a distinct disappointment. It is the story of a Russian Jew who, after seeing his entire family massacred, escaped as a boy to America, became a millionaire at the age of thirty, and, at the opening of the story, is in London actively directing a nihilistic movement on a gigantic scale. One closes the book with a sort of nightmare impression of kidnappings and bomb-throwing and assassinations and a choice assortment of other horrors. And through them all Simon Brandin is slowly being weaned away from his bloodthirsty plans of vengeance by a young Jewish girl whom he has befriended and who eventually teaches him that the greatest power in the world is not vengeance, but love. It does seem a pity that an author who has it in him to do such admirable work as that contained in *Roddles* should waste his energies on what at best is little more than cheap melodrama.

FOUR BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

IRVING BABBITT'S "THE MASTERS OF MODERN FRENCH CRITICISM"*

It is a truism that the thought of the day is either the flowering of an earlier decade or the violent reaction from a tendency. The intense intellectualism of a Taine, for example, has swung the pendulum through the chaotic impressionism of a Renan to the intuitionalism of a Bergson. Each of these attitudes toward life reveals currents which have been flowing with the thought of the century, and it is in tracing the growth and influence of these currents, as expressed in the critics, that Professor Babbitt's new volume is concerned. It

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is easy to see among these penetrating pages that he feels at times very keenly modern criticism, while it has broadened in knowledge and sympathy, has suffered a corresponding decline in judgment. Though the old criticism was narrow and dogmatic the impressionism of more recent date has entirely neglected the temperamental exclusions of a dilettanti. Scientific criticism, on the other hand, strove to press life into a formula—and life was killed in the process. Yet all these reaches of the human mind have cleared the way for a saner attitude toward the future. Naturalism, with its historical sympathy and scientific analysis, was a necessary corrective to the seraphic idealism of the past. In the midst of our readjustments to-day the search should be toward a standard which will oppose individual caprice—a standard "in the individual and yet is felt by him to transcend his personal self and lay hold of that part of his nature which he possesses in common with other men." It may be interesting to add that Professor Babbitt's ideal critic is one who will combine the spiritual elevation, vision and sense of union which Emerson possesses, with the versatility, breadth and the sense of difference to be found only in a Sainte-Beuve. Though the author looks ahead to this "golden impossibility" his main emphasis is upon the critics who have registered the passing spirit of the time and even if occasionally he seems himself guilty of pressing his criticism into a formula, the result is one of the most brilliant stimulating books possible. His power of phrasing and clear thinking serve to illumine the dusty corners of the subject he has chosen, and the book is all the more novel in that he has dwelt little on the easy appeal of mere biographical detail save as it serve to reveal the thought of the critic. And his endeavour throughout has been to give an estimate of each critic exclusive of his part in the intellectual development of the century.

It is obvious the Sainte-Beuve is the author's favourite critic and in some respects, as he points out, Madame de Staël anticipated him—especially in her feeling that if criticism does not judge it may at least reveal. Her expansiveness, too, both intellectually and emotionally, her interest in national psychology—with the accent upon nationality rather than individuality—contributed to make her the ideal cosmopolitan. Professor Babbitt adds: "She has done more than any one else to help forward the comparative study of literature as we now understand it." But he is careful to point out the danger of moral disintegration to a nation given to excessive cosmopolitanism. Joubert, her great contemporary, though "too resolutely traditional" yet hospitable in mind and feeling toward the future, held his standards in fluidity; but he spoke against the author of *Corinne* and a sympathy which was not ideally combined with selection. With Chateaubriand it was not sympathy, so much as beauty which took the reins. If, in Faguet's phrase, "he renewed the French imagination," he also mingled, as Professor Babbitt says, pseudo-classicism with a perception of form, and he aimed to enchant the imagination rather than convince the intellect. Professor Babbitt also protests against such romantic æsthetes like Rousseau, Ruskin and the author of *Génie du Christianisme* who set themselves up as religious teachers. Æsthetics cannot be a common ground for art and religion, and to believe it is to fall into the underlying romantic error "which may be defined as trying to make the things that are below the intellect do duty for those that are above it." But Chateaubriand, nevertheless, had real influence as a critic, since he showed that one must penetrate beyond the form of an art work to its soul, and since he gave, in addition, the art of local colour to the historical spirit.

We thus see history ceasing to be abstract and colourless and becoming concrete and expressive; we see it getting rid of its old artificial unity and cultivating instead a sense of the variable in human nature—a sense that is not tempered by any new and vital

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perception of unity. Thierry possibly overstates Chateaubriand's influence upon himself and others. But it is evident that although Chateaubriand posed as a champion of the old order and the fixed standards it implied, by actual force of his example he helped forward to an important extent the main movement of the century in both history and literary criticism from the absolute to the relative.

But relativity found its true exponent in Sainte-Beuve, whom the author of *The New Laokoon* considers at great length. He, more than any other, reflected the great conflict between tradition and naturalism, which typifies the nineteenth century. Two dominant motifs run through his attitude toward life: the continual triumph of self-love and his theory of the "essential vice" or "master impulse." And it became part of his method to trace these in all he viewed. One comment, showing the influence of La Rochefoucauld, will suffice to explain part of his scepticism:

> What he saw on every hand was self-seeking that disguised itself under rose-coloured clouds of fine sentiments. There was Cousin, the apostle of the true, the good, and the beautiful, who nevertheless put no serious check on his own instincts of domination; Villemain, so great a talent and so great a wit, always professing generous, liberal philanthropic, Christian sentiments, and yet "the most sordid soul, the most mischievous ape alive;" Hugo, in whom he found only "the immense pride and infinite egoism of an existence that knows only itself;" Balzac, whom he had seen "exuding the intoxication with himself from every pore;" Chateaubriand, who posed part of the day as the author of the *Genius of Christianity* and devoted the rest of the day playing the elderly Don Juan. No wonder he made it an essential side of his method to "eschew the academic bust," and to suspect that under the fairest semblances and the finest draperies assumed by the men of his time there was something hollow.

Coupled with this scepticism was his unchecked curiosity which he drew from Bayle. Yet his tolerance—born of wide knowledge—warned him of the dangers which come to the mind if it narrows to a preconceived idea—a hint which Taine might have taken. Always sympathetic and comprehensive he, with time, gradually became judicial. Unanchored as he seems, in the last analysis he best illustrates the spirit of his age with its interplay of thought and feeling, for "if as a scientific naturalist he believed in progress (with certain reservations), as a humanist he believed in decadence." His greatest influence was as a relativist —"the doctor of relativity" he has been called—and he pathetically felt, in his own ultimate detachment, that the idea of unity could only come in comprehending everything.

If the author of the *Lundis* was the great particulariser, Taine, with whom his name is so often linked, was the great generaliser. His love of little facts and local colour were all subordinated to his love of formulæ, which led him to seek the master formula of a race, a nation or an individual. His style, too, "reflects his material age in that it conveyed the impression of sheer power rather than of grace and measure." He typified its frenzied intellectualism while rearing his edifice on the "domain of literal fact." As he was a disillusionised romanticist his greatest influence as a critic was in the realm of scientific positivism; but, his effort to be the "botanist of the human spirit" and to apply his scientific method to the soul as well as to the nation was not successful. For, as Professor Babbitt remarks, he forgot there is a fragment of every person which defies analysis, and thus he failed to grasp the mystery of personality. But he was a thorough stoic and best fitted to personalise the reaction from romanticism.

With Renan, on the other hand, we find impressionism dominant: and in his subtlety and dilettantism we see the newer spirit of modern criticism perfectly embodied. Beauty rather than the truth of religion claimed him and his marvellous power of getting into the direct feelings of the past pleased those who had been troubled by the scientific dogmatism

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of the day yet looked backward. His epicureanism and dilettantism were not his only notes, for he retained his scientific faith and clothed it in religious emotion. From Anatol France and his other disciples we see exaggerated his tendency of making philosophy "only one's personal dream of the infinite, a mere romance of individual sensibility." This negation of the possibility of a fixed standard of judgment is savagely attacked by Professor Babbitt, who feels that Renanism, in spite of its rare beauty, is only a subtle form of intellectual corruption." He welcomes then the attacks of Brunetière, who, in his austerity, brought back to criticism its claim to judge. This eminent critie lived only in ideas and proclaimed the supremacy of the intellect in an age of frenzied subjectivity. But like Taine, he became the victim of a formula and tried to prove that the different *genres* evolved in much the same way as the animal species. This "literary Darwinianism" threw little facts to the winds and resulted in the furious attack on mere seekers of details —"the main fetish of modern scholarship —original research."

In the long concluding chapter much of the deductions mentioned in the first paragraph of this review are discussed in detail. One comment on Bergson—the man of the hour—may be added to and *correlated* with the author's feeling that we must achieve a reaction from naturalism itself by rising, with vision, above intellectualism, and not sinking below it.

If the main drift of the movement is to undermine scientific dogmatism, great confusion prevails as yet as to what is to be built upon the ruins.—The philosophy of Bergson, whatever its merits as an attack on scholastic science, is on its constructive side not humanistic, but at most pseudo-humanistic. It is a late birth of romanticism, allied with all that is violent and extreme in contemporary life from syndicalism to "futurist" painting. M. Bergson's appeal to "intuition" in particular has been hailed with delight by romantic dilettantes the world over. It has confirmed them in their existing belief that they do not need to justify rationally their random impressions, that they may go on indefinitely luxuriating in a decadent æstheticism. *Geoffrey Monmouth.*

II

Elizabeth Robins's "Way Stations"*

Whether one sympathises with or is outraged at the militant suffrage tactics in England it is the duty of every individual interested in vital economic and social movements to endeavour at least to understand the motives behind the demonstrations. Where there is so much smoke there is certainly some fire.

Miss Elizabeth Robins's new book, *Way Stations,* will prove, to the majority of us, the most illuminating and comprehensive presentation that has yet been given of the militant activities. For, although we have had the ablest English exponents of militancy elucidate the situation from the platform in this country, it is impossible in the space of two hours for any one to give a detailed history of the movement. Furthermore, a comprehension of the successive stages of militancy is bound up with an understanding of the intricacies and subtleties of English politics. The native-born English man or woman in speaking or writing necessarily takes so much of this background of knowledge for granted, and thus quite unconsciously deprives foreigners of the essential key to the situation. Elizabeth Robins, however, is particularly well qualified to be an illuminating and helpful interpreter to us. For she is herself an American, and therefore understands the blank spaces in our knowledge of English politics. In addition, her long residence in England and her intimate association with the suffrage movement enable her adequately and sympathetically to present the case from the inside.

Although Miss Robins discusses in greater detail than any of the other organisations the activities of the Woman's

*Way Stations. By Elizabeth Robins. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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Social and Political Union, of which Mrs. Pankhurst is the leader, it would not be fair to give the impression that the book is simply a brief for militancy. *Way Stations* is a collection of various speeches and articles which Miss Robins has contributed to the movement at one time and another during the last five years. The detailed progress of the movement she carries forward from "Way Station" to "Way Station"—that is, chapter to chapter—by inserting time tables chronicling the most important events in the Government's activity toward the cause.

In this book, as in all her work, Miss Robins shows a broad philosophic understanding. There is much that will be suggestive and stimulating to the reader who is interested in the feminine movement other than in its direct relation to suffrage. The reason which the author assigns for her entrance into suffrage, discloses that to her, as to many women, the vote is but the vital next step and a symbol with deep portent of many new relations of thought as well as action.

> Changes in the constitution of Society . . . have long been tending toward increased separation between men and women in practically all the interests of life, save one. . . .
>
> My own adhesion to the suffrage cause was given largely because I saw that only through political equality may we hope to see established a true understanding and a happier relation between the sexes.

Throughout one feels that this philosophy lies consciously behind all Miss Robins's passionate advocacy of the immediate need of "votes for women." No woman—or man writer either—can fail to find the imagination impelled along new trails by the first Way Station, called "Woman's Secret"—and that later halt in the mental journey the author takes us at the Waldorf Hotel in London, where she delivered her address to the Women Writers on May 4, 1909.

In an analysis of why the "Cause" does not go forward faster, Miss Robins presents an original and suggestive group of reasons. The first she advances, for example, is "The unreasoned instinctive clinging on the part of men to the idea of male superiority." She shows how this has its initial impulse in both boy and girl in their common healthy egoistic human inheritance that nothing is so important in the universe as one's self. But she points out that the organisation of the activities of life tends to submerge this sense of superiority in the girl and to nourish it in the boy. The author goes even further; she places a large part of the burden of having fostered this incubus of male superiority on the woman. For this subtle ministering to the idea of male superiority is the unconscious trade by which many of us live—earning on the one hand leisure and exemption from service, on the other drudgery and infinite pain.

The second cause to which Miss Robins attributes the slow advance of suffrage is "The comparative poverty of women even in well-to-do families." Many women "Wear all the marks of wealth, but they have nothing really their own." They may give to charities of which their husbands approve; they may spend limitless sums on clothes or jewels, but they may not contribute to suffrage if the husband is an "anti." Consequently, the suffrage cause has to be financed in the main by savings from "pin money."

The third stumbling block,—and one fancies Miss Robins regards it as a very large obstacle to forward progress—is what she calls "the deadening illusion entertained about and shared by the exception woman."

The author says:

> Hitherto, public opinion has been man's opinion. It has consistently begged the question of the fitness of women in general to advise in public affairs. And it has done this by dint of labelling "exceptional" those women whose capacity could not be denied. . . . The worst of it was that woman herself was induced to accept that summing up of the matter. The flattery implied in the assurance that she was unique, clouded her judgment of the rest of her sex. It turned

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to barren self-conceit what would have been fertile seed if cast upon common fields. . . . Whether it be our New England Margaret Fuller . . . or that great spirit George Eliot, or Lady Mary Wortley Montague, . . . each one fancied herself not in her gift alone, but in her fundamental needs, to be an Exceptional Woman.

The love of liberty which these notable ladies shared in common, their passionate insistence upon it for themselves, each took for the head and front of her exceptionalness. . . . Because these brilliant women insisted on Freedom only for themselves, they lost it even for themselves. . . . It really looks as though you could not keep Freedom alive unless it is free—to everybody.

One feels that in Miss Robins's rebellion at withdrawing from the common lot, at being content to remain exceptional and enjoy any part of the transitory freedom, which does not belong to the whole, she discloses the underlying motivation of her allegiance to the suffrage cause, and to the militant manifestations in its behalf. This may seem a strange conclusion to those who have been content to accept blindly the highly coloured newspaper accounts of militant activities without seeking to know the motives behind the acts. But I think a careful reading of Miss Robins's book will justify it. For whether one questions the expediency of militant methods or feels sufficient provocation has not been offered to justify their extreme tactics, scarcely any reader of *Way Stqtions* can fail to realise that these women have been motivated by a deeply religious fervour, by an intense consciousness "of the penalty other women pay for our mean content with a better lot." Miss Robins says the root idea of militancy is a rising up against evil, and "few of us believe in peace at any price." Scarcely any of us could stand unflinchingly and non-militantly by with Tolstoi while a child was tortured; we would consider the price of peace too high. Whether one is militant or non-militant in any cause is largely a question of the sensitiveness of one's imagination and the alertness of one's social consciousness. Wherever they focus our thought and emotions the most intently there we regard the price of long-suffering peace too high. Miss Robins says, "These women went to prison for a sign. The question is, can you read it?"

There will undoubtedly be many who will find their ground of amazement shift as they read this story of legalised injustice and persecution. They may cease to be astonished at the women's occasional organised violence, done to property "for a sign," and find themselves possessed of the author's deep wonder that these women have endured so much and held the price of peace so high.

Fola La Follette.

III

"The Woman With Empty Hands"*

This record of a woman's gradual conversion to the woman movement is an interesting and clever study in psychology, as well as a most useful bit of propaganda work. As propaganda, it is all the more valuable because the change of the woman's mental attitude is shown to have proceeded on natural lines of development, from causes arising primarily from personal circumstance, from personal stress and strain of spirit, from personal need of rescue from what the writer calls, "the horror of that desolation, the conviction of utter uselessness." One would wish specially to accentuate this point, because one cannot help thinking that any woman whatsoever, no matter how retiring and how disinclined for public work, would surely, after reading this direct and honest story, told without any pretence, or without any appeal of false pathos, be able to see the path of a larger life with larger possibilities stretching straight before her as a continuation and not as an arrestment or a diversion of the best currents of her nature.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that the book will penetrate into the quietest homes, the most tranquil backwaters, the

*The Woman With Empty Hands. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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most secluded hiding places in the world: so that to every woman who reads it, it may be an abiding memory, to be conjured up for inspiring action, if not before, then at least at the moment when "the horror of that desolation, the conviction of utter uselessness" strikes as a chilling blast on a lonely heart.

The story itself is well written and presents in a few words a series of vivid pictures, touched in very lightly, but with an unerring deftness of hand. We are first introduced to the woman selling *The Woman Voter* on lower Broadway, and we can see for ourselves the half indignant, half pained look on the face of the old Southerner who encounters unexpectedly the daughter of his old friend thus engaged in what appears to him a shameless occupation. We are then transported to her sheltered home in Virginia, and our minds easily bridge the chasm separating her from her present career of activity for the movement, and her past life of quiet and smug security. We see her later, *"making a man and child happy,"* and *"shedding abroad the beneficent influence of home"*—that hollow phrase of meaningless value, so often disguising an excuse for being narrow and selfish. We are with her at the crisis when her husband dies, and her little son is spared, to live on, however, only as a wreck; and we are with her as she nurses him and devotes to his service "every waking hour and all her dreams." And when he, too, dies, and she is left alone and realises that no one needs her now, and that her hands are empty, empty forevermore, we can hear her cry in her agony:—"Why even live? Why, O Lord, let me not depart in peace, the woman with the empty hands?"

From this point onward this human document discloses to us the successive psychological stages through which this lonely woman passed until she found out where and how she was needed in another direction, to serve and protect. Each phase is admirably described and closely analysed; but the one which is perhaps the most telling of all, is that early stage, the dawn, as it were, of her development, when she followed about all the widows she saw, and became obsessed by the very thought of widows, for the simple reason that she herself was now a widow; and from her personal sympathy with widows got her first conception of women as a community. After this impetus everything else followed "by natural processes out of natural antecedents." She made the acquaintance of a suffragist, and learned for the first time many of the facts and difficulties of an unsheltered woman's life; and in this way her limited idea of a community expanded until it no longer represented widows only, but every kind of woman, widowed, married or unmarried. She became a suffragist, and took her part in processions and other constitutional methods of agitation. She became a militant when she rescued and took care of a child, a victim to the white slave traffic, and had it burned into her brain once and forevermore that men had shown by their record of neglect that they were not to be trusted to legislate for women, and "that the laws made by men for women must be unmade by women for women." Even for those readers whose views are antagonistic to the views of the author, there should be much that is illuminating and arresting in this story. One would fain direct them to the passage which describes woman's hunger to be needed. To quote a part of it, because in it is contained the whole meaning idealistic and realistic of the woman movement, stated cleverly and clearly as I do not remember to have seen it stated before.

> Woman's hunger to be needed—and instinct for service—an instinct so profoundly embedded in the very fibres of her being that without it she ceases to be woman.
>
> Did you ever think of that instinct—think how, back to the very dawn of the world, woman has felt herself needed by her young. Yes, even the beasts of the field and the birds of the air feel it too. . . . For ages piled on ages that instinct has been silently growing, eternally responded to in woman's nature as it never has in man's; and for all

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those ages that instinct has been almost entirely absorbed and gratified within the four walls of home.

And now it is the world that has changed, not woman. Woman as a class is, as it were, shifting up her centre of gravity; as a class she is entering a different plane of conscious activity and passing from the strictly personal to the impersonal. We are following a traced way; we are living out our heritage from the mother instinct of the ages —the desire to be needed—bequeathed us in direct succession since mother instinct came into the world."

Surely this logical presentation ought to go far toward dispelling the illusion, still fondly cherished by the prehistoric, that a woman, in becoming a suffragist, parts with all her womanly attributes.

Beatrice Harraden.

IV

Albert Edwards's "Comrade Yetta"

There is no denying that Albert Edwards is a writer of freshness and power. His first novel showed marked tendencies which *Comrade Yetta* confirms. He is primarily sociological: he is concerned with the struggle of the individual at war with the social scheme. He is a propagandist who is clever enough to realise that two points of view on a similar question can be held with equal sincerity. And he understands the points of view which clash in the treatment of the strugglers in life by those of a different strata who would help. *A Man's World* was a continual challenge to our conventional attitudes; it was important aside from its vividness and photographic realism, because it escaped the sentimental view that vice always earns its traditional punishment, and that virtue always receives its stage reward. We had a prostitute through love make an ennobling marriage and free love achieve a subjective enhancement. But these effects were obtained through a certain inevitability of character which made them persuasive because they were not defiant generalisations. It was this strong note of sympathy for the outclassed which gave a certain eloquence to the entire book. His new novel is, as might be expected, of a similar sociological trend. Yetta might have been a friend of Nina; Longworth has a family resemblance to the lover of Suzanne. Yet *Comrade Yetta* lacks the quality of the former novel because it is not so sustained and degenerates at times into a conventional love story of familiar reactions questionably conceived by the author more for the plot than compelled by the characters. But this criticism cannot remove the power and force of the first half of the book, which is a graphic and unforgettable picture of a section of life only beginning to yield its material to the American novelist.

That this novel should make its appearance while the memory of the recent Garment strike is still fresh in the public's mind is opportune; for it deals with a similar strike, and it will, no doubt, help readers better to understand the forces at play in the present industrial struggle. To many it will seem an old story, but Mr. Edwards has had many opportunities to keep in touch with all the phases of the labour movement in this country, so that his pages are true transcripts of the present status of the various groups. Though there are several illuminating discussions of the aims of these groups, which verge upon mere essay writing, still they are done with such an incisiveness of phrase that one easily forgives the preachment. In fact, we are not sure that this popular treatment of the labour phenomena is not the most stimulating part of the novel. While there is, too, an absorbing interest in Yetta—from the time she bends over her machine as a "speeder" at Goldfogel's shop through her successive steps as strike leader and labour agitator, it is the background against which her vivid personality is projected which stays with us. And that is the author's best claim to artistry —a quality so noticeable in *A Man's World*.

There are several passages which re-

*Comrade Yetta. By Albert Edwards, New York: Macmillan. 1913.

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veal Mr. Edwards's understanding of the point of view of the working girl gifted with an instinct of class consciousness. The little touch, for example, where Yetta goes from her own miserable home in the slums to the rich apartments of Mabel Train of the Trade's Union—not with envy, but to discover the wide gulf which separates her from the world of luxury, is typical; and her ultimate realisation that the classes cannot cross into perfect help and understanding of the other is merely another phase of the tragedy of labour and capital. Nor has the author put on gloves in handling the dramatic episodes of "picketing" and court justice; one who has had the slightest experience in the recent strike could attest to the verity of his pictures, where deception becomes the weapon of the oppressed. Here, for example, is a little bit of Yetta's reasoning, which all the girls seem to feel when they suffer from the "framed up" cases against them.

"No; I don't think it's never right to lie. But I guess sometimes you've just got to. If I'd told the truth they'd have sent me to prison instead of to the workhouse. I wouldn't have cared—but it would have been awful for the others. Just because I told the truth all the papers would have lied and said all the girls were murderers. It's like this, I think. If you make up your mind that something is good you got to fight for it; you can't be afraid of getting beat up, or arrested, or killed, and you can't be afraid of hurting your conscience either."

It would be manifestly unfair to give the impression that Mr. Edwards's novel is merely the device upon which a lot of theories are strung; there is a story full of interesting episodes which will please the casual reader. What is mainly important is that the author has taken a fresh new figure in fiction and traced her evolution through work and contact with a sad segment of our society into a dominating figure. It does no harm to say he has been happiest when she is still the young girl baffled by life yet having a desire to escape from the oppression into which she has been born. Here is where he phrases the true psychology of the worker driven by instinct for a proper share in the profits of labor—which overtops all social problems. Yetta is not entirely typical because she is more gifted: but what she expresses is felt with varying intensities by many—and in this expression Mr. Edwards strikes a universal note which compels attention to his thoughtful book.

Griffin Mace.

* * *

The American reading public is comparatively familiar with the story of the great sales of novels of recent years. Such books as "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "Richard Carvel," "Janice Meredith," "Quo Vadis," "Beverly of Graustark," "David Harum," "The Right of Way," and, to go back a few years farther, "Trilby," "Ben Hur," and "Mr. Barnes of New York," have sold by the hundreds of thousands, and the sales of some of them have reached the million point. But the "best seller" is far from being essentially an American product. In France, in 1881, there was issued a novel, of which seven million copies have been sold. That book is George Ohnet's "Le Maitre de Forges," and of it and of other great successes in France, Mr. Alvan F. Sanborn will tell in the May issue in an article entitled "French Best Sellers of Yesterday and To-day."

* * *

The third paper of the series on "The Grub Street Problem" will deal mainly with the age of Queen Anne, although it will begin with the problems of the cost of living in Dryden's time, and carry down to the days of Henry Fielding.

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THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand as sold between the 1st of February and the 1st of March.

NEW YORK CITY

Fiction

1. One Woman's Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
2. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
3. The Life Mask. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.30.
4. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
5. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
6. Concert Pitch. Danby. (Macmillan.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Fiction

1. The Day of Days. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
2. Seven Keys to Baldpate. Biggers. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
3. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
4. The Life Mask. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.30.
5. Bobbie. Prouty. (Stokes.) $1.25.
6. The Mystery of Barranca. Whittaker. (Harper.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. Auction of To-Day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

Juveniles

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

Fiction

1. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
2. The Island of Beautiful Things. Dromgoole. (Page.) $1.25.
3. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
5. The Dragoman. Stiles. (Harper.) $1.30.
6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Fiction

1. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
2. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
6. The Voice. Deland. (Harper.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. Boston Cooking School Cook Book. Farmer. (Little, Brown.) $2.00.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. Milestones. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.00.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.

Juveniles

1. The Motor Boys after a Fortune. Young. (Cupples and Leon.) 60 cents.
2. The House that Glue Built. Williams. (Stokes.) $1.00.
3. Billy Whiskers Series. Montgomery. (Saalfield.) $1.00.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Fiction

1. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Reef. Wharton. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
4. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
5. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Parasite. Martin. (Century Co.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. Pictures of the Panama Canal. Pennell. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.
2. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
3. Crofton Chums. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Fiction

1. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
2. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.

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4. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
5. The Pictures of Polly. Courtney. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown. $1.35.
3. The Night Riders. Cullum. (Jacobs.) $1.25.
4. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Day of Days. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. The Everlasting Mercy. Masefield. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
4. Bobbie. Prouty. (Stokes.) $1.25.
5. The Red Hand of Ulster. Birmingham. (Doran.) $1.20.
6. Concert Pitch. Danby. (Macmillan.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Auction Bridge. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Reef. Wharton. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
4. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. Joyful Heatherby. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. A Wall of Men. McCarter. (McClurg.) $1.35.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Auction Bridge. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00.
4. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Mountain Divide. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.25.
3. The Book of Woodcraft. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Night Riders. Cullum. (Jacobs.) $1.25.
3. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
5. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.

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6. Bunker Bean. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Lucky Pehr. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.50.
2. Easter. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.50.
3. How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn per Acre on Worn Soil. Smith. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.25.
4. The Quiet Courage. Appleton. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. The Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. Seven Keys to Baldpate. Biggers. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
3. The Night Riders. Cullum. (Jacobs.) $1.25.
4. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
5. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
6. The Lost World. Doyle. (Doran.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEX.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. The Heroine in Bronze. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
5. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
6. The Lost World. Doyle. (Doran.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
2. To-morrow Mackaye. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Standard Operas. Upton. (McClurg.) $1.75.
4. Thaïs. Wilstach. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Night Riders. Cullum. (Jacobs.) $1.25.
2. The Penny Philanthropist. Loughlin. (Revell.) $1.00.
3. The Lost World. Doyle. (Doran.) $1.25.
4. The Voice. Deland. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. A Montessori Mother. Fisher. (Holt.) $1.35.
4. Italian Lanes and Highroads. Leary. (McBride.) $1.10.

JUVENILES

1. A Dixie Rose. Kortrecht. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. The Co-ed. Series. Lee. (Penn.) $1.20.
3. Once Upon a Time Tales. Stewart. (Revell.) $1.25.

DES MOINES, IOWA

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
3. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00.
4. The Inn of Tranquillity. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.

JUVENILES

1. Go-Hawk Series. Stapp. (McKay.) $1.00.
2. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.
3. Little Women Series. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
5. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Bunker Bean. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

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INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. Seven Keys to Baldpate. Biggers. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
3. Knocking the Neighbors. Ade. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
4. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.
5. Herself. Sedgwick. (Small, Maynard.) $1.35.
6. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. A Provincial American. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Panama Canal. Barrett. (Pan American Union.) $1.00.
3. The Industrial Day. Redfield. (Century Co.) $1.25.
4. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy Scouts Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
2. Nancy Lee. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. The Life of Abraham Lincoln. Moores. (Houghton Mifflin.) 60 cents.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. A Wall of Men. McCarter. (McClurg.) $1.35.
2. Bunker Bean. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
3. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Education of the Will. Payot. (Funk and Wagnalls.) $1.60.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. In Fableland. Serl. (Silver, Burdett.) 45 cents.
2. Tanglewood Tales. Hawthorne. (Caldwell.) $1.00.
3. Fifty Famous Stories. Baldwin. (American Book Co.) 35 cents.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Lost World. Doyle. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. The Night Riders. Cullum. (Jacobs.) $1.25.
3. The Heather Moon. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Adventurer. Herzog. (Fitzgerald.) $1.25.
5. Bunker Bean. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
6. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Woman Movement. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
2. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Panama Canal. Barrett. (Pan American Union.) $1.00.
4. Introduction to Metaphysics. Bergson. (Putnam.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
3. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
4. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. Ranching for Sylvia. Bindloss. (Stokes.) $1.30.
6. The Night Riders. Cullum. (Jacobs.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
3. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. Stage of Fools. Merrick. (Kennerley.) $1.20.

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5. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
6. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Time and Change. Burroughs. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
3. The Three Brontës. Sinclair. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.00.
4. The Woman Movement. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Camping and Scouting. Grinnell and Swan. (Harper.) $1.75.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Japanese Twins. Perkins. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Dragoman. Stiles. (Harper.) $1.30.
4. Clara. Lyons. (Lane.) $1.25.
5. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
6. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. In the Courts of Memory. Hegermann-Lindencrone. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. The New Book of Cookery. Farmer. (Little, Brown.) $1.60.
4. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Kewpies and Dotty Darling. O'Neill. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. The Japanese Twins. Perkins. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
3. The Night Riders. Cullum. (Jacobs.) $1.25.
4. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. Seven Keys to Baldpate. Biggers. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Auction Bridge. Elwell. (Scribner.) $1.25.
2. Story of Panama. Gause and Carr. (Silver, Burdette.) $1.50.
3. Ice Lens. Gundelfinger. (Shakespeare Press.) $1.00.
4. Baedeker's Guide Book. (Scribner.)

JUVENILES

2. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
6. The Fortunes of the Landrays. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Social Life in Old New Orleans. Ripley. (Appleton.) $2.50.
2. Panama. Edwards. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Rose Buds. Hutt. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.
4. The Eldest Son. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Blue Bonnet's Ranch Party. Elliot. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Patty's Butterfly Days. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.00.
3. The Bird's Christmas Carol. Wiggins. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Concert Pitch. Danby. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
2. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. One Woman's Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
5. Witching Hill. Hornung. (Scribner.) $1.25.
6. Joyful Heatherby. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Under the Old Flag. Wilson. (Appleton.) $6.00.
4. Reminiscences of a Diplomatist's Wife. Fraser. (Dodd, Mead.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

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3. The Night Riders. Cullum. (Jacobs.) $1.25.
4. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. The Lapse of Enoch Wentworth. Curtis. (Browne.) $1.25.
6. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Message and Mission of Quakerism. Braithwaite and Hodgkin. (Winston.) 50 cents.
2. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
4. Along the Road. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Scout Master of Troop 5. Thurston. (Revell.) $1.00.
2. Some Little Cooks and What They Did. Hoyt. (Wilde.) 50 cents.
3. With Carson and Freemont. Sabin. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. Joyful Heatherby. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. Come Rack, Come Rope. Benson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.35.
5. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
4. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
5. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
2. Modern Accounting. Hatfield. (Appleton.) $1.75.
3. Kent Hand Book. Kent. (Wiley.) $5.00.
4. Sexology. Walling. (Puritan Pub. Co.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
5. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
6. The Lost Million. Alden. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
3. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. Auction Up-to-Date. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. Bunker Bean. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
3. The Night Riders. Cullum. (Jacobs.) $1.25.
4. The Marshal. Andrews. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Guardians of the Columbia. Williams. (Williams.) 75 cents.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. Pictures of the Panama Canal. Pennell. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. With the Indians in the Rockies. Schultz. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Punky Dunks. (Volland.) $1.00.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Gay Rebellion. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.
2. My Litle Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Aboard the Beatic. Ray. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
5. Everbreeze. Greene. (Appleton.) $1.30.

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6. Sally Castleton. Marriott. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
2. Panama. Barrett. (Pan-American Union.) $1.00.
3. Home Building. Brown. (Doubleday, Page.) 75 cents.
4. David Livingstone. Blaikie. (Revell.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
6. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
2. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
3. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Martha-By-the Day. Lippman. (Holt.) $1.00.
6. The Sanctuary. Peterson. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Auction Bridge. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Woman Movement. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. The Panama Canal. Barrett. (Pan-American Union.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scout Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
2. Boy Scouts of Woodcraft Camp. Burgess. (Penn.) $1.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
2. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
3. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
5. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Aviators' Series. Lawton. (Hurst.) 50 cents.
2. Pony Rider Boys' Series. Patchin. (Altemus.) 50 cents.
3. A Ring of Rubies. Mead. (Grosset and Dunlop.) 50 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connors. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
5. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Life Mask. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Inn of Tranquillity. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.30.
2. The Necessary Evil. Kennedy. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Plays by August Strindberg. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Pigeon. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Lucky Sixpence. Knipe. (Century Co.) $1.25.
2. Boys Make-at-Home Things. Bailey. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. The Trail of the Sioux. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.00.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. One Woman's Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
2. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Bunker Bean. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.

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2. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Care-Free San Francisco. Dunn. (Robertson.)

JUVENILES

No report.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. Joyful Heatherly. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. Bunker Bean. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
5. The Night Riders. Cullum. (Jacobs.) $1.25.
6. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. Rhymes of a Rolling Stone. Sevice. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.00.
3. Royal Auction Bridge. Foster. (Stokes.) $1.00.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts' Handbook. Seton. (Doubleday.) 25 cents.
2. Partners for Fair. Haines. (Holt.) $1.25.
3. Azalea. Peattie. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.00.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
5. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
6. The Marshal. Andrews. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.
2. A Young Man's Fancy. Phillipps. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.
3. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy With the United States Fisheries. Wheeler. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.50.
2. Peggy Owen and Liberty. Madison. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
3. Seven Keys to Baldpate. Biggers. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
5. The Day of Days. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Place of Honeymoons. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. The Return of Peter Grimm. Belasco. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann the Iconoclast. (Herz Bros.) $3.00

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
4. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
5. Joyful Heatherby. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. Ranching for Sylvia. Bindloss. (Stokes.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. Personal Traits of Lincoln. Nicolay. (Century Co.) $1.80.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Peggy Owen Series. Madison. (Penn.) $1.25.

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WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
4. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
5. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Life of Livingstone. Blaikie. (Revell.) 50 cents.
2. David Livingstone. Horne. (Macmillan.) 50 cents.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. High School Girl Series. Flower. (Altemus.) 50 cents.
2. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. The Rover Boys Series. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

		POINTS
1.	The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35	195
2.	The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35	192
3.	Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30	130
4.	My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25	98
5.	The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) $1.25 / Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25	83

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